

# The Times

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TRAINS AND STREETS 15 CENTS

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direct from the window display. This town. Nobby, up-to-date and durable, long-wearing cloth, available because of their boyish style and \$3.75; while they last at \$2.50.

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EMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

For Theatrical Announcements, Etc., See Page 1, Part III.

THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDENS. V. Prentiss and Gen. Mar.

Shooting the Chutes NOW OPEN

... THE FAMILY PLAYGROUND ...

Book of Sunday, April 21—New Features.

BASEBALL RETURNS, LOS ANGELES vs. OAKLAND, by Innings

Prof. Rabe And His Dog—His Dog's Big Star.

Eddie Griffiths Will ride the Chutes on a bicycle.

Volkvra The Novelty Gymnast.

...And... ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN.

Tonight Beno... King of the Slack Wire.

Mabel Music—5000 Electric Lights—100 Novelties—Fairland Indeed.

Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents.

SONN'S AUDITORIUM—High Street, Sat. 7th and 8th.

THE NIGHT ONLY—THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 25,

THE LOS ANGELES ORATORIO SOCIETY

Mr. F. A. BACON, presenting Haydn's beautiful and inspiring oratorio

THE SEASONS.

... SOLOISTS ...

Tenor | Mr. H. S. Williams..... Baritone

Miss Stevens, Soprano | Mr. Arnold Krause..... Concert Master

Audition Chorus—125 Voices—Complete Orchestra of Professionals.

ADMISSION \$1.00, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Tel. Main 598.

CONCERT—Every Evening, 8 to 11.

Special this Week. Chocolate Creams and Lollipops, 25 cents pound

321 South Spring. Tel. Main 537

MEN'S OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena.

125 GIGANTIC BIRDS.

A new American industry.—New York Herald.

Shows direct from the producers; useful California Souvenirs.

CAMPERS—For information call at Tourist Office, 222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Tel. John 2566, or Kargan's Advertising Office, 222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Tel. John 2566.

MUSEUM—Free Museum.

Hours and Wonders Room.

FABRICS.

The wearing of fine fabrics is the purpose for which we sell fabrics for beach wear, or golf, for thin rearing, or for afternoon costumes.

Hats, but all are made of fine

Linen buttons for shirts wear a fine quality.

Silk stockings, 25 cents a pair.

Dresses in a choice number of styles; also plain and patterned, and in the line of hats, coats, and suits; hats, 25 cents a pair.

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SUNDAY, APRIL

INDAY, APRIL 21, 1901

dispute, it appears certain that a road will be built connecting Los Angeles and Salt Lake.

**HILL'S FAST RUN.**

**FROM SEATTLE TO ST. PAUL.** [BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

ST. PAUL (Minn.), April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway arrived here at 12:35 o'clock today on a special train of three cars which had made the run from Seattle, a distance of 1225 miles, in the remarkable time of one thousand hours and fifty minutes. The usual time of limited trains is sixteen hours.

President Hill's train left Seattle at 2:30 Thursday. The actual speed was commenced from Spokane. The train flew up and down the Rockies, and late yesterday entered the stretch of smooth prairie in Eastern Montana. The distance between the two railroads is Cut Bank and Havre. This stretch is 136 miles long and President Hill had run fast enough to suit the most fastidious.

At Cut Bank, passenger engine No. 99, a new Bowers machine of high power, was attached. Engineer Olsen let the machine go, and the speed indicator in the president's car gave the information to show that the locomotive was moving at 100 miles per hour.

The speed went to seventy miles an hour at one time, then to eighty miles, and did not stop until it had registered 140 miles an hour.

The run through North Dakota and Minnesota was made at very high speed, and when the train passed into St. Paul it had averaged,

including all stops, delays, etc., a speed of over forty miles per hour.

It is believed that the speed of this train has never been equaled. In 1896 Vice-President Kendrick of the Northern Pacific made the run from St. Paul to Seattle in fifty-five hours, and in addition Cornell has shattered leg.

**WALKER'S DYING STATEMENT.**

**DETROIT AGAINST RAIL COMBINE.** [BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.]

CHICAGO, April 20.—The Post to-day says that as a defense against the great Burlington-Northern-Northern-Pacific combine, stockholders of the Chicago and Northwestern and Chicago-St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha roads will be asked to ratify plans for important extensions to both roads.

The extensions have been planned by a joint committee representing both roads, and are said to be on a scale which will make the two systems formidable competitors of the Hill lines.

**KODA WANTS NO HUBBY.**

Mrs. Titus the Actress Denies Re-parted Recconciliation and Says She Is Happy Living Single.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Edna May began rehearsals today in "The Girl From Up There," which is to be played at the Duke of York's Theater Tuesday. In reference to the reported reconciliation with her husband, Fred Titus, she said:

"I've heard the story of my reconciliation with Fred. There's not the slightest truth in it. I never wrote a letter to him, nor do I want him to know about it. He has charge of the work, and he disappeared, but he returned two hours after the smoke of battle had cleared away. According to the teamster's description, the vigilantes approached the camp in a semi-circular line, and I think it must have been the teamster of Walker and Cornell, who stood not far from each other, the shooting commenced."

**DOUBTFUL CONSPIRACY.**

Reported Plot to Kill European Monarchs Disclosed by Newspapers in Argentina.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.]

NEW YORK, April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Rosario sends a dispatch that he has seen the German Consul there in regard to the anarchist conspiracy to kill the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, the King of Italy and Count Tivoli of Italy.

The Count said he has not been informed officially of the arrest of the anarchist, Rosanoff, in Germany, to prevent an attempt at the assassination of the Emperor.

Regarding the conspiracy, the German Consul said that he had predicted the anarchist party in Berlin and Rosario according to instructions he had received from Berlin. He explained that he had not been convinced of the existence of a conspiracy against the lives of European monarchs.

News papers in Rosario state that a certain Caceres told of the conspiracy to the Argentine police with the object of getting money and also an appointment.

**RUSSIAN ARRESTS.**

BERKELY, April 20.—Dispatches to the Worcester tell of a demonstration at the funeral of Jewish men in Wilna, a city of Russia and capital of the government of that name. A number of persons were charged by the Comodoro that they were arrested at Minsk in Russia, thirty-five houses were searched, and eight persons arrested for supposed work in the plot against the Russian government. A Nihilist near Kief, secret printing presses belonging to a party of revolutionary socialists have been seized by the police.

**He Learned a Great Truth.**

It is said of John Wesley that he once said to Miss Wesley: "Why do you say that the same thing over and over again?" "Because," he said, "it is for this same reason that you are told again and again that Chamberlain is the greatest curse and grip that it concedes to any tendency of these diseases to result in pneumonia, and that it is pleasant and safe to take."—[Advt.]

**Tennessee Art Pictures.**

That accompany the Sunday Times every Sunday are fine enough to hang in any parlor, prints are mounted, passe-partout style, and will be mounted, passe-partout style, for 22 cents each. Where there is postage, express charge, pay, of course, that expense must be borne by the owners of the pictures.

**To DR. BLAKELEY'S Dredgers Tablets.**

I owe my life. Mrs. McKeever, His Waterford, Al. 22 Broadw., Los Angeles.

**New Houses Built by C. W. Arkells.**

And all kinds of alterations, 20% E. Seventh.

**AUTOMATIC pump, no engine or engine.**

For exhibition, 76 North Main street.

**MAXIM'S** 10 cent, 12-cent, 15-cent mixed paint. 25-cent gallon. 7-foot open shadow box. Waller, 68 Spring.

**FREE scalp treatments, 325 S. Spring.**

## BOTH MEN WILL DIE.

**Midway-fight Victims Cases Hopeless.**

**Story of the Battle by an Eyewitness.**

**One of the Attacking Party Identified—More Trouble Expected.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

BAKERFIELD, April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] J. T. Walker and G. P. Cornell, the men who were fired upon by supposed vigilantes in the armed clash at Midway Thursday night, were admitted to McKitterick today.

They are to be provided with medical attention. The latest reports as to their condition are to the effect that both appear to be sinking fast and no hopes are entertained of their recovery.

Cornell is not expected to live through the night, and both men were shot through and through their bodies being perforated by rifle bullets, and in addition Cornell has a shattered leg.

**WE'RE THOSE VIGILANTES?**

"We're our own wounded men die, the Mt. Diablo people are all to be charged with murder, and warrants for their arrest will soon issue."

The foregoing statement was made late tonight by a member of the Superior Sunset Company, whose jumpers had landed in the Midway oil district led to such disastrous results Thursday night.

"We have incontrovertible evidence that those members of the Mt. Diablo Company who went out to Midway Thursday afternoon had made threats against us, and they were to be punished if they came back."

"I hate to call a dying man a liar, but you certainly are that."

Walker also accuses Deputy Sheriff Borgardt of being among the "vigilantes," but he was in another part of the county at the time, serving papers in a civil suit, and had a perfect alibi.

**STORY OF A WOMAN.**

A woman named Starns arrived from the scene of the conflict and has given more enlightenment upon the engagement than any one else has been able to render. He stayed at the camp of the jumpers Thursday night and occupied a bunk in the house constructed by the rig builders. About half an hour ago he was knocked at the door and stated that the camp was about to be attacked. It was Cornell who gave the alarm, he having been sleeping out of doors. Almost immediately afterward, the silhouette had begun and fully fifty shots were fired.

**WHO THE MEN ARE.**

Walker has been a man of prominence in his former home at Wadsworth, Nev., having been honored there by election to the office of Supervisor of Highways. He is also a member of the Knights of Pythias and Masonic fraternity.

Cornell is the son of a leading mining man of Plumas county. He seems to have been hired as a fighter, but it is asserted that Walker was such. He aspired to become superintendent of the company, and went out to the works in furtherance of his chances to secure that position.

**MAY BE MORE TROUBLE.**

No further hostilities have been reported, and the jumpers are still in possession of the land, but it is asserted that the "vigilantes" are determined to oust them at any cost.

**WILLIE WANTS A CASTLE.**

Actor Goes to Touraine Region of France in Search of a Home—De Castellane Honored.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

PARIS, April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Count and Countess Bon de Castellane were made almost guests of Gen. and Mrs. Forier at the American Embassy.

The fact has been the subject of much comment.

William Waldron Astor, after a prolonged stay in Florence, and has spent the time since in various hunting commissaries while awaiting a train yesterday for Bologna, Italy.

He took an early train yesterday for Bologna, Italy.

**CHAMBERLAIN OVERULED.**

Dangerous Sugar Policy.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.]

NEW YORK, April 20.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mr. Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been recognized by any of the opposing side, so some of the "committee" are reported to have said, and there is little likelihood that a case can be made out against those who engaged

in the military organization as developed by the Chancellor.

Mr. Chamberlain will submit except in a case of emergency to a direct tax of 8 per cent on their incomes. Indirect taxes must, therefore, be substituted, and the Chancellor practically admits there is no reduction, except in the direction of the amount which has been imposed for revenue in Great Britain, seems to be necessary.

He has been told that the Chancellor is to be held responsible for the increase of cost of war, and made as by the disclosure of grave deficiencies in the military organization as developed in the South African campaign.

Mr. Michael Hicks-Beach, the English coal baron, has been appointed by the government to substitute for Dr. Nansen's Fram was fitted out.

Before Starns could get outside the shooting ceased and he then made an inspection of the premises, finding the two men shot as stated. All others, not including the carpenters, who remained in the bunks throughout the trouble, had run away, and one of them had not even seen since. J. W. Clegg, who was present, told the reporter that the camp was about to be attacked. It was Cornell who gave the alarm, he having been sleeping out of doors. Almost immediately afterward, the silhouette had begun and fully fifty shots were fired.

**THE OTHER SIDE.**

A report from the side of the "committee" is positive in the assertion that the first shot was fired by Cornell, who discharged his weapon at the instant he made a refusal to surrender. Not until the jumpers had started to route the forces of the "committee" did the latter fire.

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**GOVERNMENT WILL HELP.**  
Fast Steamer Service With Philippines.

President Pledges His Moral Support.

Roses Everywhere

The Most Beautiful Time of the Year

**Hotel Casa Loma REDLANDS, CALIF.**

Special Rates for Business Men

J. H. BONHOM, Prop.

**ARLINGTON HOTEL**

BEAUTIFUL Santa Barbara BY THE SEA

City of roses and flowers, opening every day. Perpetual blossoms. The finest green turf, golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, etc. \$2500 extra minutes. Address: G. P. DUNN, Prop.

Tourists, All Welcome

Rooms overlooking Harbor with the Pacific Ocean

Three Famous Hotels of California

—THE—

Hotel Del Monte, Hotel

Ventura, Hotel

Palace Hotel, San Fran-

cisco, etc.

For full information call or write to

C. A. HUBERT, Mgr.

20 West Third Street.

NOT SPRINGS

Come to the Hotel Santa Barbara for your rheumatism, sciatica, insomnia or kidney trouble. You will find the water here is the best. Room and board, with all the comforts of a first-class hotel. Booklet free. Address: Hotel El Paso, One E. Never, Santa Barbara.

**Hotel Guirne**

PASADENA,

SUMMER hours open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TERMINAL

SAFETY

GENERAL'S REPLY.

NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.J.

DETROIT, April 20.—Solicitors today filed in the Supreme Court a reply made by the counsel of Lt. Carter to the defense of the court as irrelevant and the solicitor's brief to Carter's motion to be allowed to pull pending the decision in his habeas corpus proceeding. Richards denies that he has been tried in the court, but he always tried to confine himself to the records in the decision.

General says: "Taken

the argument amounts to

nothing, having been con-

sidered as irrelevant and

thus should be re-

garded as already justly im-

pealed to another tribunal.

for him to be released

when he has served

his sentence."

WEATHER FORECASTS.

NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.J.

DETROIT, April 20.—A special to

The Herald from Washington says,

with a view to increasing their effi-

cacy, the Navy Department has con-

sidered the possibility of modernizing

the battleships Oregon, Indiana and

Massachusetts, which may be

equipped with superimposed turrets if

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**[COAST RECORD.]**  
**SLAVES FREED  
BY OFFICERS.**

federal Government Is  
After Chinese.

Twenty-eight Females  
Taken from Dens.

Conflagration at Keswick—  
Prune Growers' Differ-  
ences—Bank Closed.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—The

United States government began a

series of raids on Chinatown today.

United States Marshal Shine

with a force of deputies entered

several houses simultaneously, and be-

fore the inmates could be removed by

their keepers or escape of their own

accord, twenty-eight had been seized.

Or, as the Chinese say, all but men

posted their registration papers, and

were immediately released. The nine-

teen will be deported unless papers

are produced entitling them to a resi-

dence in this country. The minors

among them, even though they pos-

sessed registration papers, will be

allowed to return to their dens.

The news spread like wild fire

through Chinatown, and many women

and girls were successfully hidden.

PULLMAN GOES EAST.

MAY FIGHT WIFE'S DIVORCE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—(Exclu-

sive Dispatch)—George M. Pullman,

son has been here for some time for his

health, will start East early next

week, and rumor says that he goes to

fight the divorce suit recently com-

menced by his wife. Pullman declines

to tell his destination or his busi-

ness, but Walter Sanger Pullman, his

brother, declined to say nothing to do

with regard to his brother's whereabouts.

Sanger said today: "George is going

to New York and the proba-

bility is that he will not remain long

in Chicago. His wife's suit has nothing

to do with his trip. He will neither

fight his charges nor seek a recon-

ciliation. A vicious denial, however, does

not satisfy the gossip around the Palace

Hotel. George M. Pullman simply

said "business" when asked concer-

ning his trip.

PRUNES TOO CHEAP.

GROWERS HAVE DIFFERENCES.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.)

SAN JOSE, April 20.—A largely-at-

tended meeting of prune growers

today to the California Cured Fruit

Association was held here yesterday. A

resolution was adopted asking the di-

rectors of the association to continue

the 2-cent basis price until all mem-

bers of the association have received

at least 2 cents per pound of their

debt paid. Members who delivered

prunes after November 1 have re-

ceived nothing. Those who delivered

fruit prior to that date have abo-

ut received 1 cent a pound. No one

at the meeting could say what sum

would be paid, but the amount was

paid all the way from \$20,000 to

\$50,000.

The price goes back to 3 cents

next Tuesday at close of business, un-

less a strike is taken to continue it for

that time.

President Bond has called no meeting

of the board of directors and stated

that he would not determine

whether he would or not. No one

will be called unless he is convinced

that the board will vote to continue

the 2-cent basis price until all mem-

bers of the association have received

at least 2 cents per pound of their

debt paid.

The strike threatened at the outset

of the strike hundreds of property

owners who are members of the arbi-

trators' offices with orders for building

designs, but the prompt settlement of

the difficulties allayed their fears.

**SETTLEMENT AT TACOMA.**

DIFFERENCE TO BE ARBITRATED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.)

TACOMA, April 20.—The building

trade strike in Tacoma yesterday

was officially settled.

President Bond has called a meeting

of the board of directors and stated

that he would not determine

whether he would or not.

No one will be called unless he is

convinced that the board will

vote to continue the 2-cent basis

price until all members of the association

have received at least 2 cents per

pound of their debt paid.

The strike threatened at the outset

of the strike hundreds of property

owners who are members of the arbi-

trators' offices with orders for building

designs, but the prompt settlement of

the difficulties allayed their fears.

SMALL FRUIT CROP.

THREE-QUARTERS DESTROYED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.)

SAN JOSE, April 20.—The fruit crop

this year will be the smallest in years.

So say orchardists from all sections

of the valley, and from the cumulative

evidence of frost and falling fruit

which has been produced, there seems

no reason to doubt that the reports are

correct.

The meeting of the Grange today

estimated that 75 per cent of the

crop of certain varieties will be

lost, and that 50 per cent of the

crop of others will be lost.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1901.

**GREAT SWEEP  
BY BERKELEY.**

*Stanford Defeated in  
Three Contests.*

*Overwhelming Score and  
New Records.*

*Challenger Shamrock Launched  
Yesterday—Fights at  
Sacramento.*



*New Associated Press—P.M. 1*

*FRANCISCO, April 20.—The new California Jockey Club took charge of the racing at Tanforan today. The sport was marked by the clever riding of Dominick, long delays at the post in two events, and the victory of Rio Shannon in a 100-yard shot. Dominick landed four winners. He was second and third with his other mounts.*

*In the fifth race, after a long delay at the post, Tayon beat Beau Ormond a head. Water, the second choice, would not break and was left.*

*Sea Hawk was a pronounced favorite for four furlongs, but was interfered with and failed to get any of the money. The weather was fine all day.*

*For four furlongs, Cadogan made the lead. One mile, service, California ran a 1:07.4. Cadogan made the lead again in the fourth race, won by the Blue and Gold's track.*

*The day was an ideal one. The track was springy and "fine*

*records, some with world records. New California established*

*its summer record. Five Coast*

*were shattered and another*

*was set.*

*Sea Hawk was the 16-pound shot 42 feet*

*and threw the 16-pound*

*11 feet 2 inches and nine*

*inches. The new California*

*was second. Cadogan*

*was third. The Blue and*

*Gold's track.*

*It was a great day for*

*the track.*

*It was a great day for*

<i

## STORMS.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

lower than known in a decade at this time of the year.

Reports were received by the local Weather Bureau today from fifteen cities or towns in Kentucky, and in most of them the minimum temperature for last night ranged between 30 and 34 degrees. The maximum for the entire state was 35 deg., at Lexington and Western Kentucky. The coldest section was in the blue grass district in and around Lexington. This is the best fruit-growing part of the State, and here, it is feared, there was damage by frost, not only fruit, but to vegetables and other crops. In the coal mining districts of Kentucky the snow fall was unbroken, and this afternoon fourteen inches were reported at London and Middlesboro, though all the streams there are bank full and general preparations are being made to vacate the houses in the valleys before the thaws and expected floods come.

## MUCH SUFFERING.

There has been much suffering among the poor mountaineers. Around Louisville there has been no damage of consequence. Frost is again predicted for tonight. The town where a dangerous fire had broken out this afternoon was that of a house which was burning on the streets, and all business was suspended. In trying to quell the disturbance, Chief of Police Foster was said to have been severely injured.

In some respects the storm was the worst experienced during the entire winter. The heavy, wet snow came down in blinding sheets and the streets in this city were covered with slush and mud. The telephone and street-car lines were badly delayed. Telephone and telegraph poles were torn down across the tracks and the trees were badly tangled. The police and fire-alarm wires were also carried down, and some sections of the city were cut off from communication with the fire and police signal exchanges.

The residents of lower Allegheny for the first time in many years became anxious at the threatening prospect of flooding. The Ohio river bank spent the morning in preparing and packing their household effects so that they could be moved to places of safety if a short notice.

Western penitentiary officials profess that they are not in the slightest perturbed, consultations and con-

siderations are being taken for the safety and security of the many prisoners should the worst predictions be realized.

The early morning news advised that this morning the Ohio has reached a height of twenty-one feet, and was rising at the rate of ten inches an hour.

## SECOND LIFE LOST.

Another life was lost at Carnegie at noon. An unknown man fell from a window into a cellar and was drowned. The town is under several feet of water, and houses are floating on the streets, and all business was suspended. In trying to quell the disturbance, Chief of Police Foster was severely injured.

At noon it was still raining hard. There were twenty-two feet of water in the Allegheny River at that time and it was rising more than a foot an hour.

The Ohio river was now considered that the great flood of 1884 will be reached and possibly passed before twenty-four hours. The volume of water here is greater than in 1884, and is rising four inches an hour faster than in that year.

## DISASTER WIDESPREAD.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) PITTSBURGH, April 20.—This city is the center of a widespread and disastrous storm. For a radius of 150 miles from Pittsburgh to the Eastern Ohio River, West Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana has been almost entirely without power for three days. Mountain streams have become torrents, creeks are swollen and out of their banks, and the big rivers are oceans of turbulent water. Flood records it is expected, will be broken before the water subsides.

The financial loss cannot be estimated. In addition to the hundreds of thousands, and perhaps of millions, of dollars, it will cost to put large manufacturing plants in commission again, tens of thousands of skilled workmen are thrown out of employment and lose their wages just at a time when all the iron and steel mills are rushed with orders.

Throughout the entire southeast the telegraph and telephone services are in a badly crippled condition.

At Atlanta, where high winds have been prevailing for days, the maximum was reached this morning, when the wind velocity was often sixteen miles an hour. The mercury has fallen nearly 40 deg., and indications are that small gardening has suffered.

## PEOPLE ARE FLEEING FROM RISING WATER.

## FLOOD CAUSES A PANIC IN THE MONONGAHELA VALLEY.

Carnegie Under Three Feet of Water and Traffic is Impeded—Tremendous Destruction is Feared—At Least Two Lives Lost.

## BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.] PITTSBURGH, April 20.—It has been raining almost incessantly throughout Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia since 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The weather is such that the streams are beyond their banks and the greatest flood since 1884 is feared. At 10 o'clock this morning the Monongahela River marked nineteen feet and was rising at the rate of nine inches an hour. Old rivermen look for twenty-five to thirty feet at this point, while the men who consented to predict from thirty-to-thirty-five feet. The danger line is twenty-two feet, and a stage of thirty feet would inundate the lowlands about Pittsburgh and Allegheny, submerging all the mills and factories lying along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers for miles, and entire industries in the valley,工商人 besides rendering hundreds of families temporarily homeless. A stage of thirty-five feet would flood the entire lower district in this city from Ninth street to the Point.

The Weather Bureau has sent out a warning to all residents on the river front to prepare for high water. All day great activity prevails and everything of a perishable nature is being removed to places of safety. Dispatches from the headwaters report a rainfall for the last twenty-four hours of from one to two inches, and all streams rising rapidly. A flood swept down on the Carnegie, and the whole bridge was broken away and their piers weakened. The big manufacturing plants in this city have suffered severely. The cost of repairs is but a small item in comparison to the delay in filling the orders with which all the plants are crowded.

Business, religious services tomorrow, comfort and health are at the mercy of the storm. Several narrow escapes from death have been reported, and it is probable that when the flood subsides may reveal a number of bodies.

## WHEELING'S PERIL.

Wheeling, W. Va., fears the most disastrous flood in its history. The weather-wise say the river will rise to a high record of 150 feet. Many streams of the State are running down the hillsides with resistless force. Behind this comes the flood-tide of the Ohio, fed by the Monongahela, Allegheny, Beaver and other tributaries. From forty-five to fifty feet of water is feared at Wheeling, which is the center of property.

In many parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, probably the heaviest snowstorm ever known at this season of the year has been raging for two days. At Oil City the oil exchange went out of business temporarily, because it was impossible to secure quotations from New York. The oil market is closed.

On the Ohio, the railroads are stalled, and engines sent to their assistance have been buried with snow, and all must wait with a hope for a speedy turn of the weather. In the meantime the passengers must depend upon near-by farm houses for succor food to keep them from starving.

The downtown streets are practically deserted, and little business was done.

## COLUMBUS CUT OFF.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) COLUMBUS (O.), April 20.—The storm has cut off communication by rail with all eastern points. Pennsylvania trains from New York, arrived at noon at Columbus to make connections with St. Louis. The Pennsylvania company was the only railroad having lines open in the city, and that reached only to Triway, O.

At Dennison, O., eleven inches of snow is reported. Locally large gangsters were kept busy all day repairing damage done by the high wind.

## BLIZZARD AT AKRON.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) AKRON (O.), April 20.—The worst blizzard in the history of this city since January has been experienced. The snowfall has been continuous, and traffic has been unable to move for a week. The telephone dispatcher has been unable to keep it for several hours, owing to the telegraph wires being down. The telephone communication.

## ZANESVILLE SNOWED IN.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) ZANESVILLE (O.), April 20.—A blizzard is raging here and all streetcar traffic and business has been suspended. Telegraph and telephone lines are crippled and there is practically no communication with outside points. Snow has fallen for thirty-six hours continuously and all the telegraph wires are down.

Reports received from the northern part of the Muskingum Valley district indicate that very high water is imminent.

## CANTON ISOLATED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) CANTON (O.), April 20.—At 8 o'clock a.m. today Canton was snowbound and cut off from the rest of the world. The snowfall has been continuous, and the Ohio River is rising eight inches an hour and a serious flood is feared.

## THREE DROWNED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) MARIETTA (O.), April 20.—Rain and snow have been steadily falling here for the past day and still continues.

The Ohio River is rising eight inches an hour, and a serious flood is feared.

## SERIOUS FLOOD FEARED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) PORTSMOUTH (O.), April 20.—Rain and snow have been steadily falling here for the past day and still continues.

The Ohio River is rising eight inches an hour, and a serious flood is feared.

## PULLED A PISTOL.

Excitement was kindled at First and Spring streets last night at 8 o'clock by a Chinaman running up the east side of Spring street with a pistol in his hand. He was walking north and the Chinaman had been shot and turned and struck the boy and was hit by a white man standing near. Then another man struck him and the Chinaman fled. A police whistle and pulled out his gun. He was grabbed from behind before he could use it and then escaped in the big crowd that was attracted.

## CARNEGIE INUNDATED.

The main street of Carnegie is well as all the other streets, is under the feet of water, and people are going about in skiffs. The boxes, parts of fences and lumber of almost every description floated through the main thoroughfare this morning. The flood swept into business houses and homes far too fast for the people to save much of their property and stock, and the loss will run away up into the thousands. Men enough could not pile up the goods quick enough to get them out of the way. The flood, for though everybody expected high water, the rush of the flood had gone beyond their utmost fears.

Carriages and wagons were hitched up early in the day and immediate steps taken to haul them away to places of safety. Cars of the Southern Traction Company were caught on the ice and the flood, and are standing there now, some on Main street in three feet of water, unable to move either way.

## RAILROAD WASHOUTS.

All along the Washington branch of the Panhandle Railroad the condition could hardly be worse. The road is practically washed out. There are washouts at Bowerhill, Bridgeville, and

the creek is moving slowly.

Excitement was kindled at First and Spring streets last night at 8 o'clock by a Chinaman running up the east side of Spring street with a pistol in his hand. He was walking north and the Chinaman had been shot and turned and struck the boy and was hit by a white man standing near. Then another man struck him and the Chinaman fled. A police whistle and pulled out his gun. He was grabbed from behind before he could use it and then escaped in the big crowd that was attracted.

## DESTRUCTION OF ENTIRE WINTER.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) CLEVELAND, April 20.—Northern Ohio was today swept by a fierce storm which completely severed telephone and telegraph lines in all directions. The wind came from the north, and during the early hours of the day reached a velocity of fifty-five miles an hour. All telegraphic communication was severed for the past day and still continues.

The Cuyahoga River is rising eight inches an hour, and a serious flood is feared.

## THREE DROWNED.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.) MARIETTA (O.), April 20.—The Ohio River rose ten feet during last night. Floating the houses of Wilmette, Lefevre away, leaving Lefevre, and the river is rising eight inches an hour, and even though these were reported to be working slowly.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Capt. Dreyfus has himself made the illustrations for his forthcoming book. Of Aguilardo's age there is great interest in the life of the Spanish general. The life of Aguilardo is to be published in the Papal States, and the author is to receive a portion of the profits.

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NEW...  
GarmentsGowned Woman  
new tailored garments are  
offered.Serge Eton Suits  
\$14.50  
black mixed sailor suit, also  
mixtures, new cut Eton jacket, silk  
tan, blue and grey  
price \$17.50

## Separate Skirts.

Black street skirts trimmed with  
stitched tulip bands, buckles,  
flounces, new flares some removable  
size values  
\$4.25, \$5.50 upBlack kersey cloth and  
skirt, handwoven, stitched, \$4.00CLOTH CAPE  
upwards from... \$5.00  
just received, light and  
\$4.25

Dollars

A Mexican who roused  
envy and who was supposed  
something of the watch  
was arrested, but was  
not being sufficient  
held him.James White, a mulatto,  
counsel of staking Antonio  
and others in Alvarado  
Friday night had his examine  
Justice Morgan yesterday,  
case was continued until  
White came to assume  
the hotel at the time.

Darktown Rev.

Katherine Burke and  
two others, who were  
assaulted, got into a row  
morning with another man  
passion and to emphasize their  
argument used a gun  
but in this they were  
charge of battery and when  
Justice Morgan's court was  
and fined \$10 each.Lottery Case.  
Chung Go and Charles Tse  
Chinese lottery agents arrested  
day night for conducting a  
joint on East Third street  
will have their examine  
Justice Morgan tomorrow.

EN...

PRIVATE  
BOOK  
AND  
CONSULTATION  
FREE  
HOME  
CURES.DR. MEYERS & CO. are  
business in one place for a week  
a month, but they are a fixture  
in Los Angeles. Their prices are  
enable their customers as have  
life itself.Patients who have the most  
about being cured may depend  
on a price in any book or  
any well-known business house  
newspaper in Los Angeles, and  
post NOT to be paid to DR.  
DR. MEYERS & CO. until the patient is  
vindicated that he is permanently  
cured. Payments may be made in  
installments if preferred.DR. MEYERS & CO.  
Have the largest and best equipped  
medical institution and the most  
extensive practice in Los Angeles.  
House calls a specialty. If you  
do not call, write for free book on  
only, advice and treatise on any  
case. All letters confidential  
printing on envelopes or packages.RS & CO.  
18 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.THE OTHER CHEEK.  
The Chinese were restaurated at this  
time that the Chinese had burned

## the War of the Civilizations in the Far East.

CHINESE AND RABANIAN.

the winter, by special arrangement.

While attending the coronation of the other day, I had pardon, the Ambassador of President McKinley, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs what he did in the position in China.

This does not interest me.

He then visited the Emperor of both in America and Europe.

In their most attitude toward the most interesting crises in Europe.

To those who have eyes

considered not so far off the line, might be

what has happened in China

put to the torch in their city.

But one

of the most important interest, where West met

met with the East, who had hitherto

surprised the allies.

was immediately made,

name that should be ap-

plicable to the

of thought and

so subtle

so complicated were to be

beyond immediate

and certainly beyond

the way of the average man in the

way of appreciation of the

civilization

confined to those

visitors.

A PATHETIC PICTURE OF THE

SON OF HEAVEN."

If these walls could speak, what a

story they would tell to tell

of the tragic struggle that quietly went

on within them: the imperial radical,

the nominal depot of 400,000

people, engaged in struggling against

the forces of conservatism to

deserted by its imminent迫害.

It was almost

impossible to find in this

silver

was almost

## The Times' Current Topics Club.

Papers by Experts and Specialists. Six Courses of Study.

### CONTEMPORARY LITERATURES OF THE WORLD.

(By Francis McCullagh of the Japan Times.)

**O** WING to the energy and zeal with which the entire nation has devoted itself in recent years to the acquisition of the purely material elements of western civilization, modern Japan has impressed the world rather by the increase of its armament than by its literature. Its surprising material development, in fact, has obscured its growth in other directions. The leading Japanese writers of to-day are almost unknown in Europe and America, yet these writers comprise a considerable and influential body and constitute a force which has been instrumental in determining Japan's destiny.

In considering these writers the ocular reader must bear in mind the peculiar conditions in which literature is produced in Japan, the standing of the average man of letters there and the taste of the public to whom he appeals. In the capital, the suburb of Osaka, a thriving city of 800,000 inhabitants which in some respects may be compared to such an American city, say, as Chicago, there is a literary life which is estimated that the sale of novels is \$500 a month, but as this number does not include the volumes which are said to lend five times that number of novels, it is safe to put the demand for fiction in Osaka at \$4,000 a month.

This does not indicate a widespread taste for reading, but when we take into consideration the fact that the Japanese are more interested than ever in case that a dozen of them will sleep in the same room as a master of course where Europeans would demand separate apartments, and that there is no single class of society in Japan which is safe to assume that one copy of a book—books, too, are generally kept clean in Japan than elsewhere—will be sold, it is evident that the Japanese of the lower class are astonishingly voracious readers.

Many of Fukukawa's works published immediately after the restoration ran into half a million copies, while of the late Mr. Nakamura's translations of Smilier's "Self Help" in 1886, 300,000 copies must have been sold.

**PENNY DREADFULS IN JAPAN.** Over the globe-traveler can see, however, without making any investigation whatever that the people read much. School boys are constantly found with



KODA ROBAN.

paper-backed novels adorned on the cover with a rude picture representing a Samurai cutting somebody down; servants girls in the teahouse devours them between intervals of work. In their scanty intervals of leisure. I earned the undying gratitude of one only yesterday by asking her to continue reading a story which I noticed in her hanging sleeve while she was bringing up my tiffin. More remarkable still, that human nose, the Japanese have seen you set you down your destination and coiled herself up between the shafts to await your return than he produced the book which the cabman took out of his pocket and recited a ponderous tone that looks like the work of a Japanese Gibbon, but is really one of the many volumes in which some student who describes the adventures of a favorite hero.

It should not be assumed from all this, however, that the subjects of the Mikado are all shining examples of culture. Not only are many of the books generally read distinctly bad in character, but others, though in general eight readers of every ten parrot verbatim short-hand reports of professional story-tellers and are therefore, in a sense, mere stenographic records of literary felicity and artistic style. Among the boys "detective" stories are especially popular.

In addition to novels come technical works and these medical books have the largest sale. Of foreign works those in English head the list, six English books being sold for every two in German or French. Russian books have a much smaller sale. The sales of the largest book store in the city do not exceed 2,000 yen—less than \$125.00. Books for children and comparative poverty of the people and other reasons I have given above, the number of readers in the city must now be estimated from these scanty figures.

**LOT OF THIS JAPANESE NOVELIST.** As for the average novelist, he does not seem to be so much respected and looked up to as the novelist in America or in Europe. This is partly owing, on doubt, to his poverty. The average novelist sells only about 1,000 copies of any work; the price of books must be low (less than 12 American cents, on average,) and there are not ten authors in Japan who get over twenty-five dollars a month from their work. There is a Mr. Myoda here, the director of the Japanese educational studies in the educational department, who on a certain occasion every year hires denunciations in the most amateurish manner in almost exactly the same words at the fortunate romancers. About a year ago he told them to come out into the open air and mix with society, assuring them that they were poor and remaining at home like hermits they could not expect to become successful writers. He concluded by seriously impressing the novelists to write the novelists facilities to see life by sending them invitations to balls, banquets and official "spreads." Strange to say, nobody paid any attention to him. This movement in this speech, which was delivered with the utmost seriousness, Japan read it in Japanese and read it in English, but never a smile did it elicit. The readers only wagged their heads



SEIKI KOTO.

politics. Another successful novel, "Kajin no Kigu," has its opening theme laid in the Capitol at Washington, where one of the characters, a woman, is fond of reading the Declaration of Independence. Carlist pretenders, English soldiers and other Europeans all written in the purest of Chinese style, by a curious contradiction, is written in the most classical Chinese style. An able Japanese critic relates in 1886, "Japan can beat the world, one day, but she does not love, is famous for her masterly way in which she traces the gradual development of her character, and also for her skill in painting." "The Tragedy of Kawachiya," in which a virtuous wife pines away and dies on account of her husband's infatuation with another woman, and her love with him, however, but with his brother. The brother's rejection of the woman's advances awakens her fear for the safety of her beloved brother, and the outcome. Ryuro is not remarkable for his style, however, nor for his originality, nor for his fidelity to that of the other two writers.

Surgeon-General Mori Oliga is a writer noted for his translations of Chinese works, and other European all written in the most classical Chinese style. An able Japanese critic relates in 1886, "Japan can beat the world, one day, but she does not love, is famous for her masterly way in which she traces the gradual development of her character, and also for her skill in painting." "The Tragedy of Kawachiya," in which a virtuous wife pines away and dies on account of her husband's infatuation with another woman, and her love with him, however, but with his brother. The brother's rejection of the woman's advances awakens her fear for the safety of her beloved brother, and the outcome. Ryuro is not remarkable for his style, however, nor for his originality, nor for his fidelity to that of the other two writers.

ONE OF JAPAN'S LEADING NOVELISTS. Novels of the type, of course, are not fairly representative, although it is doubtful whether the European reader would find satisfaction in many Japanese books of distinctly better grade. Take, for example, "Tayo Tokon" ("Fears and Regrets") by Sakai Kyo, one of the best known of living Japanese novelists. The author of this work is one Mr. Sumi, a graduate of the elective course of "geology" in the Tokyo Imperial University, who is earning a trifling wage as teacher of a certain school of

physics and mathematics. We find this man, when we make his acquaintance, plunged in uttermost grief on account of the death of his son, who weeps and moans, in fact, all the way through the book, which contains 800 pages. There is a mother-in-law in the story, a kindly mother-in-law. This good lady forces her daughter to go and live against her will with the dolorous Sumi, whose household consists only of himself and an old female servant. The girl, however, loves and receives the girl, but after some time sends a letter to the intriguing mother-in-law asking her to fetch her daughter back. Sumi, however, has a friend called Hayama, but he hates Mrs. Hayama—and the hatred is returned for the good woman despises the kindly mother-in-law. This good lady forces her daughter to go and live against her will with the dolorous Sumi, whose household consists only of himself and an old female servant. 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## THE CITY IN BRIEF

## AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—Lady Windermere's Fan. ORPHEUM—Vauville.

## NEWS AND BUSINESS

## New Residents.

Architects Garrett and Bibby have just completed the plans for a house for R. D. Richards, to be built on West Twenty-first street, near Hoover. The cost of the house, Mr. Richards will also build a residence on Alvarado street, to cost about \$6000.

## New Van Nuys Block.

It has been reported in building that I. N. Van Nuys will erect a fine business block, at Seventh and Spring streets, Van Nuys, built upon his home yesterday. Mr. Van Nuys was coy about the matter, and said pleasantly: "Oh, it hasn't gone far to postpone saying anything about that." Wiggins is at it.

Secretary Wiggins sends from Buffalo a copy of the Courier containing a whole page on the Los Angeles exhibition, illustrated with a number of familiar half-tone cuts. Also an account of the loss of the walnut elephant's tail, but Mr. Wiggins says he will be fully grown by May 1, when the big show opens.

For time of arrival and departure of Santa F. trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Mrs. Charlotte Jewell of Peking, China, will speak at Y.W.C.A., 4 p.m. Sunday.

Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1.75 per dozen.

Zimmerman's Buttons and Button-hole Factory, 244 S. Broadway, room 5-6.

For stylish and perfect-fitting gowns try Mrs. Levy, 218 South Broadway.

Dr. A. D. Davis, 200 South Broadway, Office, 501 Lawlin Building.

Dr. W. A. Dunton, 659 Clay st., S. F. Whitney Trunk Factory, 228 S. Main, Dr. Minnie Wells, 127 E. 3d. See card.

The Congregational Orchestra will give a concert at the Macy-street church room on Friday evening, April 26, at 8 o'clock.

There are untelephoned telegrams at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company for Robert Townsend, J. J. Donlin, S. McKinney, G. A. Korndorff, Dr. W. F. Schwaner, Robert M. Boble, Theo N. Jackson and A. E. Welby.

Mrs. Charlotte Jewell, superintendent of a girl's school in Peking, China, will speak upon her work at the Young Women's Christian Association, Sunday afternoon, April 26, at 8 o'clock.

Well, one of the survivors in the siege of Peking, having returned to America last November.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Charles D. Thompson, aged 45, a native of Kentucky, and a resident of Fullerton, and Lucinda M. Davis, aged 47, a native of Iowa and a resident of Omaha.

Brent Neely, aged 29, a native of Pennsylvania, and Fannie Mosher, aged 28, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Frank Thomas Ward, aged 24, a native of England, and Mary K. Moore, aged 21, a native of Washington; both residents of Long Beach.

John C. Johnson, aged 26, a native of California, and a resident of Los Angeles, and Beatrice A. Yorba, aged 19, a native of California, and a resident of Long Beach.

Troop D's Invitations.

Col. J. D. Fredericks, commanding officer of Troop D, unattached, is in receipt of a letter from the captain of Troop C of Sailors, inviting the Los Angeles citizens and troopers to be his guests at a ballroom dinner, route to Santa Cruz for the State encampment in June. The local troopers are jubilant over the invitation, and hope that the other regiments for their respective states, which will be consummated, Troop C will enjoy the hospitality of Troop D. The event, at least, the troop will play a prominent part in the coming State Encampment for the President. Troop D is in excellent condition, and for efficiency and drill is unsurpassed in this state.

Central W.C.T.U.

The Central W.C.T.U. held its weekly meeting at Temperance Temple, corner Broadway and Spring street, Friday. After the customary devotional exercises interesting current items were given by many of the members.

The topic of the day was "The Social Side of the Salmon Question."

Col. Sobieski gave an interesting talk on the present status of the temperance cause over the world. Not alone in the United States, European countries are awakening to the consideration of the deleterious effects of alcohol upon their people and many governments are enacting stringent laws for its suppression. High School girls had been invited to stop in on their way home from school to meet Dr. Eliza D. Dill, State Superintendent of Young Women's Work, and to them Col. Sobieski addressed himself, telling them that the girls were coming with him to be proud of tracing their ancestry back to their White Ribbon mothers, the daughters of the great revolution from intemperance.

## BREVITIES.

Removal sale at one-half the actual value in tailor-made suits, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday only. Best opportunity of the season—you have imported weaves and mix fit and finish and antedate first-class. You take no chances as my great success in the ladies' tailoring art has caused me to move to more room. Dressing room, 420 S. Broadway, removal sale is at 444 S. Broadway, after that I will be at 450 S. Broadway. M. Berry, the Ladies' Tailor.

A great collection of the Balda collection of Turkish rug will

begin at 1:30 p.m. and continue until every piece is sold. There is a good opportunity to secure genuine Turkish and Persian rugs at little cost. Call and see the silk draperies, embroideries, antique arms and other Oriental goods. This is a forced sale as we must close the city, 122 West Fourth street.

The elegance in a stylish tailor-gown is the cutting and fitting—it requires skill and art. I furnished the fashion house of New York City for fifteen years and my success has made satisfied customers. I am pleased to fit and to fit to please. My prices are low and cannot refuse. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor, 522 South Broadway.

See our new line of Mexican drawn work, nothing more artistic. Our Japanese embroidery is second to none.

First display of art needle work in the city; a specialty made of infants' and children's outifts. Beaman & Hause, 218 S. Broadway.

The French dishes served at Del Monte Restaurant, on Third street between Spring and Broadway, can only be duplicated in San Francisco. They serve oysters on the shell and a good bottle of wine with the 75-cent French dinner.

One hundred thousand Havana cigarettes confiscated by U.S. government, made in Havana, Cuba, by the well-known firm of Clark, Clegg and other factories to package. Ellis Cohn, 115 South Spring street.

When moving, save all odds and ends of clothing and furniture. Good Business department of the Benevolent Institutions Church for distribution among the needy. Tel. John 26 and wagon will call.

Please you take up your carpets and extra bedding, and if you can't afford to do it, if you haven't for it's spring. City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, 456 S. Broadway, Tel. M. 42. Jno. Blawie, 253 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

J. R. Rogers, (Ex-Examiner in U.S. Patent Office), Solicitor of patents and infringement lawyer. Offices in New York and Washington, D. C., Bryant Block, 253 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

Members of Bartlett Logan Corps and the Thimble Club, No. 7, are requested to meet at the home of Hattie Holloman, 26th and Spring, on Monday evening, April 22, at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Raynor and Miss Dinsmore will have a reduction sale of pattern hats this week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, at the Great American Importing Tea Co., opposite Coulter's.

Accordion plaiting done at 308½ S.

FREE scalp treatments, 312½ S. Spring.

Fourth and Broadway.

**S. Magnin & Co.**

251 South Broadway

LADIES' HOSE.

We are proud of our line of Ladies' Hose. It embodies everything from the plain black cotton with white soles at three pair for \$1.00, to the elaborate Open-work Hose of silk at \$2.00, in all the beautiful and dainty colors. The values in our Children's Hose at 5c and 10c are exceptional. We carry the most complete stock of Children's Hose in all sizes, kinds and prices to be found in town.

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

APRIL 21, 1901.

{ PRICE PER YEAR... \$2.50  
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS

THE WAR DOESN'T SEEM TO BE OVER YET.



(John Bull to Dewey, who has run off with French): Hi, you! Come back here. I'll give it to you when I catch you.  
Dewey: All right; but first catch me.

## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

**THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE,** complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## A DANGEROUS INTOXICANT.

**I**T APPEARS that while the temperance people have been waging unrelenting war against the Scotch highball, the seductive mint julep, the alluring cocktail, the fascinating gin fizz, and eke against the plebeian but thirst-assuaging lager beer, another and even more dangerous intoxicant has been slowly but surely undermining our national character and sapping the strength of our manhood. We refer to Jamaica ginger—the common, every-day Jamaica ginger of commerce.

Up to a very recent date, nobody suspected the dangerous character of Jamaica ginger. Its use as a beverage—though fortunately such use has not as yet become very general—was seemingly attended by no very serious results. But the devotees of the Jamaica ginger habit little realized what a volcano of destruction was raging under their feet. It has remained for the Rev. Dr. James D. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, to discover the danger and give a timely note of warning. At the New York East conference of the Methodist Church, on Thursday evening, Rev. Dr. Buckley electrified and horrified his hearers by solemnly declaring that "Jamaica ginger, as an American intoxicant, is rivaled only by applejack!"

Now, we all know—or many of us know, at least—that applejack is one of the most deadly intoxicants in the whole list of beverages that both cheer and inebriate. It is away ahead of circus lemonade, root beer, buttermilk, and ice cream soda in this important respect. Many of us have studiously avoided the use of applejack for years, lest we should become a slave to its use as a steady beverage. But, while we have held out firmly against applejack as something not to be trifled with, we have gone on—or some of us have gone on—drinking Jamaica ginger three times a day, and often between times, without in the least suspecting its deadly character. The entire nation certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Dr. James D. Buckley for having sounded the alarm in clarion tones before it was too late. Now that the danger has been pointed out, those who are not so addicted to the habit as to be incapable of reform, will have an opportunity, at least, to escape from the impending doom.

There will, perhaps, be one note of discord in the general paean of thanksgiving on account of Dr. Buckley's timely warning. There is some danger that the good doctor's Jeremiad may result in a boom for Jamaica ginger. There are several millions of persons in this country alone—to say nothing of the countless hordes of Europe, Asia, New Jersey, and the Dark Continent—who have never dreamed that Jamaica ginger was an intoxicant. Many of them have probably never even heard of this deadly drug. Now that it has been determined by a competent authority that it is in the same category as the seductive but deadly applejack, is it not possible that millions of people all over the world, with able-bodied thirsts, but wobbly consciences, will be wanting to get drunk on Jamaica ginger, just once, to see how it will seem?

The thought is simply sickening. If such should be the result, there would be one of the biggest booms in Jamaica ginger that the world has ever known; and the Rev. Dr. Buckley would have the melancholy dissatisfaction of knowing that he was the unwitting cause of the increase in the sale of this deadly rival of applejack. The thought is simply appalling. Has the Rev. Dr. Buckley taken cognizance of these alarming possibilities?

## TURN ABOUT.

[Philadelphia Press:] "Isn't it kind of brother Harry?" said Mrs. De Style, "he has promised to buy me one of those fashionable poodles for a pet."

"Madam," replied Mr. De Style, who despises these poodles, "I give you fair warning. If your brother leaves a pet in this house I shall leave this house in a pet."

## ETHICAL OUTLOOKS.

**E**VERYONE with a proper estimate of the duties and perils of transportation reads with interest of the training schools which have been established in eastern cities, where ambitious recruits are systematically taught how to become acceptable motormen; and also fairly good electricians, thoroughly familiar with the mechanical and electrical construction of an electric car. The practical value of this schooling was first demonstrated by Prof. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Railway of New York, and has proven one of utility and a potent factor in the reduction of mortality.

The leaders of this time who are destined to transport the new age along safe lines of ethical progress have something of the spirit of the clear-eyed and trained motormen. They see that this is no hour for breach of inflexible rule. They are aware of the laws by which motors become dynamos.

Americans are convinced that no subject can engross the public mind of more importance than that of its ethical progress. They recognize the fact that the world is agitated by all manner of misery. Both fanaticism and skepticism are centers of tempests of discord. The warfare that divides the two forces calls for far-seeing vision and the devout heart.

Elements hostile to law, government and social progress are enumerated in the baneful factors of the time. Russia within her borders exhibits a moving chaos of anarchy, only held in restraint by formidable discipline. The vista has all the coloring of a Rembrandt picture. The gloom and mystery of the cold northern scenery are there, with brooding masses of storm and darkness. The red light on the cloud is the flame of war.

From other lands come the murmurs of oppression. Justin McCarthy writes of unhappy Ireland, and it is apparent enough that the fires still glow there which stirred the hearts of such men as Robert Emmet, Daniel O'Connell and John P. Curran.

As Americans, it is our privilege to remember that the framers of the Constitution taught that the national life must be a consecration to a series of beliefs, which are the laws of the soul and the guardians of the will, and that justice and charity are the foundations of the national character. The impulse of this hour is that which would put down triviality, lead to a greater union of religious creeds, of art, science and life, that America may be a joyfully-inspired nation, living as far as possible above narrow contradiction in fields of consecrated activities. It is the ideal of American patriots to found those institutions which best demonstrate immortal principles. The teachers and leaders who are chosen as the fittest to be sent among the perturbing forces of the nation's new possessions are selected as men and women of character. Among the dominant forces of the future civilization there will be the optimistic creation of that spirit which brings sympathy to sorrow, charity to need, hope to faith, and knowledge to life. These sentiments enlarge the boundaries of education. Since the old universities were founded, new professions have been developed, which demand recognition. Old Chinese walls of exclusiveness have been broken down and men and women are becoming grander forces for enlightenment and guidance.

This educating and stimulating influence has made the way for other central harmonizing and unitizing power, and Carnegie and others have made the library the right hand of education. One can but see a lovely mystic enchantment in that power which provides for the thought of the future, and it is impossible to conjecture how far-reaching may be such gracious gifts as noble incentives of disinterested action.

The study of law is recognized as the widest, surest source of human knowledge. A limited glimpse of the progress of legal enactment shows the heroic effort which is being made to transmit to the future, as a divine inheritance, the highest perfection of legislation. The ethical growth of this State contains noble chapters in the recent "History of the Bench and Bar of California," edited by Oscar T. Shuck. The book is a comprehensive insight into the chapters of growth by which the laws of the highest ethics are adapted to the specific rule and necessity of heterogeneous populations.

The work is not only the history of the jurisprudence of the State, but of the moral evolution which has been accomplished by the efforts of scholarly and earnest men, whose publications are recognized among the standards of legal authority.

A bibliography of the books which have been written on moral duty would include the names of many classic and modern philosophers. With all the various explanations which have been given, it is generally acknowledged that the obligations of ethical virtue include the practice of duty, self-sacrifice, benevolence, patriotism and truth. The work of prison reform, of humanitarian effort along many lines of religious work, and civic reform, are encouraging signs of growth and unity.

The sense of pacific discussion that hostilities may be averted by avoidance of issues which divide the rich and poor, and make them antagonistic, is apparent in the teachings of the profoundest wisdom of the time. There is a growth in the spirit which bonds in sympathy to human need. No philosopher dare keep his soul hermetically sealed. He wishes to keep in relation with the masses that he may recognize the internal springs of action and feel the potent influence of universal thought. Although a popular exposition may not win his facile acquiescence, at the opportune moment, when inspired by a righteous conviction, he may add a lava flood from

his glowing mind and become an aid for the summum bonum of the age.

Beautiful influences are being made for childhood. Among its text-books is the "Science," a commendable work the authorship of this city, illustrating the juvenile literature of numerous fraternal societies for children. Elements of moral duty, love and charity, all sorts and conditions of men, but for the best ones, the birds and friendly beasts.

Ethics undoubtedly in its speculative forms is capable of ennobling advancement of duty has made as significant progress in century as have the other sciences. By acceptance of these duties the review of the heart secrets of God's great creation and shadowing of the final unity.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL COLUMN

[Washington Post:] It is stated upon authority that some day New York expects to do away with the horse cars.

[Omaha Bee:] Portions of the city are reported to be sliding down the mountains in Nebraska, on the contrary, is done.

[Washington Post:] The New York married a horse doctor under the impression he was a French nobleman, may be in good health.

[Washington Star:] Kansas is asking to make a cheap rate that will help the railroads harvest hands to care for its wealth of gold. Is not "bleeding Kansas" who speaks?

[Denver Post:] On Easter Sunday the Kansans, Kan., hung up their hats in the sun through the service bareheaded. What rebuke that must have been to the tyro husbands who had not bought them new hats.

[Indianapolis Press:] Miss Lizzie R. Nebraska school teacher whose pluck and daring saved the children of her school from certain death in a flood, has furnished a heroism which should be heralded throughout the country as an inspiration and a model.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] People who are using Gen. Funston's method, because it was tactics and was irregular, should remember dealing with an enemy who was to be fought there was no other way to get at him. Gunning for rabbits you do not need needed in hunting elephants.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] It is said that the forests of the Philippines are a treasure, yielding gums, rubber, oil, drugs and variety of the finest hardwoods. An intensive forestry for the islands ought to be established.

[Baltimore American:] It is reported that Duke Henry is, by agreement, a boy Queen Wilhelmina for two hours daily. Every day Duke Henry is lord and master. His suggestion in this for the hemisphere of America.

## A NEW MASS BY A CATHOLIC

SHE HAS WRITTEN OTHER MUSIC, BUT THE MOST AMBITIOUS.

[Kalamazoo Correspondence Detritus] At day at St. Augustine's Church in this city for the first reading of a new mass who have heard it, are unfeasted in paper is Sister Gabrielle of Nazareth, a native of this city and was the first musical department of LeFevre Institute. In completing her musical education in musical conservatories in the country, she became St. Joseph. She has written a number of compositions which have been received well by some of the best musicians of the country submitted to Dr. Clarke of Philadelphia with the following criticism written upon known musician:

"It is more than good; it is music."

The mass heard for the first time in many ways the most ambitious of the work. It is written in B minor, for four voices, with organ and piano accompaniment to be a model of harmonic structure in sense. It has several distinctive features.

"In Excelsis" is written in allegro ma non troppo key of D major. Contrary to the usual it opens with a slow, majestic movement customary allegro. A sudden pianissimo "misere" impels the listener to bow in a joyful strain continues to the close, the linking the finale. The harmonization of the mass is said to be especially good and believe the most difficult part of the mass is the major.)

[Indianapolis Press:] (Willie:) Fair fame?"

(Pa.) My son, when a man speaks he refers to something over which he has money.

[Indianapolis Press:] "Isn't that a nice girl?" said Mrs. Northside, as Miss Screech came sat down.

"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Northside. "She is much better than the song."

[Chicago Tribune:] "I know I expect Miss Thriller," the young man failed to tell you how much I love—"

"Mr. McGinnis," interrupted the weekly Society Recorder, with a smile. "Do it in about two hundred words!"

# Land of the Pyramids. - By Robert J. Burdette.

Without Straw.

more than a thousand years ago—  
Shadows of time, how the days go by!  
There was a man I used to know—  
After I tell you the reason why;  
He worked in a brickyard, same as you  
And all the rest of us have to do;  
Lived in the trouble and worry and strife,  
The birth, and the other things of life.  
Climbed the hopes, and the pains, and fears,  
Climbed the mud with his sweat and his tears,  
A mean man that ever you saw—  
"Four brick," said the man, "but I have no straw."

COMMENT  
upon ex-  
pects to be  
in his knees in the miry pit—  
way, but a giant's grit;  
lock was a chain of throbbing aches,  
the mold with its earthen cakes;  
rusty as hinges of steel;  
so lame he could hardly kneel;  
to stiff it would clog a plow;  
wouldn't be stirred with wheel nohow;  
as short as the days were long,  
seemed right, but everything wrong;  
"I can do," said the man, "but, pshaw!  
can't make brick when you have no straw!"

the women  
the anten-  
"I'm sorry!" sobbed Weakness, but Courage cried  
"I'm sorry!"

"I'm sorry!" said Despair, but Duty cried "Do!"

"All right," said the man, "I'll worry her through!

so much, and I reckon you'll see

that won't be just what they ought to be;

not quite so good as I know I could make

I just had straw, but you'll have to take

the best I can do for the work's own sake."

He finished his tale of brick, and then

went home to rest. And the sons of men

lived on his perfect work, and saw

what have spoiled the brick, had he put in straw.

Present View.

Many centuries looked down upon the battalions of

men and women and children supplying raw material for the

industry from the persons of the Arabs who

intelligently and skilfully made the little squares of Frenchmen like so

many centuries ago, Egypt, and with about the same effect that

the world would have had, for 1815 was yet in the

a loyal and patriotic age.

The next but forty-one centuries look down upon now?

Look out into the Mena Hotel; the donkey boy, his

metamorphosed into a caddie, learning

British and American profanity in a nine-hole

golf course he could pick up aforetime in a twenty-five

years ago in an ancient tomb.

Look down upon the buzzing trolley, knocking the

ark-like carriages that erstwhile ran the

streets, farther back into the buried past than

any history of Egypt can point to with its long-

ago finger.

Look down upon the youngest of the centuries,

drinking, lounging, strolling all over hoary

temples, flipping back the pages of the record to the

Academy of Sciences as lightly as one da capos the sheets on a

graduation day, revisiting bazaars where their fathers walked,

where they slept; planning an electric line

from the pyramids with a restaurant on top, a la the

Pyramids of Giza; now and then a circus manager with a

number of men buying the Great Pyramid and reconstructing

it with spades; upon groups of Beduins, Egyptians, Nu-

bi, Persians, Syrians and Soudanese lying asleep in

the pyramids in the glaring sunshine, or lying wide-

open it is to the credulous tourist, or earning an honest liv-

ing the most strenuous begging on earth; and they

lie down on long lines of camels and donkeys and cows

bearing burdens and doing about all the

that is done in this land.

In the last century that joined the Immortal Forty

to them to the record of more wonderful works

than any had ever witnessed before its advent, wrought

in the most marvellous ease that they scarce appeared to be

modest, and the men for whose benefit they were

not only complained that they were not more won-

derful in person and complete.

"I have read somewhere," said a Sweet Young Thing,

clinging to the arm of the other Sweet Young Thing,

female sheathes in the called "Sylvester," "that they began building

at the top; can that be possible?" And as

she was the only person in the assembly wearing green

the "Cred" color, she takes me for an Egyptologist and looks

seriously. I assure her that it is even so. "But

why did they put up the top stone and build under it?"

she asks. And I can only say to her that that is one of

the mysteries of Egyptian architecture which baffles

all science. That appears to satisfy her, but I ob-

served afterward that whenever she evinces an intention

of another hard one, Sylvester gently, albeit

very seriously, represses her. I wouldn't be so

surprised to see some people for anything in the world. I

have great fears that the Sweet Young Thing will have

some fun with Sylvester.

Now, you make the ascent of the great pyramid

alone. Three, four, five or six persons go with you.

One comes behind you to show you how

fast you can climb the pyramid than you

can run.

Two come along to sell you

two sticks, made in Germany, every time you stop

and two climb up just ahead of you and occa-

sionally make pretense of helping you, which they do

by taking hold of your hand so long as you do not bear your weight upon them, and promptly letting go of it the first time you pull. And when you reach the platform at the top of the pyramid, with one accord they all crowd around you and begin to beg, beg, beg in chorus before you can recover enough breath to say in colloquial Arabic, "Shupyereds urrile thowoff thy pyramid!" And they beg, beg, beg all the way down. Why more of them are not shot is a miracle of forbearance on the part of travelers. It is only by kicking the beggars out of the way and into momentary silence that one can have a quiet minute at the top to look out over the picture at his feet. They do not mind being kicked. It sounds harsh, but they like it. They prefer a beating with a stick, which is a part of their pay for everything they do, but it is not convenient to carry a stick up the pyramids.

## Stuck on the Stick.

There is an old tradition that after the transgression a wild beast, his gentle nature changed into ferocity by the sin of the man, approached Adam with the evident intention of trying his new teeth on human hide. Adam, recognizing for the first time in his life the sensation of fear, broke a branch off a tree for defense. As he did so all the leaves shivered and fell off from the branch; it was transformed into a club and strife was born in the world. As far back as the Egyptian hieroglyphs and inscriptions show a scratch on a stone, they depict the stick. It is the emblem of authority; the flail is the sign of kingly power. There are pictures of the taskmaster with a stick beating his slaves or workmen—they were much the same thing—to their work. One can understand that. Even unto this day the fellahs are conscripted for the public works of Egypt; they do enforced labor, and are paid—well, I suppose you might call it "pay"—for it. But in the hieroglyphs the taskmaster beats the slaves home from their work as well. They are beaten to their meals—when they have any—and they are beaten away from them, which is singular, because after a few mouthfuls there was no meal left. No wonder that Moses was sorely tried when the children of Israel came to him wailing over the good old times "in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full." Right well did Moses know what the beggars had to eat. He had killed a taskmaster himself when he saw him "feeding" an Israelite three or four feet of raw stick. And unto this day that has been the diet of these peoples of the Orient.

## Building Them Up.

But the hand of England is on Egypt, and English discipline and English justice will develop a little manhood in the next generation of these people. It is wonderful what a change an English uniform makes in a man. It stiffens his backbone at once. So long as the fellah wears the picturesque rags that fit him like a sheet in a cyclone, he squats on his hams when he sits down, lies down anywhere in the dirt when he wants to sleep, and wallows generally on a level with his flapping garments.

But put him in the khedivial service—dress him in a "tailor-made" English uniform of dark blue or snow white, with its surmounting fez of red, and he begins to live up to it at once. He carries himself like a soldier; he sits up when he sits down; he keeps his garments as clean as his hide—and he is forever washing and bathing himself. We saw about two thousand of these fellows on duty the day of the parade of the "holy carpet." Regiments of infantry in snowy white, with the brown hands and brown faces—though many of the faces were black as night—and the red fez, which is the only Egyptian touch in the uniform of the soldiers of the Khedive; troops of cavalry, squadrons of lancers, batteries of artillery—Tommy Atkins himself couldn't carry himself much better and couldn't look "smarter" than his colleagues in the Egyptian army.

And the band—military band and drum corps, that played the troops off the parade ground with "The March of the Men of Harlech"—Egyptians, every drummer, wind-jammer and piper of them, and how they did play! And what dudes they looked! A week later, in Jerusalem, we saw some real Turkish soldiers—soldiers of the Sultan—and of all the unkempt, ragged, bepatched and misfit scarecrows that ever wore an attempt at a uniform, they were the worst! Sloshy and dirty, unshaven and frazzled. Oh, every time you note the English touch in this eastern land, with its strength, and its grace, its orderly cleanliness, its establishment of law and justice, its insistence of decency, you are glad for the extension of English "influence" and hope it will keep on moving around the world—in an eastern direction—until it meets our own.

## The Crooked Ways.

And yet daily you will meet people here who lament over the gradual disappearance of picturesque old Cairo, with its narrow, crooked streets, its pathways of filth, its mounds of donkey and camel dung, its darkness and its stench, its dirt and disease. They tell me "I should have seen Cairo in those days of its unspoiled picturesqueness." Well, there are yet left some parts of Cairo that are "unspoiled" merely because they were made spoiled, and still spoil everything decent that passes through them. I confess that I am not constituted to feel a thrilling delight in dirt, filth and stinks, even in the picturesque setting of oriental architecture and the delightfully bewildering crookedness of Cairo back streets and sideways with abrupt terminations and labyrinthine sinuosities. The boys took me out and lost me a dozen times, because they said that my confident familiarity with all languages and my easy fatality of always going the wrong way and coming out right would get us through anywhere. So we would set forth and plunge into any street that looked dirty and un-

promising, take the left when it branched into three forks, the right when there were four and the middle when there were five, follow it until it dwindled into a house-walled footpath, keep on until that opened into a court, shut our eyes and go out of the court by the opening we happened to run into, go around the twists and turns until we grew giddy, and when at last we found ourselves in what seemed a dark and dangerous cul de sac, we would agree that if the leading man got sandbagged the rest of us should yell like the bulls of Bashan and run in different directions. And then going straight ahead, in half a dozen steps we would come into a broad, clean, well-lighted street with a trolley track on it.

All our adventures fizzled and fizzled out in just this way, whether we went out by day or night. If any man came out and stopped us with a question, I always said, "Alweh; ramshallah, gent zum teufel," and that appeared to satisfy him. We went wherever our fancy led us, day or night, never dreamed of being hampered with a guide and never had any adventures. And yet now and then we would meet a young ass traveling through Egypt with a revolver stuck in his hip pocket. The Dervishes.

We were dragged out of course to see the dervishes—dancing and howling. They dance and howl in mosques remotely separated so that one must take a carriage and dragoman and rush violently from one place of entertainment to the other. The dancing was very pleasant to look at, although by far the best feature of that service is the chanting from the Koran, which is followed by a solo or a combination flute, clarinet and bagpipe—strange, melancholy, plaintive. It made you think of something you had never heard before. The dancing we had seen done a great deal better by the old fellow who "whirled" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at the World's Fair in Chicago; he danced more gracefully, made a much larger "tub" with his white skirt, and kept it up continuously ten times longer than these fellows in Cairo. I am inclined to think that the Cairo whirlers are "fakes." Or else Col. Cody's was. Anyhow, Cody had the premiere danseuse. As for the "howling" dervishes, we drove a mad race through the streets of Cairo to see them—drivers shouting, whips cracking, poor old skeletons of horses racing on the dead gallop—to get there in time, and the show was the most outrageous fraud. The beggars never "howled" once.

There were fifteen or twenty of them. They stood in a semi-circle, facing inward. The usual oriental orchestra, a tambourine as big as a meal sieve, and a couple of drums made of earthenware jars with goatskin heads, furnished the sort of "music" you would expect to hear from that sort of a combination. But you would be disappointed. The "music" is a thousandfold worse than anything you could possibly expect. And the dervishes swayed back and forth, jerking their heads until their long hair fairly cracked. And they grunted, as any man naturally would do under the circumstances. We were told that the grunt was the ejaculation of "Allah." But you had to be told that. They kept this thing up until they were tired. Then the band stopped, the dervishes laughed and took breath. Presently some of them picked up the "music" and hit her off to rag-time, and the dervishes laughed and did the bob and grunt act once more.

They were shabbily dressed, even for dervishes, for, as a rule, the holier a Mohammedan grows the dirtier he gets; one of them wore European garments, about the make-up of an American tramp—may have been one, and probably was—and the whole show was disgustingly flat and tame and meaningless. None of the beggars had "fits," not a "howl" thrilled on the air, not one of them fell down exhausted or looked half so tired as the audience. "Call that howling?" grumbled the boys, as we came away. "Wish these fellows could hear an Arizona bad man waltz into a thirst cure on fandango night and announce that 'he's wolf, and it's his night to howl!'" However, we must remember that these benighted Moslems haven't had the advantage of the best and sweetest civilization in the world, and they cannot be expected to reach American standards without many generations of training. Nevertheless they took up a collection.

## The Running Sais.

One of the prettiest sights in "fascinating Cairo" is the "running sais," especially when he runs in pairs. He is a footman and a sprinter, light as Mercury, and as graceful. He wears a livery as elegantly scant and as rich in fluffiness of drapery and embroidery as a ballet girl in the front row, and it is quite as expensive. He carries a light wand in his hand, and runs as steadily and swiftly as a greyhound. It is his attractive duty to run before his master's carriage, shouting "hoah" wherever there are the most Europeans on the hotel piazza to hear him. The cry is merely a warning, "clear the way" shout, and time was when it had that effect, and the throngs in the narrow streets scattered when they heard it and made way for authority.

For the privilege of using the running sais used to be "noble," even semi-royal, and only the purple could employ this handsome Mercury of the street. But all this is of yesterday. Now money hires the running sais—just plain money—and as for getting out of the way, the streets are wide, and when the coachman wants to pass he turns to the right or left, or both ways at once, and gets by somehow, as is the custom of the oriental driver. There is a growing sentiment against the employment of the running sais, because the pace kills them and they die young, of heart failure. I think there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Running Sais. But they are not compelled to accept the service, and there is no law anywhere prohibiting men from working in powder mills. If a man wants to look pretty and run himself to death in a few years, I know of no way of preventing him. Thousands of people do it every year. Here in benighted Egypt? Lord love you, no, my son. In the United States.

And so here in Cairo, they tell us, the most exacting and pitiless drivers of the "running sais" are not the natives, but the Europeans. And I think it is probably true. In the old slavery days the meanest and most brutal overseer on a southern plantation was a renegade Yankee. When a Christian man adopts pagan customs he invariably adopts the meanest one he can find, and he is always meaner in his observance of it than the meanest of the rightful inheritors of the practice.

Cairo, March, 1901.

# The Fijis and Tongas. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## THE NEW ISLAND REPUBLIC.

A COLONIAL CONFEDERATION 2000 MILES LONG,  
COMPRISING HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**B**EFORE I begin my letters on the continent of Australia I want to tell you something about the scheme which is now proposed to federate New Zealand with the Tonga and Fiji Islands, making a great colonial republic down here below the equator under the protection of England. This republic will embrace hundreds of islands. It will extend almost two thousand miles from north to south and it may be the beginning of an island empire which will include the greater part of the South Seas. The governments of the various islands are now in correspondence. The leading politicians of New Zealand are pushing the scheme and its adoption is being discussed in the New Zealand Parliament. Premier Seddon is in favor of it and the arrangement may be consummated within the year.

The United States is especially interested in the future of some of the islands. The Tongas are not far south of Samoa and the Fiji have recently formed a direct connection with San Francisco by the new line of steamships which the Spreckels have put on connecting Suva and Levuka, the chief cities of those islands, by way of Hawaii, with San Francisco. There is also a connection between the Samoan Islands and the Fijis, and the probability is that the greater part of the trade will fall into our hands.

### American Trade With the Fijis.

At the present time the Fiji Islands alone are annually importing about \$3,500,000 worth of goods, and a large part of this already comes from the United States. We are supplying them with timber. They buy our coal oil, and our hardware brings the highest price in their markets. The American ax is the only kind a Fijian will use. He likes it because it is light, sharp and well-tempered, and he will buy it every time in preference to a German or an English ax. He likes American knives with blades about fifteen inches long, to clear his fields and gather his bananas and cocoanuts, and he is also fond of our cheap watches and clocks. I am told a good business can be created there in knocked-down furniture and also in low-priced pianos and organs. The people buy about \$200,000 worth of cottons yearly and there is a demand for canned meats and flour. Our merchants can learn all about the markets by writing to the Chambers of Commerce at Levuka and Suva, where they will find banks at both places.

### In Cannibal Days.

Our drummers can be accommodated at good hotels at either of these towns, and they need not fear the meat brought on the table, for cannibalism passed away long before the English got possession of the Fijis. Indeed, the Fiji Islands are now more advanced than parts of the Philippines, and their condition shows what a nation like ours can do with its colony at Tutuila in Samoa and with the wilder parts of the Philippines. There are men still living in New Zealand who can tell you stories of the days when the Fijians were the blood-thirstiest cannibals on earth. They had human sacrifices, and widows were expected to burn themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. When a chief built a house he festively planted a living victim under each post, and when his canoes were launched he used living men as rollers upon which to slide them down into the sea. When he died his wives were strangled to line his grave, that he might lie soft, and such a thing as killing a baby was too common for notice.

### King Thakombau and His Father.

The last King of the Fijis, Thakombau, was the son of a noted man-eater. Thakombau was something of a cannibal himself, but his father craved human flesh as a matinée maiden craves candy. He had war canoes which he sent about through the South Sea Islands for supplies, and they often came back filled with dead men and women and with dead babies dangling from the yards. Upon their return there was always a feast, in which every one joined.

You can still see the ovens in which the cooking was done. They were filled with red-hot stones, and it is related by the missionaries that victims were often thrust in alive. At one time fifty bodies were cooked, and at another eighty women were strangled for a similar feast. When there were not enough enemies to supply the King's table, he ordered his men to ambush the watering places and to lay in a stock of fishermen or stray women who had gone down to bathe.

King Thakombau killed his first victim when he was 6 years old, and he was famous as a cannibal up until the time of his conversion by the missionaries. He then reformed, and later on made the treaty which gave these islands to England.

### The Fijians in 1901.

These stories give you some idea of the Fijians of the past. The Fijians of today are perhaps the most civilized of the colored people south of the equator. They have been almost universally converted to Christianity. They have churches everywhere. They have almost a thousand places of worship; there are 30,000 church members among the 120,000 of the population, and there are 33,000 children in the Sunday-schools. They have their own native preachers and they pay the salaries, giving about \$15,000 a year to the church. There are a half dozen denominations, among which the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians and the Catholics are the leading ones.

The Fijians have good schools. They were first estab-

lished by the missionaries and afterward taken up by the government. There are now 34,000 scholars in the public schools. There is a night school at the town of Levuka and another at Suva. There is an industrial school near the latter place, where carpentering, boat building and iron working are taught. There are seventy students in the school, who have been entered for terms of five years. There is also a medical school, and altogether the people are well-equipped as to educational matters.

It seems strange to think of newspapers being published in such an out-of-the-way part of the world. There are, however, four different journals set up and printed in the islands. The Fiji Times is issued twice a week, and it costs 12 cents a number. The Royal Gazette appears five times a month at 25 cents a copy, while the Na Mata, a Fijian newspaper, is published by the government at 75 cents a year, or 6 cents a copy. In addition to these there is the Fiji Colonist, published in Levuka at \$5 per year.

### What the Fijis Are.

But before I go further let me give you some idea as to the extent of the islands. You know that they lie south of the equator and a little to the west of our possessions in Samoa, but you may not know that they are scattered over the sea for a distance of several hundred miles and that they constitute altogether more than two hundred different islands and islets. They were discovered in 1643 by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, the same man who discovered Tasmania, and they became a British colony in 1874. Altogether their area is a little less

than that of Massachusetts and their total population is very thick and the thatch is so beautiful that it seems to be woven. No nails are used in the walls being tied together with strings. The houses are conical in shape, others being oval. The usual hut has but one room, the whole family stays in the daytime, when they all sleep at night. The usual bed is on the floor and the pillow a bamboo log, which is bent up from the ground. There is but little fruit forms a large part of the diet of the people.

In the mountains there are savage Fijians who live themselves apart from the civilized natives. Men for full dress wear a strip of bark about three feet wide, tied at the front in a bow, while the women fringe of grass about four inches long. They are a great deal of pride in their head dress, frequently see one with a long pine branch as a scratcher. This weapon is to make certain unmentionable insects with which the head is infested. Sometimes the irritation reaches the scratching point, however, and in such case the man so attacked kindles a fire of banana leaves and drops it upon his wooden pillow on which the wind blows, thus smokes out the insects.

### The Cities of the Fijis.

There is a close connection between New Zealand and the Fijis. You can get boats here every day from the two chief ports, Suva and Levuka, and Suva is one of the favorite ones of this port. It is looked upon in the United States as a great port, and many men who have been to the islands tell me that they are the paradise of the world. I describe Suva, the capital, as being especially nice. It has many nice foreign houses, and about 10,000 Europeans, as well as a large number of natives. The chief street, the Victoria Parade, is paved with stone. It is lined with shade trees and is about 100 feet long. The town has four hotels, a public library, a mechanics' institute and Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Catholic churches.

It is at Suva that the Governor has his residence, of course, an Englishman, and he resides in a large house in a palace which cost about \$100,000. There is a customhouse, a postoffice, a hospital and a law court.

Levuka, the former capital, is some distance from the island of Ovalau, which is a much larger island than Viti Levu, where Suva is situated. It is surrounded by hills. It lies upon a beautiful bay containing an area of about forty acres. It has a cathedral, a mechanics' institute, a bank and other respectable buildings.

### How the Fijis Are Governed.

I have spoken of the Governor of the Fiji Islands, Sir G. T. M. O'Brien. He is appointed by the Queen of England, and he has a salary of \$10,000 a year. Just about that of our Minister to France. The sort of a Cabinet, or Executive Council, and the laws of the country are made by a Legislative Council, the President. There are a large number of native chiefs and native magistrates. In ordinary cases native laws are preserved as far as possible. In the provinces there are European officers called commissioners to assist the chiefs. The commissioners receive a good paying basis. It has about a million dollars in revenues, but it is reducing this every year, and the revenues are considerably greater than the expenses. About half the receipts come from the sale of sugar and the remainder from other taxation.

### Sugar and Cocoanuts.

There is a great deal of money made in sugar plantations and cocoanut groves. The soil is not far different from parts of the United States. The sugar lands are rich, and upon the hillsides the coffee is now being grown, yielding from five hundred pounds to the acre. A large number of gardens have recently been set out. The yield is already 400 pounds per acre, and as the trees are a little older it is said this will be increased to 1,000 pounds per acre.

One of the best businesses outside of Levuka is cocoanut trees. Each tree yields about 100 pounds per annum and brings in about \$1 a year. At present, a grove of 10,000 trees will bring in \$10,000 a year, and as the trees are set close together, they represent a very large area. After the trees are planted, little needs to be done until they bear fruit, which comes at about the same time as the coffee tree. The same conditions prevail in the two countries, and I expect to see many Americans move out of cocoanut lands there. The nuts are broken open, the meat is cut up and dried, when it is ready for shipment abroad for soap, hair restorers and other such things.

### Do We Want Hindoos?

Nearly all the profitable enterprises in the Fiji Islands are owned or backed by Englishmen. The chief difficulty which confronts them is that of labor. The natives do not supply the demand, and of late years they have been importing laborers from the Solomons, the New Hebrides and the Gilberts. They have imported a number of Hindoos, who make better workers than any of the others.

The government has its fixed laws of immigration and emigration. It costs about \$75 to import a laborer from the New Hebrides, and \$40 from the Gilberts. The employer has to agree to return the laborer.



FIJI PRINCESSES.

than that of Massachusetts and their total population about that of Omaha.

They are growing less in number every year. There were 80,000 more forty years ago than there are now, a fact which suggests that modern civilization may mean death to the savages of the South Seas. The same falling off has occurred in the Hawaiian Islands, as well as in other places where the foreigners have introduced new diseases along with other evils which we have, but which they had not. Take the measles, for instance. This disease was unknown until it was brought in by the Europeans, but when it came it took off 40,000 people the first year, and it has killed many since.

### How the Fijians Look.

And still the Fijians are as strong and as good looking as the foreigners. They are among the finest of the Melanesians, and are far superior to our American Indians. They have dark copper skins, frizzly hair, which stands up about their heads in an enormous mop, making them look very tall. They plaster their hair with damped lime in order to have it stand straight, and this, in connection with the sun, beaches it to an auburn and makes it look very curious.

The men are tall and well-formed. The women, when young, are fine looking, having handsome eyes and well-molded faces. In the settled regions the women wear loose cotton gowns, but back in the interior the usual attire is a breechcloth and a string of beads and a fan. The men wear little more.

The Fijians are a good-natured people. They are cleanly and spend more than half their time in the water. After every bath they rub themselves down with cocoanut oil, the rancid smell of which enables you to tell them if the wind is blowing right before you can see them.

### Fiji Houses and Towns.

There are a number of Fiji villages scattered over the islands, and there are many natives who live in and about Suva and Levuka, the principal places where the foreigners are located.

The Fiji villages are made almost entirely of thatched



## THE DAYS THAT WERE. WHEN ROMANCE MINGLED WITH STERN REALITY IN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

**T**HE very name California spells the romance of the days that were. It is, supposedly, derived from a Spanish fiction titled "Sergas de Espadián," first mentioned in 1820, then lost sight of, and finally resurrected by Edward Everett Hale, in 1862. In this romance, California is pictured as a wonderful island, lying "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise." It was people with black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the fashion of the Amazons. Their arms were all of gold, and so were the caparisons of the wild beasts they rode after they had tamed them; for in the island there was no other metal."

In the main, this romancer wrote history, although, after the fashion of romancers, who mingle truth with fiction, he got things slightly mixed. The "Amazons" of the story may be set down as fiction, pure and simple; the location of the "terrestrial paradise" a mistake in print, since California is paradise and not merely the borderland thereunto. But in the matter of gold he made no mistake—as those who came after him knew.

In 1759, Sir Francis Drake came sailing up the coast. "Half of June and nearly all of July Sir Francis remained in a harbor not more than two miles north of the Golden Gate, where he grounded his vessel for repairs."

He proceeded immediately to erect a fortification to protect himself from possible attack from the Indians—an entirely unnecessary precaution, since the Indians were peaceable. Indeed, it is related that they laid their bows and arrows at Sir Francis's feet and saluted him as chief, placing a crown of feathers upon his head.

Ten years later, the mission era dawned. Four expeditions were sent out from Mexico; and to insure the success of the undertaking, two of the parties were dispatched overland, the other two making their way by water. It was fated that all four of the expeditions should survive the hardships and perils, which, in those

days, made travel by land or by sea a hazardous undertaking; and on the 16th of July, 1769, the first mission of California was founded.

The Spanish government extended protection to the missions of early days, establishing a presidio, or military station, at each of them. Pueblos grew up around the missions; and these had a civil government of their own, of which the Alcalde, or chief officer of justice, was the head.

Life at the missions, in these days, was pastoral; ideal. We are told that each morn, "at the crowing of the cock," a shutter facing eastward was thrown open, and a padre, still in his nightrobe, sang:

"Oh, beautiful Queen!  
Princess of heaven!"

Whereupon, a second shutter would be swung ajar, and another voice joined in the strain:

"Singer at dawn,  
From the heavens above!"

And clear and high rang the chorus, from the mission, the Indian quarters, and from every casa in the pueblo:

"People of all regions  
Glad we, too, sing."

After mass in the chapel, a frugal breakfast was served, and the inmates of the mission repaired to their respective fields of labor. The unmarried women neophytes lived apart in the monjerio, or nunnery, which was in charge of a dueña. The inner court of this retreat was brightened by growing flowers and palms; and here the young women passed their days, spinning wool, preparing cotton for cloth, making baskets, drawn-work or embroidery. The hours of labor, both within doors and without, were over at 5 o'clock; and the day, begun with song and prayer, ended with the padre's blessing.

With the secularization of the missions, the Indians lapsed into their former mode of living; and the labors of the good fathers were forever written down as "one of the most pitiful of human failures."

In 1846, the white population of California was estimated at 1000 souls, "chiefly of Spanish lineage." Their principal occupation, hardly laborious enough to be termed an industry, was the raising of cattle for their hides and tallow, which they sold or bartered to American coast traders for manufactured articles of the kind suited to their bucolic needs. Their life was unprogressive, simple and kindly, much given to hospitality, visitings, and fiestas.

Among the Spanish households of today you find those who participated in the orgies of the past, and maiden, now bowed beneath the weight of years, who danced in the moonlight under the shade of orange trees to the trilling of the mandolin. You gaze at la señorita of days gone by, and see she and Juan, her white-haired companion, have skipped the measures of the quadrille, that they could ever have been young!

But Juan has his memories, too. He will tell the trials for supremacy in feasts of skill and strength among the youths, when oftentimes the hand would be spilled as freely as new wine; or in the plaza, head up and broad-brimmed hat jauntily on one side, shoulders back, open mouth, with intent to charm the pretty maiden, whose eyes interpreted the speech denied; or made under the grated window, with many a secret to see the red rose that fluttered down to the heart of the caballero.

And the lawless renegade of the mining days, "49er," where is he? Shorn of his broadsword, deprived of the prestige that clung to the name, high-top boots, a warm-hued flannel shirt, and ready "gun," he no longer bears the outward semblance to the striking figure inseparably connected with California history.

Those days are but a memory, now, as are the days of the Spanish régime and the missions. Here and there a crumbling adobe—the walls are fast returning to dust from whence they came—will serve to remind us that another era once held undisputed possession of the land.

In some of the missions, services are held daily of yore; but by far the greater number have been given over to bats and owls. In the modern town at Santa Barbara—which monastery was the religious capital of the order—the plastering still goes on, although the hands that laid it on and tended it with such care have long since folded in eternal rest. J. TORREY

[Detroit Journal:] "Papa, why do you tickle?" asked the cockeral.

"Well, it certainly can't be because I am the cock, thoughtfully, thereby giving a new aspect to this venerable joke."



## FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE. EIGHTEEN PLUCKY MEN SUBMIT TO DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1901.—Here is a remarkable story of eighteen plucky men who, for humanity's sake, enacted the rôle of the guinea pig and rabbit of the bacteriologist's laboratory; who offered themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of science. These brave chaps actually gave their bodies as habitations for germs of one of the most dangerous diseases known to humanity—yellow fever. The experiments were recently conducted by the United States Army. Their scene was a lonely plain a mile outside Quemados, Cuba. These men were United States soldiers, American civilians and Spanish immigrants. Eight of them suffered yellow fever as a result of the tests. None died. The experiments were directed by Walter Reed, Jas. Carroll and A. Agramonte. Dr. Reed had recently returned to Washington when the writer obtained the interesting details from

The lonely region outside Quemados was chosen because it offered complete control over the movements of the subjects selected for inoculation with the yellow fever virus. The place was an uncultivated field. In its center were hospital tents were pitched twenty feet apart. In these the subjects were quartered. Several buildings completed this experimental camp. It was named "Camp Lasear," in honor of Dr. Jesse W. Lasear, U.S.A., who succumbed to yellow fever during experiments made in Cuba last fall. The camp was well exposed to sunlight and winds. An assistant surgeon, a hospital steward, a private and an ambulance driver were the only individuals within the camp who had had the fever and who, therefore, were immune to further attack. These only were allowed to enter during the course of the tests.

### This Striped Mosquito.

The object of the experiments was to throw light upon the question of Dr. Reed and his colleagues that a species of mosquito is in all ordinary cases the spreader of yellow fever; that the disease cannot be contracted through bedding, bedding and merchandise of the yellow fever patient; that our quarantine system against the disease is therefore radically wrong.

The eastern mosquito covers the yellow fever area of the world. He thrives in our country as far north as the Gulf of Mexico. He extends his haunts to South and Central America, Southern Europe, India and Africa. He is easily recognized by four silvery white stripes lengthwise on his body; a waistcoat with stripes similar, but narrower, and cross-striped stockings. He is of medium size and like a self-respecting Jersey mosquito—not a bit smaller. Like the fashion of the eccentric malaria mosquito of his kind bit Dr. Lasear previous to his contraction of yellow fever. For use in the experiments at Camp Lasear, Dr. Reed and his colleagues imported a number of these chain-gang blood suckers, brought them to their laboratory and there confined them for breeding purposes, in glass jars fitted with cotton stoppers. A drawing string in each cover allowed the insects to slip in glass test tubes and clasp them over cotton plugs as they were needed. They were imprisoned in the tubes by cotton stoppers which stopped air for breathing. Then they were carried to the yellow fever wards of Havana.

### How Subjects Were Selected.

In the first place, with the mosquitoes inside, were held the skin of the yellow fever patients until the insects had filled their stomachs with the contaminated blood. Then the cotton plugs were replaced by cotton plugs, delighted with such an opportunity, and with a dinner thrown in—were returned to the patients. Here they were allowed to feast first upon the non-immune men selected for the ordeal. The mouths of the tubes were held against the bare skin of these men until the mosquitoes, with the yellow fever virus still in their systems, bit them.

John R. Kissenger, hospital corps, 23 years old, was the first subject of this experiment. Six contaminated mosquitoes were allowed to feast upon his skin. Two of those had sucked the blood of men on the few deathbeds. The fourth day after he had been bitten by the last insect, Kissenger developed headache. In the night he awoke with a chill, and his temperature began to rise. Then followed backache, flushed face and eyes and nausea. He was taken in the morning to the yellow fever wards. He suffered a severe case of the disease, diagnosed by the board of yellow fever experts.

Two others were similarly allowed to bite four men held at Camp Lasear. Two of these were two, 27. All contracted the disease from the insects and were similarly taken to the fever wards.

The first noted in connection with the mosquitoes that twelve days in summer temperature and ten or more days in winter temperature were required for the germ of the disease to remain in the system before being capable of transmission. This is explained by the fact that it probably takes that long for the germ to pass from the insects to their salivary glands, from which larvae are directly transmitted to human blood by aid of hypodermic with which the pestiferous creature pierces the vital fluid.

It was taken from the elbow vein of a yellow fever patient and injected into the circulation of four additional men selected in camp for experiment. All but one

fell sick from the disease. The exception appeared to be immune by nature. This satisfied the doctors that the yellow fever germ is present in the circulation of patients.

### A Revolting Ordeal.

Seven men were now confined in a one-room building packed with sheets, pillow slips, blankets and underclothing contaminated by yellow fever patients. This third experiment was to determine whether such articles—against which so much energy is directed at our quarantines—can convey yellow fever to healthy individuals. The house was frame, 14x20 feet, tightly ceiled with boards and almost air-tight. It was built with the idea of rendering its ventilation as bad as possible. It was carefully screened against mosquitoes. It had two small windows on the same side, with heavy wooden shutters drawn to prevent entrance of sunlight. It was feared that the light might act as a disinfectant. Indeed, the idea was to make the conditions as favorable to the yellow fever germs as possible. A vestibule with two screen doors kept out all mosquitoes. A heating apparatus maintained a steady summer temperature for sixty-three days. The condition of the bedding and clothing distributed about the room was filthy beyond description. Conditions could not have been less inviting.

Acting Assistant Surgeon R. P. Cooke and two privates of the Hospital Corps were the first occupants of this house. They gave each contaminated article a careful handling and shaking to distribute the fever germs if present. They made their beds of the soiled bedding and slept thus every night for twenty nights. Two more non-immunes succeeded them and occupied the house twenty-one nights, actually sleeping in the very garments worn by yellow fever patients throughout their illness. They were succeeded by two more non-immunes, who slept in the house two weeks under still worse conditions. All of these seven men were carefully quarantined after leaving the contaminated house. None fell ill.

Another building, similar to that just described, was erected in camp. This was given thorough ventilation and sunlight—was then disinfected, for precaution, although new. It was divided into two rooms by a partition of mosquito netting. Everything in this building was clean. In one of the rooms fifteen mosquitoes which had previously bitten yellow fever patients, were set free. On the same day, John J. Moran, a non-immune American, 23 years old, entered the room twice, remaining thirty and twenty minutes. He was bitten about the face and hands. The following day he returned and was bitten the third time. Four days later he had to be removed to the fever wards. He suffered a typical case of the disease. During each of his visits to the mosquito room two non-immunes had remained in the adjoining half of the house—where there were no insects and had slept three nights there. They remained in perfect health.

That our present system of disinfecting ships and houses contaminated by yellow fever is radically wrong would seem to be proven by these striking experiments. Instead of disinfecting bedding, clothing and merchandise of yellow fever patients, health authorities of the future will doubtless wage war on the striped mosquito, screening the cabins of ships against him; applying to vessels and houses some fumes which will exterminate him.

### How Subjects Were Selected.

Asked how the subjects of these experiments were selected, Dr. Reed explained to the writer: "The majority volunteered. The others we gave an inducement. We had men come to us and volunteer to let us do anything to them we wished. Those who slept in the infected clothing house took my word that no harm would come to them. A number of men, finding out what we were doing, visited us and asked that they be given a slight attack of the disease, such as would make them immune for life. Every man's written consent was carefully obtained. In the cases of the Spanish immigrants, the permission of the Spanish Consul was first obtained. We neither diagnosed nor treated the disease after we developed it. We left that to outside experts. We left no chance for accusation that we had developed a disease which we called yellow fever, but which was probably something else."

"It will be necessary to stop the propagation of this particular mosquito if we wish to stamp out yellow fever. Important sanitary work in Cuba is now being based on our observations. Today when a man falls ill with the fever, the Board of Health goes to his rooms and carefully screens them. The board is also using kerosene or a similar insecticide in pools inhabited by these mosquitoes. Other mosquitoes may carry yellow fever; but that possibility we have not as yet investigated carefully."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

### BISMARCK AS A TALKER.

[Sir Edward Malet's Reminiscences:] Prince Bismarck was the most agreeable man in conversation that I have ever met. My good fortune to know. He had the charm of speaking on apparent terms of equality with whomsoever he might be addressing, providing the conversation was with one toward whom he was not ill disposed. Dr. Schweninger has said that what always struck him most about the Prince was his simplicity. It is easy for those who know the Prince to understand what Dr. Schweninger means; but I should be inclined to substitute the word "lucidity" for "simplicity." In his talk he had the power of reducing the most complex questions to their simplest form. He would explain his views with a precision which excluded all doubt as to the meaning which he intended to convey. He would often hesitate until he could find the exact word to express what was in his mind. He seemed to have a hatred for ambiguity. He always spoke to me in English, in which he was fluent, but if he had a doubt about his being clear about any particular word he would ask me to help him. He would give the word in German or in French until I could give its exact counterpart in English.

## TWO PERSONALS.

### A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE wasn't one of Edith Van Alstyne's dear 500 friends who ever lost an opportunity of saying how much they admired her, at the same time asserting that she was becoming quite a heartless flirt. To be a widow at 25, with an abundance of money and more than the average share of good looks, is quite enough to make a woman exacting and a trifling uncertain. Mrs. Van Alstyne was the despair of the army of suitors who laid siege to her hand and fortune. To one and all she turned a deaf ear, and with laughing flippancy declaring she could not think of marrying any of them while there were so many delightful men to beguile her days. "When I have ceased to be interesting, perhaps, I shall take up the shackles again." But there lived in her memory a pretty little romance which she treasured as the sweetest incident of her life. Even to herself she was loath to admit that her heart had been out of her keeping for a long time. Some day she would surprise herself and her world by following it. In the mean time she gave the unhappy lover no such assurance. It never occurred to her that she was treating the man unfairly, or that the time might come when he would rebel altogether.

Once let a woman persuade herself that the man who adores her will continue to do so, no matter how she treats him, and nothing short of his going off and marrying some other woman will dispel the illusion. It was just at this point that a paragraph in the morning paper changed the current of her thoughts and upset all her theories. This was what she read: "Harold Hendricks sailed on Wednesday for Europe. He goes direct to France, and while there will visit the Marches at their beautiful villa in the South of France."

At first she was surprised, then angry and indignant, that he should treat her with such scant courtesy. At least, he might have written a brief farewell. Yes, it was an act of disloyalty to herself, and with this thought she recalled an old story of Harold's attachment for Mabel March. She had often teased him about it, more to hear him deny it than for any other reason. Now, all that she had ever heard or read of hearts being caught on the rebound came to her mind with torturing persistency. She remembered well another time when they had quarreled and parted; the parting was followed soon after by her marriage. This had lasted long enough to prove the folly of an ill-considered act. Fate, providence, or whatever it may be, that stands ready to relieve some people of the consequences of their weakness, stood by her in this, for poor Louis Van Alstyne was drowned within a year, while bathing at a fashionable summer resort. For the second time, it seemed likely that the only man she had ever loved would pass out of her life; the thought served her to instant action.

Harold Hendricks sat on the broad veranda of the Country Club, smiling with keen enjoyment over the joke he was perpetrating on his friends, for instead of being on the ocean, he was only ten miles from the city. He wondered if she for whom he was practicing this little deception had given him a thought of regret. With a sigh he picked up a paper and the first line held his attention: "Upon the advice of her physician, Mrs. Van Alstyne will close her house and go to the Bermudas." What could this mean? Only a few weeks ago she was in perfect health. Could it be? No, he was not such an egotistical fool as to think that. Enough that she was ill and going away, perhaps to die. He must go to her at once. He might not be able to see her, but at least he would make some inquiries.

Leaving the train, he stopped just long enough to buy all the American Beauties that the most expensive florist could furnish. Her favorite flower and perhaps I shall soon be putting them on her grave." The thought was torture, and jumping hastily from the cab, he almost fell into the arms of the maid who opened the door for him. There stood Mrs. Van Alstyne more radiant than ever, saying good-by to the last of her callers. The man stood transfixed, joy and surprise holding him mute. Then as she held out her hand, smiling upon him, he stammered: "I came to ask about you. The paper stated you were ill and were going away." He sank into a chair and asked with simple directness:

"Please let me stay. I have been so wretched ever since I read that beastly personal. I really think you might."

"Did not the same paper say you had gone abroad, and without so much as saying good-by?" cooed Mrs. Van Alstyne, from the depths of the crimson roses where she had buried her pretty head.

"Edith, if I dared hope that you cared where I went or how long I stayed—" She raised her head from the roses and the look which she gave him made his heart beat with a hope he had never known before. "Mrs. Van Alstyne," said the man, taking a lovely hand in both his own, "I am fully convinced of the power of the press."

"Harold," she began, "I do believe you know all about that personal, and I am going to ask you a question."

"Don't, dear, I might feel obliged to ask another." Their eyes met, and the ringing laugh that followed came from two very happy hearts. "Nevertheless," murmured Edith, "I think the Marches and their villa might have been omitted."

"Upon my soul," laughed the man, "I do believe I am going to owe all my happiness to that inoffensive paragraph. Strange," he whispered, "that a man can never tell when fortune, or the woman he loves, are going to smile upon him." He was tumultuously happy, and, with eyes twinkling with merriment, he suggested that they write to the editor, demanding the name of the author of the fake personals. "But, after all," he said, "I think we will take our revenge by sending them one absolutely authentic notice." And Edith, looking over his shoulder, read: "The friends of Mrs. Van Alstyne and Mr. Hendricks will be surprised to learn that they were married today, at high noon, and have gone on their wedding journey to the Bermudas."

FRANCES M. HOSKING.

## BEFORE MAN WAS. STRANGE CREATURES THAT LIVED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

MANKIND has ever been as hungry for knowledge about its past as it is and ever will be about the possibilities of its future, and there is an absorbing fascination in the study of the mysterious fragments which tell the story. Far back in that period called the Cambrian, when vertebrate life began to exist on earth, there crawled Olenellus the trilobite. We see his tracks on the rocks hundreds of thousands of years old, and wonder what manner of world it was in which he and his kind lived and moved and had their being.

We know from the records of the rocks themselves that the sun shone and the drying sand cracked upon the shore, that the waves beat, and left little rillmarks as they shrank away, and that the rain fell, dimpling the surface of the clay, in those far-off Cambrian years, just as they do now in the modern world around us. Mountains rose above the waters, and rivers flowing from them, brought down their burden of stones and mud to the mighty storehouse of the sea. Even the volcanoes which here and there broke through the surface, poured forth the same types of lava as today, and were no more catastrophic in their action.

### No Chance for Fish Stories.

Yet in all the ocean not a fish yet swam; it is doubtful if an insect yet crawled or hovered among the moths of the flowerless land. The earth was there, golden with sunlight, flecked with sea-born cloud; the peaks rose white above the snow-line, the ocean floor went down into chill, mysterious depths; and the lord of all this magnificence, this realm prepared, as we are prone to think, for man's delight, was Olenellus the trilobite, a creature occasionally four inches wide and at most six inches long.

Slowly the development moves from species to species. Olenellus gives place to Paradoxides, also a trilobite, but a much larger creature, attaining a length of two feet. Then in Silurian times we meet with Styloinorus, a

played a more alarming part than any of our modern sales. Lastly, the reptiles seized upon the air, many forms flying like huge bats, by means of a membrane stretched from one digit of the fore foot to the side. The empire of the reptiles thus became complete and undisputed.

In this world, where might seemed dominant, where one huge form was followed by another, until reptiles from thirty to a hundred feet long trampled the river banks or heaved their bulk across the plains, the mammals none the less secured their place and warily and craftily held their own. What skill in their timorous little brains, what swiftness in their twinkling feet, saved them amid the horde of reptiles, forms one of Nature's lost tales of adventure. We know that some mammals escaped destruction, but they were small types, humbler than the opossums and the kangaroos; we may picture them as hiding in holes and corners of the earth. As long as the reptilian empire lasted, the mammals made very little progress, remaining as subordinate creatures, incapable of battle, and waiting patiently for relief.

The relief came at last, with what seems, geologically speaking, surprising swiftness. We do not know how the reptilian empire fell; whether the enormous herbivorous forms exhausted the vegetation, became weakened, and fell a prey to the carnivores, which in time were forced to feed on one another; or whether a plague, some bacterial disease, smote the reptiles, and spared the hardy and oft-tried little mammals. The passage from cretaceous to eocene time sees, in any case, the last of the old dinosaurs; the reptiles that remain, crocodiles and serpents and so forth, are virtually the specialized reptiles of today.

Directly the field was open, the mammals proved worthy of their far triassic ancestry and seemed to realize that their inheritance had come to them at last. In turn they grew monstrous, and became adorned with horns and hoofs, or with rending claws and aggressive teeth; some, in light fairy forms, flew through the air as bats; others took to the water, and gave us the race of whales, surpassing in bulk the largest reptiles of the past.

### Mammals Appear.

And so through long series of forms, we reach the mammals of our own time; the sabre-toothed "machairodus" gives way to our lions and our tigers, the mas-

### HOW THE PHILISTINES

[New York Sun:] One man at the dinner last Wednesday sat all evening of bay-leaves twined around his hand. The man couldn't compare in length with the freaks, but the bay proved him to be a Philistine manner of introducing one in public and private, was extraordinary. Let me present Dr. — and Mr. — spectable, Mr. — isn't," was one way. Bliss Carman was introduced as "One who is always in debt, always in love, and goes along with an armful of girls and a boy. In spite of Mr. Carman's pose as the bondi, he didn't look altogether healthy. His debts and his love affairs advertising meeting.

"I suppose it's all right that everybody has hair," said one woman at this dinner, one of the many fluffy masculine pates; "but if male genius my objection to letting my hair be the difficulty of keeping it clean upon us women, though bushy and curly, wear it, is hard enough to keep clean, flying about in this Carman-Le Gallien should think its care would be a good shampoo would be indispensable. But I must confess that the heads of some of the hairy geniuses don't look too well even genius is no excuse for that. Such long hair and all, is worth as much as — and poodles have their manes washed."

A woman brimful of inherited "blackness" was delighted at the sight of the negro at dinner. "Ah," she cried, in a burst of the perfectly strange woman sitting next to it, "do your heart good to see our negro equal footing with us like this! Only last evening I saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and had a fit of those times of slavery brought back to me now this evening I find myself at a party an educated negro. The world does me." "It does," returned the perfectly strange some sharpness. "But, as it happens, I am a negro, and allow me to say," with a genuine negro, "that I don't care about the world further in that direction."



THE HUGE SCORPION CRAB OF SILURIAN TIMES



THE SABRE-TOOTHED ANCESTOR OF THE LION AND TIGER

far more specialized marine creature, probably allied to the scorpions and king-crabs, and actually five feet long. The small but self-assertive scorpion had by this time appeared upon the land, and has successfully held its own thenceforth to the present day. The fishes, however, our first true vertebrates, though often with poorly developed backbones, secured a hold at the same time on the globe, and happily avoided the assaults of Styloinorus and his friends. Cased in boxes of bony armor, clumsy but serene, they prospered and propagated their kind; becoming more specialized and more distinctly fish-like, as time went on. In the Devonian period we thus find genuine fishes dominating the globe, those of Ohio attaining the superb length of thirty feet. In the next period, the carboniferous among our antique coal forests, amphibia, of quaint types move; and then, in Permian and Triassic times, the reptiles arise, and rapidly assert their sway. When we write reptiles, we use the word with caution and respect. These early reptiles were less reptilian, far more generalized, than any reptile of the present day. They held in themselves the promise of many higher types of life. Already there must have been some reptilian forms moving, generation by generation, along a sure course toward the mammals; others, again, imperfectly foreshadowed the exquisite structure of the birds. There is no epoch more absorbing to the zoologist, none more exciting to the scientific imagination, than this junction-zone between ancient and modern times.

### Arrival of the Deinosaurs.

The reptiles emerged from it triumphantly. The group of the deinosaurs, or "terrible lizards," in their wide variety of form, soon laid hold upon the land. Some moved ponderously among the forests, cropping the tree tops as they raised their heads, and often standing fairly erect on their enormous hinder limbs. Others were fiercely carnivorous; and we find some of the vegetable-feeders protected against them by an almost grotesque armor of plates and spines. Smaller and more elegant deinosaurs hopped about between the bushes, or perhaps from branch to branch of the dark coniferous trees. In full and unsatisfied vitality, the reptiles entered on the seas in search of food; and huge swimming lizards, their limbs modified into paddles,

joined to the mammoth, the mammoth to our modern elephant. And here at the summit of the whole, we have that strange being, Pithecanthropus, the great man-ape of Java; and man himself, the primitive cave-dweller, whose course is only now begun.

From such a field it may be healthy to return to what is not only probable, but proved. Humble as the fauna of the olenellus-beds appears to us, its complexity assures us that it was preceded by others still more primitive. In many lands, thick series of stratified rocks underlie the lowest Cambrian, and fossils may now at any time be found in them. If we follow H. M. Bernard, who traces the trilobites back into the worms, and who has called the olenellus a "beweaving annelid"—a somewhat unkind asperion—we may regard worms as fairly primitive creatures; but what of the ancestry of the worms themselves? Is it, however, at all likely that the earth's earliest inhabitants have been anywhere preserved, amid all the stresses and movements that the rocks have undergone since their formation? Minute jelly-like masses, each one endowed with life, and of the most complex molecular organization when compared with the inorganic world around them, may have lived and multiplied for aeons before the arrival of a single worm upon the scene.

We are at present on the eve of discoveries in the dim pre-Cambrian realms; but it is safe to assert that the first forms of life have long passed beyond pursuit. The fascination of the faunas that preceded the dynasty of Olenellus is, however, surely strong enough to stir the imagination and to promote the most strenuous research. We are still like travelers on some mountain crest at sunrise, watching the unfolding of the upper levels of the hills, and seeking to peer into the dark hollows that lie thousands of feet below. Here and there a peak emerges from the enveloping clouds, but we cannot as yet survey the landscape as a whole. At length some skilful observer, some subtle spirit, will dissipate the mists at one point, and will allow a shaft of light to penetrate down to the abyss; and this one discovery will be for him the glory of a lifetime.

GRENVILLE A. J. COLE.

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### UNIVERSITY'S BEAUTIFUL FRESCOES

[New York Tribune:] In the famous library building the University of Illinois possesses some of the finest work of the West, so competent critics declare. They were made by Prof. Newton A. Wells. The models were made in Paris. The four frescoes on the upper walls of the rotunda and frieze, two being 37½ feet long and the other 30 feet long, and each about 12 feet in height, being life-size.

The four frescoes typify the four principal fields of the university—literature and arts, engineering and science. "The Sacred Way" is the title of the first composition. Its subject, containing about twenty-five figures, is philosophy, poetry, music and art. The landscape of this work was made in the Luxembourg and at Versailles.

The College of Agriculture is represented by a picture called "Arcadia," in which the farmers at the close of the day, bringing in the harvest.

The painting representing science is "Laboratory of Minerva."

The painting representing engineering is "Forge." It shows an immense steam hammer driving a modern steamer shaft. The master of the forge is in the foreground and the various workers are distributed at their proper places around the master directing the work.

### A JOKE OF PRESIDENT TATUM

[Philadelphia Press:] "We'll have to be careful about our advertising pages," said the president of the great magazine. "We're getting the worst of the trouble," interrupted the proprietor.

"Impossible! We're very careful in selecting attractive and unobjectionable ads," replied the manager. "What complaint can you make?" "The advertising matter is too attractive," interrupted the proprietor. "After gazing at the ideal creatures used by our advertisers to display their products,"

APRIL 21, 1901.]

**Illustrated Magazine Section.**

9

**A TELEPHONIC SPY.  
PLACED IN A ROOM, IT REPEATS IN  
ANOTHER ALL THAT IS SAID.**

From a Special Contributor.

**D**ARIS, March 15.—The late Edward Bellamy, in his "Looking Backward," described an imaginary telephone whereby a family, sitting in their easy chairs at home, could hear in every perfection of detail the music of a concert performed in a distant hall. Such an invention has been recently perfected by a brilliant young scientist of this city, M. Dussaud. His "loud-talking telephone," as he calls it (*téléphone haut-parleur*), is a veritable informer, a domestic secret agent, which can hear every word or syllable spoken in the room where it stands, and which, moreover, by a phonograph mechanism, may be arranged to preserve every utterance for future reference. The wide-reaching influence of such an invention in business, in politics, in intrigue, in the detection of crime—in fact, wherever man's intellect is pitted against his fellow-man's intellect, is beyond imagination.

Such an agency of crime that the invention, never intended for such a purpose, first came to public notice, was a police official of Lyons was arrested on charges of the public funds, maladministration of his office, blackmail and extortion. The development of the case brought out the fact that he had, in some way, given himself of information regarding municipal affairs, which should have been strictly confined to a very small circle, one of them the Prefect of Police, whose name was in the same building. This information he had given to blackmail in some cases; in others he had given it to contractors to whose interest it was to have a good name. In more than one instance he had overheard and made use of conversations held in the Prefect's private office, between the Prefect and a person whose interests were jeopardized by the revelation of the matter. This person was, of course, beyond suspicion; the Prefect asserted that he was innocent of divulging the secret. Suspicion of a secret passage or closet used by the official on trial, however, was thoroughly explored and wires connecting it with the Prefect's private room were found. At the Prefect's end of the wires was an instrument which transmitted to the suspected official's room every word spoken in any part of that office, when connection was established by pressing a button at the other end of the wire. This was M. Dussaud's "loud-talking telephone," which he had furnished to the dishonest official with no idea of the evil use to which it was to be put.

It is the time when the echoes of this case rang through France, M. Dussaud was little known to the public, though scientific men he was regarded as a promising worker in the realm of theory, but he had done little toward developing any of his discoveries. Now, suddenly, his name became known to millions; savants and statesmen flocked to his house, and he is being hailed as a scientific prodigy of the day, who will yet beat Edison at their own game.

Mr. Dussaud's house is in operation.

In Mr. Dussaud's house, the visitor can have the whole explained to him by the inventor himself. The inventor invites you to press any one of a series of buttons, ranged in a frame on the wall of his study. Pressing the button, the visitor has established connection between the study and some other room in the house, and until this connection is broken, every word, every sound in the room is distinctly heard in the study. The experiment gives the first time he makes it; it would be hard to live in such a house as that, where at any moment every word one says may be overheard by an entire person in the cellar or attic.

The depicting result has been achieved by the combination of a microphone which catches and records the sound even from a considerable distance, and a device to which the impression is transmitted automatically and instantaneously, to be by it repeated distinctly and loudly so that it is heard all over the distance in which the circuit-making button is pressed. Thus it can be heard all over the room, but the person speaking it can speak through it wherever he may happen to be—he has no need to hold the tubes. Once connected, he can talk freely, moving about the room, sitting smoking in his armchair, hearing everything that is said at the other end and making reply with entire liberty of movement as if he had his conversationalist in his office with him. The device which enables the talker to dispense with the telephone, of course, very similar to that of Marconi's wireless telegraphy. This silent, incorruptible, infallible device is already being employed in police work (for other uses than it was put to by the Lyons' magnate,) and can also be applied also to the less sensational purposes of making operas and plays, sermons and other discourses accessible to an audience scattered far and wide, as Bellamy prophesied.

Mr. Dussaud's ingenious combination which M. Dussaud has effected is that of the loud-talking telephone with a phonograph attachment. As the talk goes on—say, between New York and Chicago—every word said in the conversation by either party is recorded for all time in the phonograph attachment of each. Both the Chicago man and the New York man have a complete record of the talk on both sides. The phonograph has recorded the words of the New York man said, as he strolled about his hotel, and what the loud-talking telephone heard from Chicago. Business men will at once appreciate the value of this ingenious combination which makes a telephone-talk just as formal, just as binding and as producible in evidence as the usual letter.

"confirming our conversation." There is one inconvenience—the loud-talking telephone doesn't pick its hearers; it will often be indiscreet.

Some of M. Dussaud's inventions along other lines are as remarkable, though not as far-reaching in their effects upon every-day life, as the loud-talking telephone. One of those just brought out is the cinematograph for the blind. It has been spoken of as a means of making the blind see. That is, of course, a highly metaphorical statement of the truth. What it really does is to give the blind a perception of motion exterior to themselves, enabling them to realize by their extraordinarily refined and delicate sense of touch those impressions of movement in natural things which we receive through the sight.

The mechanism by which this effect is produced is exceedingly simple, so simple that one cannot but wonder that the cinematograph for the blind has not long since been an established institution. There is, to reduce the machine to its elements, a circular plate of metal, which is set in motion by a pedal like that of a sewing machine. Around the disc are engraved curious curves and lines just perceptible to the finger tips when the hand is passed over them. In these lines lies all the meaning of the new invention. They have been made after a long study of the forms of motion which each is to represent. Thus, let us suppose, for example, that it is intended to set down for the pleasure and instruction of the blind the swaying of a tree in the summer breeze. Well, a minute series of observations of this movement is made; a bough tossing and plunging, rising and falling, is made to yield to the observer the secret of its line—that is, one of the curves and zig-zags it has described and the different places it has successively occupied, during some five minutes or so.

When all this has been patiently observed and exactly recorded in diagram, the note-taker formulates a long series of lines like those which represent in scientific books the respiration of a man or the auræ of an electrified or magnetic bar of metal. This diagram, in all its minute tracery, is engraved on the disc. Then the blind man is made to comprehend, by means of a model, the appearance of a tree in a state of rest. When the disc is set in motion at a rate of speed carefully regu-



MR. DUSSAUD AND HIS LOUD-TALKING TELEPHONE.

lated by various mechanical devices, so as to give an exact idea of the time occupied in each movement, there is conveyed through the finger tips to the brain a perfect reproduction of all the successive phases of the bough's turning and twisting. Thus this cinematographical representation enables the subject to observe a tree almost as we see it, a living, moving, playful thing.

## Many Modes of Use.

It is obvious that the principle, explained in detail in the case of the tree, may be applied to an infinite diversity of natural phenomena. Already the inventor has imprisoned on the magic disc the exquisite curves described by a bird rising from its nest, sweeping low near the ground, darting after an insect, swooping again for mere pleasure of motion in the sun, then in a calm, peaceful, level flight, with scarcely a flutter of its wings, floating on in search of further pleasure. And he has set down the rising and marching and fall and break of the waves of the sea on the beach; the rippling of the waters of a tiny stream that plays over pebbles and eddies around the roots of a tree; the bending of a field of nodding corn in the wind, the steady tramp of a company of soldiers; the rapid, graceful play of a trotting horse's hooves and knees—in fact, a great many curious forms of motion, very ordinary and by use not particularly interesting to us, but opening a new world of delight to those who have never seen them.

The joy of the hapless blind in the new machine is one of the most pleasant spectacles one can imagine. The apathetic expression so characteristic of the sightless, gives place in the twinkling of an eye to one of absorbed interest, followed almost instantaneously by rapt delight.

Yet another curious and beneficent application of science to the help of the afflicted is M. Dussaud's micro-phonograph, which enables the deaf—even those almost hopeless cases who have been deaf from birth—to hear not only the voices of human beings and the strains of music, but even the minor sounds of nature, such as the chirping of crickets or the whisper of reeds in the wind. This result is achieved by a delicate vibrating mechanism which is connected by tubes with the deaf person's head, just in front of the ears.

The inventor of these wonders is a blonde giant of little more than 30 years, who has lived, during all his short life, the laborious days that Milton counseled and who has already been repeatedly "crowned" in French fashion, by the Academy of Science; quiet, simple, and very serious, with a cold, absorbed look, the look of the

born student, the man who cares little for the things that interest the normal being. If he had not happened to care for science, he might have been a religious enthusiast, an ascetic, perhaps. As things are, he is married, very happily, if one may judge by his young wife's abiding pride in her husband's rather sudden leap into fame.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

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**THE LINE CITY.****SOME OF THE PICTURESQUE AND PECULIAR PHASES OF LIFE AT NOGALES.**

From a Special Correspondent.

To one who is in search of the picturesque and interesting side of this humdrum life, there is much to be found in the "Line City," as Nogales, Ariz., is called. Its location on the border between Arizona and Mexico naturally accounts for a decidedly mixed population. It is certainly difficult to determine to what race some of the residents belong. In one family I have in mind, the mother is half German and half Mexican, the father half negro and half Mexican. They have two children—one looks like a white child, the other like an African. This is only one instance. There are numerous other complications fully as interesting.

One never-failing source of pleasure is watching the children. Come with me a moment. A dozen or more little ones are playing and talking, all at once. That little fellow there has for dress a waist with overalls, said "alls" having but one leg, the other doubtless lying in the river bed or up some mesquite tree. That little girl, the one just beginning to walk—her clothing is sadly scant, a calico slip, open down the back. Through the opening one gets more than a glimpse of the pretty little bronze body. Here comes another one, who has a pair of shoes, but, alas! no stockings. Over still farther is a little girl, somewhat cleaner than the others; she has shoes and stockings, but no hose supporters; she wears her stockings quite English-Scotch, "don't you know." I assure you that her parents are wholly ignorant that they are following the fashion. They all go into the river (Santa Cruz;) however, it is perfectly dry. They dig holes and make caves. By and by they put paper in those holes and have a campfire. Then they all yell, quite like the American boys and girls. The other day I threw out a banana skin. The children rushed to see who would secure it first, and as they ate it, I was reminded of half-starved burros eating paper.

Picture to yourself a long row of old adobe houses, built L-shape, all opening into a court or back yard. The doors to many of the houses are missing; therefore, blankets serve as doors; and really they are quite convenient, for, as the sun shifts, the blankets shift also. You will recognize that here we are very near Nature's heart. In the center of the court stands the old stone well, very similar to the one we learned of in our Sunday-school days—the one where Rebecca went to draw water. Near the curb stands a tub, with a Mexican woman on her knees before it washing (probably for white people.) To the right is another tub, nearer the well; in fact, on the platform. A youngster of 10 pours a bucket of cold water down the back of a naked child standing in the tub. He yells and splashes the water. This is bathing as well as wash day. The sun soon dries the naked bodies as well as the clean linen. Over by the wall are several women sitting on the ground, talking as fast as they can. One who has gray hair evidently has something besides "wheels in her head," for another woman is patiently separating her locks and seems to find considerable of something there. What they find does not surprise them in the least. Ho! there! didn't that little roly-poly get a bump? Just as naked as the day he was born! He was a little too inquisitive and peeked too far from behind the blanket, then rolled down the step and slight incline. Three or four dogs have come up to see what is the matter, and roll with baby. But now mother has found time to saunter up and see if she can be of any assistance.

On the Sonora side of the Line City the police carry lanterns at night. Then the would-be burglar knows where to locate his man. It would be well for the "tall and short man" if the Los Angeles police would protect themselves in like manner.

The Line City is supplied with good water for drinking purposes, but "fire-water" seems to be the prevailing beverage with a large number of its citizens.

There is scarcely a lawn in town and there are few flowers and shade trees.

Nogales has one redeeming feature, however, and that is the public school. The building is a handsome two-story and basement brick structure, built on a knoll, where a few years hence one may expect to see shade trees, a tennis court and, perhaps, golf links. Six teachers are employed and 500 pupils enrolled. For a population of only 5000, on both sides of the line, this is a fine showing.

On the Mexican side there is the usual plaza, where señor and his liquid-eyed señorita take their Sunday afternoon promenade, while a native band discourses music, more or less sweet.

The town is rather picturesquely situated, in a triangular-shaped valley, with now and then a house on the sloping hillsides.

There are a few modern houses of brick and an occasional stone residence, but most of the dwellings are of adobe.

The half-starved burros and their loads of wood, with Mexican boys punching them up, and numerous other every-day sights, make the border and the Line City decidedly interesting to anyone, particularly an invalid with nothing else to do but search for the picturesque.

IDA M. CLARK.

Nogales, Ariz., March, 1901.

**AN INFERENCE.**

[*Harper's Bazaar:*] (The Professor:) Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

(Dear Mrs. Ernest.) Whose boy say he was?

## A LOVE STORY.

(By the author of "Some Bulldogs I Have Met," "When Hoodwink Was in Book," "Sally of Old Sevenents," "Birtha C. Mud," and other stories too numerous to read.)

### SYNOPSIS.

A blamed fool gets in love.

### CHAP. I.

The atmosphere was full of wind and the sun's brilliant rays effulged and rayed as they had done several times before.

Arthur Arlington Allclothes stood in front of a splendid mansion in a fashionable part of the city. He hesitated whether to retrace his steps or walk back.

It was the thirty-first day of February, the day he usually set apart from all others in which to pay his bills.

He was in love and full evening dress, except the vest. He had been run over by seven hacks and a swill wagon before it dawned upon his mind that he was suffering from the ravages of the disease that was then irritating his system; it dawned upon him with almost a perpendicular abruptness.

### CHAP. II.

In the last chapter we left Arthur Arlington Allclothes out in the front yard eating alfalfa. After ringing the door bell for him, we will take him inside for fear it might rain. If the reader will kindly help a little here we will soon have him through the hall into the back parlor. (The reader will kindly keep the cuss in the parlor and their finger on the place here until I go out and get a drink.) The strain is terrible. It is the hardest story I have written since "To Have in Gripe and to Hold It."

### CHAP. III.

(The reader may let go now, I am back.)

In the parlor, with a look of surprise and some powder on her face, stood Lallapalooza Lovelace with both feet upon the floor and a chair in her left hand. Either there were tears upon her face or the roof leaked.

### CHAP. IV.

(Having returned from examining the roof, we will again watch Cupid prod our friend Arthur.)

With face filled with love and his mouth with cloves, he advanced with outstretched arms, dropped upon both knees—or would have done so had not one of those blamed sofa pillows got in the way. When he came to consciousness again the butler had removed most of the débris.

### CHAP. V.

(Come and have something, dear reader—this is getting serious.)

After surveying the pattern in the carpet—he was no surveyor, but let that go,) he fell upon his knees and exclaimed in a voice that sounded as though he had pulled the tremolo stop out by the roots:

"Lallapalooza, I love you with a love as all absorbing as a trust; each separate nerve and nervine becomes nervous in your presence. My heart beats like one of those 'lunch-is-ready' gongs of a railroad eating-house when I think that you and I may sometime be wrestling Greco-Roman for the possession of a divorce. Oh, darling, if you could but look deep down into my heart and see there my love for your gold—golden locks, wherefrom love wells up like a seashell volcano, you could not say me nay, nor even commence it. Be mine and we shall live and love together until we begin to annoy each other.

"From the first time I gazed upon your wild wealth of locks wrapped around wad of wire, my admiration has been working like unto a policeman on a vacation. My dreams, yes, even my nightmares, have been all of you; my heart is afire for love of you, darling."

### CHAP. VI.

(Fear not, dear reader, if he gets too conflagrations we will put him out.)

Lallapalooza seemed much shocked and cast down as she accidentally touched an electric-light wire, but recovering quickly, she exclaimed:

"But, sir, I know you not."

With this, Arthur wilted some, like young onion tops in a December frost, then with a wild effort, said:

"But, darling, we may be introduced after the ceremony and by living a few years in a flat, get so well acquainted that the Bertillon system could not find a freckle upon either of us unidentified. Come, dearest, my arms are yawning for you like an over-worked night watchman; wipe some face lotion off on my new coat and hear the wheels buzz in my watch. My whole internal mechanism throbs and thumps like a flat wheel on a cattle car, with joy at the very thoughts of your being my life-long chef."

### CHAP. VII.

(We left Art. in the last chapter explaining to Lallapalooza the peculiar gyrations of his anatomy. Let's go in and see what happens him.)

But fate was cruel to him. A testament the boys had carelessly stuck into his pockets the evening before, broke loose during his struggle with his emotions and scattered upon the floor with the queen of hearts facing the carpet. When she saw this she was startled even as an infant deer disturbed. She gave him a look that made icicles hang from his whiskers in profusion.

"Begone, false wretch. Oh, that papa was here present and a centipede that he might insinuate you through your hat with many kicks. Out upon you! Go!"

And she continued to pour out the phials of her wrath until the parlor looked like the wreck of a Kansas saloon.

### CHAP. VIII.

(Come outside, dear reader, and watch the family bulldog chase Art. up the street.)

Arthur Arlington Allclothes rushed from the house to the street; turning by accident as he struck a loose

board in the walk, he read the number on the door, exclaiming as he did so:

"My d— valet gave me the wrong number."

But the family bulldog didn't.

### CHAP. IX.

The reader may think from this that the life of Arthur Arlington Allclothes was blasted, but wait and see.

### CHAP. X.

Arthur's valet was telling his story in police court the next morning, looking very much disguised from his usual appearance and was fined \$10 and costs for not protecting himself.

### CHAP. XI.

When Arthur was rushing through the streets, he was going right home. That's why his valet had business in the police court the next morning.

### CHAP. XII.

(In which Arthur refreshes himself.)

He took a drink.

### CHAP. XIII.

Unlucky—(continued next fall.)

of pyrometer. For most technical work below 2700 deg. the thermo-electric pyrometer of Chatelier is generally used. This consists of three working parts—a pair of wires, a "junction"—of suitable metals, and a platinum alloy, with united ends, enclosed, to prevent mechanical injury, in a tube of iron—to the temperature to be measured, the end of the junction becoming heated, the electro-motive force which grows greater with increase of temperature, the result being read on a dial of the galvanometer.

For occasional work where the expense of the instrument may not be warranted, simpler and more accurate methods of making pyrometers have been worked out. One which is recommended on account of its simplicity is the "thermometer." A substance is first heated in the furnace and then placed in a vessel of water. The rise in the temperature of the water is easily obtained by a thermometer. In this way Prof. Norton says he has, with a copper head, an empty tomato can, and a pyrometer, taken the temperature of a blast furnace with a precision which was within 10 deg. With a ball of nickel, or better of platinum, a suitable calorimeter the method has been found within five degrees in 1000.

For similar work at high, even very high, temperatures, the fusible mixtures which melt at such temperatures can be used. Another device is the "termophon." It is merely a little torpedo which explodes when exposed to heat. The body in which the torpedo is placed is heated, and the temperature is estimated from the seconds elapsing between throwing it in and the explosion. It is found that in measurement made with these instruments exceeded in the region below 2000 deg., makes them available for temperature steam boilers, flues, and stacks.

There are several optical pyrometers successfully employed in pottery works where kilns are used. At one such place several millions of dollars' worth of fine ware was ruined recently because the kiln was allowed to get too hot below the exact temperature required. The man in charge had been the pyrometer, trained as he was in the management of kilns. It was discovered by the tests made that he was unable to keep the kiln hot within 300 or even 400 deg. of what was shown as the necessary temperature. A degree of variation was allowed without age, but 400 meant the loss of the work of this workman in spite of his inability to tell whether the kiln as a whole was at 2000 or could always tell within 25 deg. whether the bottom was the hotter. Optical pyrometers give mechanical aid to the human eye. In one instance the temperature is judged by Hancy of the object in comparison, though with a standard lamp; and in a second by judging the color, on the principle that the temperature of the object rises, the being distinguished by means of a prism.

But pyrometry is concerned not only with heat but with extreme cold. In this is interesting to note that as extreme heat is to the temperature that one wishes to measure by the use of an instrument called a "heat-hearer." This consists of a coil wound on a pair of wires which connect with an indicating device, a part of which is a telephone. The instrument is particularly useful in plants, since the temperatures of various parts can be ascertained from a single station without the trouble of visiting them.

Experiments in heat-measuring devices of Technology connect themselves with substances having to do with the effects of heat. For instance, steel bars in an electric furnace which with its white incandescent glow is about as large as an umbrella, there is a gradually rising temperature. The bars are taken out they are turned over and broken in a breaking machine to test their condition. The non-conductive furnace is in itself an interesting subject, one that in its application to the steel pipe has received much attention from experiments. Experiments show that a properly heated to several thousand degrees may melt bare hands while melted platinum is passed through.

Incidental also to the pyrometer measurement of the heating power of fuel methods are here used—the most successful being the "bomb method." The fuel which is to be used in the experiment is enclosed in a strong bomb with enough oxygen to burn it completely. It is set in a can of water with a delimiting ring, the "calorimeter" described above—with the amount of heat given out. This method has recently been improved by Prof. Norton, care, since the bomb is charged with compressed air of 25 atmospheres. It is a part of the plan for which there is a growing demand and the attention of a trained physicist is required. Indeed, become constantly more popular coke is coming into extensive use, since the heating power of fuel from the same coal varies but little.

[Somerville Journal:] It would be a good idea for married men if the Postoffice Department put a little gilt sign on every letter box, "Your wife's letter here."

April 21, 1881.]

## QUERIDO.

HOW A WAI OF THE SIERRAS BE  
CAME A HOUSEHOLD PET.

By a Special Contributor.

**Q**UERIDO is a California thrasher, an interesting and clever little songster, who made his débüt among human beings several years ago, when in the infant state. Far away from city and town, in the joy of rugged Nature, where the Sierra Madre Mountains cast varying and ever-changing shadows, are dense thickets of sagebrush, greasewood, chaparral and cactus. Here, on the bank of the Arroyo Seco, almost at the mountain's base, papa and mamma Querido spent many days in building a wonderful little nest, singing all the while the most marvelous melodies, for this little bird was very happy. As they flew back and forth through the perfumed, sunlit air, with their loads of nesting material, their tiny throats would swell with noisy strains of triumphant joy—an incomparable melody of woodland notes.

With the utmost care and precision the walls of this new home were woven, being constructed of dry roots and horsehair, while petals from the fragrant everlasting flower and the white fluff of the pussy willow served as a lining, making the nest as soft and warm as a bed of down, an ideal hiding place for three bright eggs with their delicate brown markings. The hot sun soon burst asunder, and from out the rents in the broken shells peeped three tiny, wide-mouthed Queridos, making their initiatory bow to the world and to their delighted parents.

But we must tell how Querido left his sagebrush home and came to occupy a position in an American household. It all happened on one of California's balmy mornings. A wonderful fragrance of orange blossoms perfumed the air, and birds, bees and butterflies had life one unalloyed joy.

The family were in the garden, drinking in the delight of a perfect morning, when, from far up the hill, came the familiar cry of Fernando, "a Mexican and pooh." The sound resembled a wailing yell, as if it said "Wood, wood to sell." He divided the word "wood" into two syllables, accented with a vociferous yell on the first syllable. Soon the picturesque outfit was in sight. Two bony, ill-fed, dejected-looking horses slowly and wearily dragged their burden along the street, seeming much out of place on the beautiful road, with its stately rows of fern-like pepper trees and lime residences.

The Mexican, anticipating the sale of a load of wood, drew up to the curb, when it became possible to get the interesting conveyance at close quarters. The wagon was in a state of almost total collapse and it was mystery how such a rickety affair could hold so great a load. The wheels were literally on the bias, each one leaning at a different angle. The harness was patched up together with wire and great knots of baling twine, and the entire outfit, from the hungry bronchos, that still gleam in their eyes, to the wobbling wheels, shrank, demoralized and despairing.

The driver doffed his tattered sombrero, and in a submissional voice, quite different from his trade yell, said, "Buenas dias, señora; will you buy from me?" His clothes were old and ragged. The blue trousers were faded and torn, while the cheap cotton shirt was frayed and buttonless, being held together by a safety pin and a dislodged nail. Wound loosely about his neck, in contrast with the rest of his tattered, antiquated attire, was an exquisite rebosa, a long scarf of brilliant colors, beautifully woven.

But of the ragged garments, there was something grand about this old man—a lingering shadow of bygone days, when he was master of orchards and vineyards and vast herds of cattle and sheep. His hair, under the brim of the wide hat, was dark and curly, while the great eyes were black and full of life.

A ragged old coat lay on the seat beside him, and it half seemed to be some living thing, for from the ragged depths issued a faint peeping sound which caused the Mexican to make a solicitous examination of the contents. In answer to inquiries he opened the bundle of rags, disclosing a wide-mouthed, open and mortal of a bird, that looked at nothing in particular, but hungrily gesticulated with his continuously moving bill. This small child of the wilderness looked healthy and promising, and for the small sum of 10 cents he was purchased for a family pet. Fernando christened him "Querido," which in Spanish means "beloved" or "loved one."

The little fellow was placed temporarily in a tiny cot-lined basket in a sunny window, and after being fed a worm and little rolls of boiled egg and mashed potato, he fell asleep and dreamed of his mountain home in the chaparral cope. Occasionally his little form would convulse, like a baby with the colic, while somewhere in the depths came a little gasping, long chirp.

The Mexican said that, while chopping wood in the woods, he discovered the bird home with its youthful mate. The parent birds were making their daily tour of the dry creek bed and mountain side in search of food and worms, so, all unseen, he took Querido from the side of his cuddling relatives, wrapped him up in old coat, and initiated him into the delights of wagon transportation.

The load of wood was bought, much to Fernando's delight, and after a courteous wave of the tattered sombrero, and an "adios, señora," the forlorn steeds were driven into a slow trot, that made the old wagon spokes sing in a threatening manner, as if in rebellion at so great a pace. The dignified old man with the sombrero

and gay rebosa gave the rude conveyance an appearance of charming picturesqueness as it passed beneath the overarching pepper trees.

Querido, in his little basket in the sunshine, was not a beauty. He looked like the victim of a cyclone's fury, for his feathers were principally out of sight. His great mouth, with its yellow lining, was always open, like a contribution box. He had a marvelous appetite, and donations of food would have been appreciated every five minutes during the day. By the time he was two months old his personal appearance was much improved and he gave indications of being a singer.

As time has progressed, Querido has developed into an elegant little bundle of plumage, always remarkably sleek and genteel. He has become dignified, though not sedate. He has formed two strong attachments, and when one he loves comes into the room and calls "Hello, Querido," he always responds joyfully, sometimes hilariously, by opening his mouth and saying "Caw, caw, caw."

Every morning, as the first tinge of light comes creeping over the mountains, Querido chirrups a joyous little symphony, full of soft, sparkling trills, like the melodious trickling of a fountain spray as each drop falls with a clear, sweet sound. A little later, when the great sun sends its warm rays through the gilded wires of Querido's cage—for long ago he outgrew his basket—his little throat swells with rapturous melody, for he is a child of Nature and loves warmth and brightness. His musical ability must be the legacy of heredity, for he has had slight opportunities for education in that line, although he may have received some profitable instruction, or perhaps inspiration, as notes of bird song floated in through the open windows while his brother warblers trilled among the orange tree branches and palm leaves near by.

To every new sound he is an attentive listener, standing with head on one side and every nerve on the qui

was in a state of ethereal bliss. The ring was missing for several days and the owner experienced much anxiety, though the feeling was partly alleviated by the knowledge of Querido's hiding propensities. The ring was found finally in the folds of a lace curtain, where it had been placed to catch the sunbeams. Querido's ancestors in the long ago must have been crows, for in some way there has been effected a transmutation of characteristics. An old lady friend tells of a crow, the pet of her childhood, that would sit on her shoulder while she hemmed her "kerchief. He would watch his opportunity, and when his little mistress dropped her work and musingly built air castles, he would seize her thread and fly to the wood pile, lift up a chip, and put it under. Again he would carry off her sunbonnet, then her thimble and needle, until all were hid. Then coming back to his resting place on her shoulder, he would caw in the jolliest manner, as if he realized he had done something unusually clever.

While investigating the why and wherefore of a spool of thread, one day, Querido came in contact with a difficult problem, for the more he experimented, the more were his feet entangled in a network of thread. Finally he gave up in despair and rolled over on one side. When found, he seemed exhausted, and it took much time and careful patience to cut and untangle the threads that bound him prisoner. One of his favorite pastimes is to hop about with his chain of tiny bells. There are half a dozen on the thread and he never tires of listening to the musical tinkle. He takes the chain in his bill and shakes it energetically, then drops it and pecks at the bells, and many happy hours are spent with this jingling toy.

HELEN LUKENS JONES.

## GOLF BALLS' INVENTOR.

## WHEN GUTTA PERCHA WAS SUBSTITUTED FOR LEATHER-INCASED FEATHERS.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] We have received the following interesting communication from W. Dalrymple, Fernlea, Leven, Fife:

There is a slight error in a little paragraph in your issue of the 1st, which you may or may not consider worth correction, because it is really of interest to golfers almost entirely. You mention that a retired Musselburgh watchmaker, aged 87, claims to have been one of the inventors of the "gutta" ball, and to have made and played with one over Musselburgh links in 1847. This claim to invention is believed to be ill-founded. Among Scotch golfers, at all events, it has, seemingly, been agreed to admit that the invention was shrouded in mystery, but that publication to the golfing world was made by either Campbell or Saddell or Tom Peter in 1848.

It was not, in fact, till November of last year that the true inventor was known—the Rev. Principal Paterson of the Binghamton Ladies' College, New York State. It was while a schoolboy at St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1845, that he first rolled a lot of gutta-percha clippings, which were used in his father's business, into a ball, painted it and used it on the links. The ball invariably lost color and cracked, and was subsequently improved by his brother in Edinburgh, who sent several dozens over to St. Andrew's stamped "Paterson's Composite Golf Ball." Some of these lay for sale in the local booksellers' windows till dusted out, when they were brought to the notice of Stewart, custodian of the "Union Parlor"—subsequently developed into what is now known as the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—and to Allan Robertson and old Tom Morris, still in Allan's employment as a stuffer of feather balls.

Recent correspondence between the principal and old Tom tells that the die was cast then and there, and the old "feather" doomed. It was, as a matter of fact, over the new ball that Allan and old Tom severed business ties; though, as old Tom prettily puts it, "we never quarreled, but were ay the best o' friends to the very last." This was on the eve of young Paterson's departure for the States, and he never heard much about his venture till the golf craze "struck" America, forty years later. It would seem that priority properly falls to the St. Andrews' man.

## OWNS THE COSTLIEST AUTO.

[Paris Correspondence Chicago Chronicle:] W. T. Dannat, a famous American artist, is now enjoying the distinction of owning the most powerful and costliest automobile yet made. It was built especially by the Daimler firm of Germany. It is of the same type as the famous auto named Mercedes, which created such a stir two months ago when Lorraine Barrow entered it at the Pau races. However, Dannat's is still faster, being capable of making 150 kilometers an hour, equal to ninety-three miles. The terrific pace is feasible only on a good straight road and cannot be maintained safely over ten minutes, as the machinery would tear apart. But seventy-five miles may be sustained for half an hour and seventy indefinitely. Dannat's automobile is like a formidable engine of destruction. It is built low and very long. Its horse-power is fifty-two. Vanderbilt's new machine, now being built at the Parisian branch of the Daimler firm will be an exact duplicate.

## MRS. MACKAY'S NEW AUTOMOBILE.

[Paris Correspondence New York Evening Journal:] Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay has suffered much from horses in New York of late, they tell us, and is impatiently waiting the delivery of the new \$18,000 automobile which her husband is having constructed for her at the factories of Messieurs Charron, Girardot & Voigt. After having one horse behind which she was riding killed, and another killed with her child in the hansom behind, all in one week's time, Mrs. Mackay doubtless will be gratified to have a vehicle capable of doing deadly execution on its own account.

The new automobile will be of thirty-two horse-power and a wonder for speed, we are assured. The details of construction are carefully guarded, but with all their reticence the builders do not deny that some surprises may be expected when the plans that have been followed become known, and a far greater surprise when the vehicle is put to a test of speed on the road. It is confidently expected that the automobile will be the fastest ever built.



QUERIDO.

vive. Every sound is recorded graphophonically somewhere underneath his gray feathers, as a thought is implanted in the human mind, ready for reproduction at any time.

The months of July and August, during which his feathers fall, are most distressing ones for Querido, for then he seems most sensitive to the absurdities of his unattractive, abbreviated costume. When the tail feathers drop out, his dejection is pitiful, and even his best friends are powerless to console him. At other times he is overflowing with joy and life and health and music, except, perhaps, when annoyed by some stranger who goes up to him with a "Polly want a cracker" air, which inspires his animosity and offends his dignity. He has a sort of instinctive intuition in judging human character, which was exemplified one day when a tough-looking tramp called and made application for something to eat. Querido was taking his morning sun bath on the rose-trellised veranda. The "Weary Willie" made friendly advances, but was met with a torrent of angry, gasping caws, while the bird's every feather rose and bristled with wrath, until he appeared almost three times his usual size. His long curved bill was thrust between the wires of the cage, in hopes of wreaking vengeance on the unwelcome intruder. Querido's instincts proved to be correct, for that very night a house was burglarized by this fellow, who was captured and convicted.

Querido's cage door is arranged to swing easily, and when he feels inclined for a stroll he pushes it open and takes a constitutional, which includes an inspection tour of two or three rooms that are left at his disposal. Querido has been endowed by Nature with a pair of long legs, and, like all the rest of his species, is a noted runner. He seldom flies, but skips about the floor with remarkable swiftness. When he is hungry, or the surroundings cease to interest, he returns to his gilded cage, opens the door by using his long curved bill, and hops inside, where he finds all the comforts and many of the luxuries of home.

He is very knowing, and if, when hopping about the rooms, he is told to go into the cage, immediate obedience is the result, and in he skips. The work basket holds innumerable attractions for him. Pecking away at the bright thimble affords him an inexhaustible amount of pleasure, and nothing delights him more than to hide it in some out-of-the-way corner. All things that sparkle are attractive to him. Diamonds are a novelty, not being included among his playthings, so one day, when he discovered a sparkler on a dresser, he



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Sunday's Newspaper Career.

**T**HIS Chicago Tribune gives the following account of Brig.-Gen. Funston's short, but eventful, experience as a newspaper man, just after leaving school:

"Going to difficulties which he experienced with some of the text-books he did not graduate, but in 1887 became city editor of the Fort Smith Tribune, a staunch member of the local Democracy. A few days before the editor-in-chief went away, leaving the paper in Funston's hands. He had been getting pretty weary of the Democrats, who had been conducting their campaign on a basis of bribery and intimidation, and his new act, when he was put in control, was to write an editorial stating his opinions with a degree of frankness which left no room for misunderstanding."

This engaging open-mindedness did not appeal to the sturdy citizens of Fort Smith, who set about showing the young editor the error of his ways by burning down the Tribune building. Funston gathered his staff about him and prepared to defend the place, but the editor-in-chief hastily returned, in answer to telegraphic summons from his friends, and appeased the wrath of the mob by a hasty issue, explaining editorially what had happened. Naturally, young Funston did not retain his post. There was talk of tarring and feathering him but he could get away from town, but he didn't stay home in leaving.

When a friend asked him why he had so foolishly given away his situation by printing such an editorial, the young man said, briefly:

"I was tired of the rotten politics, and tired of the rotten town, and tired of the rotten sheet, and ready to go away, so I thought I might just as well wake the town up and let 'em know I was alive before I left."

## Opinion of Chinese Wit.

**G**TING-PANG, the Chinese Minister, was asked the other day if there were any Chinese humorists.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Wu; "plenty of them. There are very good jokes in Chinese literature."

"Till now," said his visitor.

"Well," said Mr. Wu, "this is a famous Chinese story:

There was once a traveler who stopped at the house of a friend for some refreshment. He asked for a cup of tea. It so happened that the friend had no tea in the house, but he said he would send his son to borrow some from a neighbor. The wife put a pot of water on the stove. The son did not return and it became necessary to add some cold water to that boiling in the pot. He was done several times. The son did not return with the tea and finally the wife said, 'Inasmuch as the boy does not seem to be forthcoming, perhaps you had better give your guest a bath.'—[New York World.]

## In Tongue He Spoke.

**A** Young Philadelphian, who was born and raised in the North Ward, saved enough money to pay the expenses incidental to a European trip last summer, and with economy the trip was strung out to a period of over six months.

Home last week, coming in the steerage train of foreigners. The immigration agents, with interpreters, were wide-awake. The young Philadelphian very dark, and he was mistaken for a foreigner. The interpreters came up to him and said: "Til nowest po Polski?" "They're trying to string me along the Fourth Ward man. "I'll keep it up." He shook his head. The interpreter was asking him if he could speak Polish. Then he changed to Russian, "Kousch govoroot po Rousski?"

The supposed foreigner shook his head. "Redden Dich?" asked the interpreter. This was followed by another shake of the head. Then, in order, the interpreter asked: "Parlez vous Francais?" "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" and "Parlate Italiano?" A negative shake of the head followed each query. "For heavens' sake, what language do you speak?" exclaimed the interpreter. The collie dog in his shirt collar laughed. "That's the stuff." "Why didn't you ask me that first?" The instant of having said this, the boy nearly collapsed.—[Philadelphia Record.]

## Four-Mus Dual.

**G**RACE MANN, the famous educator, was sitting one evening in his study, when an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to fight.

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Mann, "it would give me great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it. You are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a Mann by nature, two against one. It would never do to let you come ahead," the insane man answered. "I'm a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

## Four-Mus Dual.

**A** Young, skin-clad boy had made a break to pass the ticket seller at the circus entrance, but that general had caught him and rudely thrust him back. "You little devil," said a seedy-looking man in the crowd. "If I had the money I'd buy him a ticket myself."

The crowd looked sympathetic, but said nothing, while they waited as if their heart would dissolve.

"I've only got a nickel, little feller," went on the looking one, "an' that won't do you no good. Say, I, and I don't care if I die, I'll give you a dollar."

He had a minute as if a collection was to be

started, but a benevolent-looking old gentleman nipped it in the bud by slipping a half-dollar into the hand of the boy, who promptly disappeared into the tent.

"I thank you a thousand times for that kind act, sir," said the seedy-looking man.

"You seem to take quite an interest in the little fellow," remarked the benevolent man.

"Well, I should think I ought to," answered the seedy-looking man proudly. "That's the only son I got!"—[Indianapolis Sun.]

## A Case in Point.

**P**OUR teacher told us today about an optical illusion, and said we should ask our parents what it is, so we can explain about it to her tomorrow. What is it, anyway?"

"Well, when a man has a friend, who comes up in a mysterious way and says: 'Say, I don't want you to let this get out, but I can put you onto a good thing. I've got a chance to buy some stock in a Missouri lead mine. Of course, I have no interest in this thing except that I'm putting money in it myself, and I thought you might like to get in on the ground floor. If you do I can fix it for you, only you'll have to make up your mind right away, because there are a lot of other people that want to buy all the stock that's left.' So, after he gets through explaining it the man who is invited to go in on the ground floor thinks he sees a chance to put in a few hundred dollars and come out rich."

"And what then, pa?"

"Nothing. That's the optical illusion."—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

## What He Was Hired for.

**T**HE late Commodore Vanderbilt discovered in James H. Rutter, then in the employ of the Erie Railroad, a man he believed the freight department of the Central needed. It is related that some time after he took charge of the Central's traffic office, Rutter called on the commodore to submit a plan for improvement. When he had stated the case, the president looked at him sharply and asked:

"Rutter, what does the New York Central pay you \$15,000 a year for?"

The reply was: "For managing the freight traffic department."

And then the commodore said: "Well, you don't expect me to earn your salary for you, do you?"

Rutter went out and carried through his plan on his own judgment. The result was highly satisfactory. Rutter became president of the Central.—[Baltimore News.]

## Weird Spelling.

**T**HE Pan-American flag bears the significant word "PAX" ("Peace") and the date 1901. It was borne in upon the exposition officials and proved that the average man is not a Latin scholar and that "PAX" is no better than Greek to him. When the sample flag, built according to specifications, was brought in to the purchasing agent, he remarked with surprise that the word was dissected as follows: "P. A. X."

"Why have you separated the letters?" he asked.

"Why," said the flagman, "the letters mean 'Pan-American Exposition,' and the periods are all right."—[Buffalo Commercial.]

## Was Beyond Redemption.

**O**NE of the southern bishops enjoys telling the following story on his own daughter. Strongly imbued with her father's doctrine, she had grown up a strict Episcopalian and had never attended a revival or camp meeting in her life, although, as her younger brother relevantly remarked, "the woods were full of them."

When she was about 16 she went to visit an old friend of her mother's in New York, and her hostess, after much persuasion, prevailed on her to go to hear Tom Harrison, the famous boy evangelist.

"But, Mrs. Burnett," she had finally objected, "suppose he would speak to me. I'd be so frightened I shouldn't know what to say."

"Why, Virginia," her hostess had replied, "the church will be so crowded that nothing is more unlikely than she should sing out either one of us."

But the girl's fears were realized.

As the great preacher left the pulpit and passed down the aisle, exhorting first this one, then that one, he paused at the pew where the bishop's daughter was seated.

"My dear child," he said, earnestly, "are you a Christian?"

"No, sir," she replied, "I'm an Episcopalian." With a twinkle in his eye, the evangelist passed on without another word.—[Detroit Free Press.]

## How Bridget Spoiled Things.

**C**HARLIE and Mamie are not friends any more, and Bridget is to blame for it all.

Charlie is the promising scion of a Prospect-avenue home, while Mamie is the sweet young thing on Marshall street for whom sundry florists' and confectioners' bills have mounted up to an alarming height lately. Bridget is the maid at Mamie's home, and as Mamie is a most bewildering young person, with a decidedly indolent streak, it happens very often that Bridget is instructed to say she is not at home when the cold facts are that Mamie is reclining luxuriously on the library couch with the latest magazine and a box of fine bonbons.

The other evening Charlie thought that he would surprise the young woman, and so called when she did not expect him. Mamie had an unusually fascinating novel, and was not dressed for callers, therefore she instructed Bridget to say she had gone over on the West Side. Biddy got through the message all right. The inconsiderate young man, instead of going away, asked: "Can you tell me when she will return?"

She faltered, then lost her head completely and blurting out: "Sure, an' I'll ask Miss Mamie," rushed down the hall,

while a very angry, yet dignified young man walked down the front steps to return no more.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

## He Never Returned.

"I F EVER again you use that word 'she' instead of 'it' I shall consider it to be a personal insult!" screamed Reginald's sweetheart. "It's very rude, in my opinion, to use the same word for ships and such things as you do for ladies."

"But, my dear," protested Reginald, "everyone does it and I don't see why you should look at it in that light."

"I don't care what you see or don't see," cried the furious young lady. "I object to it."

"I think there is good reason for it in some cases," said Reginald. "A locomotive, at any rate, is rightly called 'she'."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, putting on a weather-of-fife look which seemed to say, "expect squalls." "And why?"

Reginald hastily prepared to depart before replying. Then he said:

"Because it makes such a horrible noise when it tries to whistle."—[London Answers.]

## The Tenderest Tribute Victoria Had.

**T**HE most touching story I have heard in connection with the death and funeral of the late Queen Victoria concerns the three most important little personages in England—her great-grandchildren, the daughter and the two sons of the Duke of Cornwall and York. While the body of Victoria lay in state at Osborne House, these little ones watched with interest and curiosity the arrival of floral tributes from kings and queens and emperors, from public societies and private subjects, and by questioning learned their significance. The day before the funeral they came to their mother with a bunch of short-stemmed flowers, which evidently they had picked by themselves in the conservatories, tied awkwardly together with an ordinary string. A card attached bore this inscription: "From Edward and Albert and Baby," written in a childish hand, with the name of the first, the writer, misspelled. Three attempts had been made to correct the error, and as a natural result the card was blotted and soiled, but this little tribute was given the place of honor upon the coffin of the greatest monarch of modern times.—[William Curtis's Washington Correspondence.]

## The Sleeper Awakened.

**T**HERE is a West Side boy who is quite daft on the subject of photography. He isn't satisfied with the mere taking of pictures—anybody can train a camera on a scene or a sitter—but he aims at securing novel effects, something out of the common run of subjects. At times this inclination leads him into unpleasant predicaments—though there is nobody like your devoted camera friend for wriggling out of trouble; and sometimes it is unpleasant for the other fellow.

One evening not long ago he planned a surprise for his brother. Incidentally he meant to secure his portrait under circumstances that perhaps have never been exactly duplicated.

Usually he retires at a reasonably early hour, but this evening he was in no hurry. He waited until his brother was in bed and presumably asleep, and then he stole up to their room with his camera and a load of flashlight powder.

He listened for a moment to his brother's deep and regular breathing, and then he quietly planted his apparatus and prepared for action.

When all was in readiness he suddenly let out a wild war whoop, and as his startled brother arose in terror he touched off the flash light and snapped the scene.

It may be imagined that the victim, when he had quieted down his trembling nerves, was determined to hammer the photographer good and plenty, but, as usual, the scamp escaped.

He calls his picture "The Sleeper Awakened," and thinks it is one of the best things in his collection.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

## OYSTER FARMS THAT PAY.

[Cape May Correspondence New York Times:] The first experimental oyster farm in the United States has proved so successful that two permanent farms are being constructed at Dias Creek, about eight miles north of here—one by ex-Senator Maurice A. Rodgers of Camden County, N. J., and the other by William Scheleberg of the same place. Both are prominent oyster dealers in Philadelphia, who own beds around Maurice River cove, on the Delaware.

For years the planters have sustained heavy losses by reason of the ice, which forms on the beds in the winter and then floats off with high tides, carrying the plants and dropping them in deeper water, where they cannot be taken. Many smaller dealers, by reason of this, have had to go out of business.

Senator Rodgers has been seeking a plan for some time to overcome this, and about a year ago, at Dias Creek, leased a few acres along the bay front, and tried an experiment which gave such good results that he has now secured two miles of the shore and over 150 acres of ground. Mr. Scheleberg has secured a large shore frontage and 196 acres of ground.

The farms are connected in this fashion: Three ponds of considerable depth are dug, each about 175 feet from low water mark and connected by sluices lined with wood. Each pond is also connected with the waters of the Delaware bay, so that the tides can be allowed to rise and fall in them, or they can be flooded or drained at will. Along the shore extending out into the bay a distance of half a mile, are sand flats, which the tide leaves entirely bare at low water. On these flats are spread oyster shells, to which the spawn adheres. When the young bivalve is large enough it is removed into these ponds and there grows for a year, the ice seldom forming on them, and when it does it cannot move them off. And this is the point which had to be made. When the oysters are almost ready for market they are taken to deeper water beds for final growth. Mr. Rodgers says his last year's experiment has proved the wisdom of his idea.

## TAMATE: THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE,  
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."  
(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER XL.

**D**O YOU still remember Tokukichi—that simple man of Kameyama field, so famous for his honesty?

After the happy conclusion of his mission—and but never a whisper of this to his wife, please—a rather disagreeable experience, he went back to the lyric quietude of his farm to taste thoroughly, at his leisure, how pure and good is the country life and sunshine, full of gossipy sparrows, to be sure, and the silent shrines, and how wicked the life of city which is too crowded with devils for flowers and birds to find any place in it.

Since then, two years sang themselves away over the ever-whitening head of Tokukichi, very lustily with the cicadas in summer and very sadly with kirigirish under the autumnal moon.

But now, the villagers of Kameyama village found once again their Lord in the City of Yedo. Of course he had to carry their tax gold to him.

Tokukichi, of course—who else pray? Had he not once before performed his mission above the criticism of the gods? Honor, moreover, was a rather tempting thing for the farmer. And then, too, was he not much wiser, now after all the experiences he had had? To add to that, his wife, who had raised her old man very high in her estimation after his triumphant return from his trip to Yedo, would not, if he wished it, let him decline the honor of being the trusted bearer of the taxes to Yedo.

So, after everything was made ready, once ag'in he renewed his acquaintances with the innkeepers along the famous Tokai-do.

Everything went very smoothly; and now all was over. He shuddered a little at the recollection of the bridge and the night stream flowing beneath him, black as Fate and Mystery made water. But he had no more serious inconveniences than that.

On the following day—so he decided—he would turn his face toward his rice fields and to the faces he had known all his life.

"Ah, master-of-the-inn, how much is my bill? I am going away tomorrow."

"Hel, honorable guest—you are going away tomorrow? Tomorrow, honorable guest?"

"Yes, tomorrow; that is, after I have another good night's rest in the august Yedo—yes."

"But, honorable guest, that is not quite to the highest interest of the honorable presence. We are to have one of the biggest sights here in the streets of Yedo, tomorrow—the sight that one could hardly see twice in his lifetime."

"El, but is it worth one night's lodging, master-of-the-inn? But is it such a big show? I would love to see a sight—a big one, so that I might take it home—I mean the story of the show—and squash the liver of my wife. She is a clever woman—she is never surprised at anything. Nothing can feaze her in the least."

"But, then, this would."

"But what is it?"

"Well, honorable presence, they are going to show us tomorrow the greatest woman-chief of outlaws you have ever heard of. She is caught and, of course, they are going to chop her head off. But of course the officers take her to her hole by the longest way imaginable. They will show her through the streets of Yedo first on a horse. The things she has done are enough to wilt any liver on the top side of the august Shogun's earth."

"You say, master-of-the-inn, that the officers are going to chop her head off like a chicken?"

"Well, august guest, this honorable robber has killed people like flies—so many that you cannot count them. And they say that she has never saved a single life in all her blessed days. Now doesn't that take your breath away? You may tell me all you want that in this circling, floating world there is no devil. Of all the she-monsters in this sin-many world! They tell me that if she had saved a single life—just one life, mind you—in all the many days of her life, then her life would have been saved this time. But, no sir, there was not a single life that she has saved! How fearful must be Buddha's punishment for such as that! Buddha and Rakwan! Namu-Amida-Butsu! Namu-Amida-Butsu!"

### CHAPTER XLII.

And the entire story, which seemed to have had everything in it which was most likely to take man's imagination captive of the woman-chief of outlaws—her youth, her beauty and no end of daring crimes and adventures—was told to Tokukichi.

"Ha, ha, ha!"—I am sure I do not know where in all his simple education, Tokukichi learned that the death of a young, beautiful girl was funny—"But what a smooth run of luck I have on this trip! Wouldn't I like to have had my wife with me now? Sharp, master-of-the-inn, whee! why, sir, she can fool a fox any time. Many a night she did it—hundreds of nights. Why, sir, whenever she was through with all her work about the house, she would go out into a pine grove not far from the cottage, and spend a little time in fooling the sharp-witted fox alive—and that's the fact! Ha, ha! but that was the worst—that night, it was as black as lacquer, honorable presence. And the rain—it did seem as if the god of thunder made a little mistake and let fly one of his ugly kicks at the bottom of the reservoir of his good friend, the god of rain. Well, sir, my wife had been away seeing her mother, and she told me afterward and said: 'Well, you know, old man, my mother and I sit down upon a bit of a mat around a hibachi. And she has more words to say about nothing than any mortal tongue. And, you know, old man, the difference between her and her daughter is that her daughter has a little

quicker way of pumping words out which are pretty nearly as many as her mother's. The squeezing up of the whole matter is this, old man—the Honorable Mistress Sun—that is if it be day—suddenly gets into a terrible way of breaking her neck racing at her blaze-fire gait. Well, this time, as you know, it was at night and the sweet Mrs. Stars lost their pretty heads and tried to outrun my tongue, I suppose. Well, I could not finish my "Fair evening to you" to my mother—of course she interrupted me a little, I think—and if she didn't, it wouldn't be she at all. But, sir, before I finished my salutation—which every decent person must say—what, my man, do you suppose I heard? Well, sir, it was the belfry of Tosen Temple tolling off midnight. "Oh, it's the evening bell," says my mother. "Oh, of course," say I—nothing, you understand, is like filial piety, and it won't do at all to turn the sharp end of your tongue against your mother. That is at least what the head priest of Tosen Temple said to me, and I mind that, old man, you see? But, just to leave a good taste in my mouth, I grin like the emptiest pumpkin head in the whole world of good Buddha. My mother got into a funny way of thinking—it must have begun in the early days when I was nothing but a baby—she got into a funny way of thinking, I say, that I carry something very loose and soft upon my shoulders. And naturally she has always thought that the best thing she could do for me was to fool me on everything. Well, as I was saying, there it was the midnight bell. Now I ask you, can I bow and say good night to her then and there, before giving her a single chance of speaking? That would be spoiling the whole thing—for that would be impolite, and all the work you have done in being filial goes for nothing. And the blessed thing I did in that night was to give my mother a chance of returning my good evening, in her own way and in her own time. When that was done politely, I bowed myself out and was in no time, in the downpour without the slightest ghost of an umbrella or a stray straw upon my back. I never thought of Mrs. Fox that night—somehow I was busy thinking of something else. But that was before I struck the bamboo grove of the temple. There I had not the smallest trouble in recalling Mrs. Fox. Everything was crow-black that night. As you know, I carried jyu-hako (lacquered boxes made to fit one on top of the other) and before my leaving, mother put some red rice into them. Of course, as I walked I thought of the special taste of Mrs. Fox for red rice."

"And then, my wife went on to tell me all about it—how she fooled Mrs. Fox! A-ha, ha, ha! but she is a wonder! the way she fooled Mrs. Fox that night! It's the neatest thing I have ever heard in all my life!"

"Deign to tell us how the honorable wife of the honorable presence fooled Mrs. Fox. We, of course, know here in Yedo, all about the cleverness of the honorable wife!"

"How did my wife fool Mrs. Fox? Oh, but that was capital—how? Let me see if I remember it. Oh, but it was so clever and no mistake, master-of-the-inn. And that's not all, why, sir, one day I came home from the field and saw a couple of thin shadows standing about my wife and she working her tongue at them with the speed that would dislocate the hip joint of honorable Mr. Lightning, upon my honor, it would, sir! That night I asked her: 'What were those thin shadows you were talking blue streaks to?' 'Why, my man,' she says, 'they are a couple of rather slow-minded Buddha, and they came down to have me tell them a thing or two, so that they might put on a likely face with the rest of their companions on the festival of Bon!' she says. She teaches Buddha—can you beat that in Yedo, master-of-the-inn?"

The shrewd master-of-the-inn was thoroughly convinced of the marvelous brilliancy of the wife of his guest.

"What a pity that the honorable madam is not with you!"

"What a pity!" echoed—and that with the deepest sincerity of his heart—Tokukichi.

Of course Tokukichi was going to stay over night and take in the greatest show of his life—that was settled.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

It was a singular procession through the smile of the genial day of the Third Moon. The people, with their sake gourds dangling down their backs, were making the streets musical with their laughter. They were all going to Kameido or perhaps to Mukojima. And the solemn procession looked the more out of place because of the good humor of the day and the people, the sun and the flowers.

A huge wooden placard, borne by a man in an official livery, headed the procession. Upon its white face, the placard told, in large, clear handwriting, the story of the criminal exposed to the eyes of the public.

Following it came the man who walked very slowly, leading a horse. Upon the horse, you could see Tamate—her arms and bosom tightly confined within the network of very coarse straw ropes. As usual, she was pale and her pallor, somehow, in spite of all the scientific negotiations to the contrary, made you think of the color of vacuum. Her eyes were set, staring at things with that pathetic blindness as if things and people were nothing—not even dense enough for shadows. They looked through them; they looked beyond, very far, far beyond them.

Evidently she meant to stare at the nothingness of life, at the mockings of what the childish call Fate—the utter nothingness beyond a little heap of dust which sums up the most brilliant and the commonest of our lives without difference. All the same she was staring at the Buddha. Meaning all the while to be philosophical, and therefore in the depth of her meditations, she did not know that she, in truth, was praying to the gods.

Running in front of the procession and trailing very thickly behind, the crowd gave the appearance of an ever-gathering avalanche of people through the streets. As the people read the proclamation—heard the comments shouted in suppressed whispers over and over again through the crowd, they opened their eyes wider and wider at Tamate. It was not possible to their way

of thinking, that a mere woman of her age could be able to carry all those gigantic and extremely successful issues. Of course, she was a distinguished, striking face she did have.

"The greatest outlaw who has ever been seen, some voice said. In a second the same voice was throwing the sentence back and forth in the air. It is in the heart of the most prodigious, the most bold and the very best of us to stick our necks out of windows when the greatest criminal passes by."

The greatest king, the greatest artist, writer, thinker, poet—they are always the most dangerous to the world. You must, indeed, be very unwillingly simple to escape the nameless fame of a famous name and of their homely faces. Such a hard time to the caricaturist to draw at least a little amusing—bearable in other ways.

It is, however, the rarest thing in the world that the greatest of the outlaws is caught. It is, however, reason, that overwhelming interest in Tamate. And then, too, a woman bearing such a frail grace, this criminal who had found a stable government of the Shogun for so long a time.

A sight! I should certainly think so!

(It is an enterprising age—these opening up new century. With all your boast, however, class circus of this, our day, can afford you that could in any way—after your particular queer and unrighteous twistings in last night's show—what sight, I say, can present with this sight?)

Tokukichi's inn looked out upon a narrow street. And it was not long before the stentorian announcement of the approach of the procession down the narrow street, shouted out by heralds, young, very healthy as to their bodies and legs, and who followed the procession, asked, without being paid a single sou for it, but from the sheer love of things, from the emotion of their hearts to the high and pure.

In his tremendous, quaky ardor of finding an advantageous stand from which to view this, Tokukichi did not spare his legs. I am not sure how many times he went up and down the entrance of the inn where there was a stone, which helped him to be a little less losing his soul most impartially through his mouth, both of which were stretched with a compromising wideness.

Behind many pairs of eyes, which were upon the pale face upon the horse, people in life and habits of thought and manner thinking many different things. Most alike in one respect—they were all very well, but not know what it was that made them well. Mother was perhaps thinking of her dead sister of her sisters. And then, too, there were days when the people of Nihon used to pass the same height with their gods—that is, and away above their life. The death of a thing was painful to them—much more, perhaps, than their own death. And that may explain tears which watered the streets through we passed on her horse.

It was for an impressive lesson—to be seen with Yedo see with their own eyes, the end of Tamate was riding on her horse. But they think about that. Can you tell me why? At a time a government tries to do something for the national good of its people, the people are absent-minded and go their way and think quite at variance with the wishes of the moment?

Right before their noses was such a horse! And they had no power to do anything to stop it. The people, instead of learning a healthy lesson in ethics, were becoming more and more with their inability. And all that they were doing right there—the offering of money and tears was by no means meager.

"But honorable presences, is it possible that Buddha-face—honorable presence, face of hers, giving calm to your hearts—let the humble one ask you whether a woman's face could be without good in her heart? Yes, nobody can give a lie to that, even if she stand upon his head and look at her presences, it is more than beautiful, but it, it is good, good—Buddha-good! And let me ask the honorable presences, if she is not out a single good?"

"No doubt, no doubt, honorable presence has done many a good turn to her friends. I shall stake my life upon that. The honest ones are quite sure that there must be a large amount in her heart where the humble one would rather than anything else to have a home. But, dear presences, honorable presence, what can we do? We never saved a single life in all her life—Katagata-ne!"

"Can't be helped, as the honorable presences same I would not like to believe her own self. The humble one does wish that she had one or two little lives—why, honorable presences are as common and plentiful as dirt, the people are trying to throw away in their hands when we are not fed from the hands of Buddha like a flock of doves, honorable presences karma made her overlook so easy a human life—a stray beggar from killing himself, a great pity, upon my word!"

"Oh, it's a shame, a great pity and an honorable presence! If I had ten daughters, I would not one of them to save the life of a woman."

"The humble one would hate much as a son—upon my honor, how could a boy be not an incarnation of Beaten? It is fair enough for it. And the face of her Men and women who began by talking

all ended in mounting into the ecstasy of soliloquy. The enthusiasm over the fate of the beautiful woman made them rather forgetful of themselves.

Reverend murmurs and wet silence mingled in at

the oddest and the most pathetic fashion. Sentences

which were bitten in two by sobs were heard every-

where.

At last, here it came, in front of

the small pedestal on which Tokukichi was trying his

best to be all eyes. It moved with all the thoughtful

and moving officers of those goodly days when they

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which were looking

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of her daughter too, those were the

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the death of a horse

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talking to me

the latest news from Madagascar, they

decided to carry out this project. The

between the Western coast and the capital.

old ended in mounting into the ecstasy of soliloquy. The enthusiasm over the fate of the beautiful woman made them rather forgetful of themselves.

Reverend murmurs and wet silence mingled in at the oddest and the most pathetic fashion. Sentences which were bitten in two by sobs were heard everywhere.

At last, here it came, in front of the small pedestal on which Tokukichi was trying his best to be all eyes. It moved with all the thoughtful and moving officers of those goodly days when they were very wise or

haunting din of curiosities, which the movement of the man who bore aloft over his head the large wooden placard which told the story of the crime of the criminal made Tokukichi think of the beauty and majestic locomotion of an earthworm.

He must not fail to read very well that was large and clear upon the placard.

I have said already, the procession came out of the Via Nazionale. We had spent Palm Sunday in Venice and were now spending the Holy Week in the Holiest of Cities!

I had hardly settled myself that first night, when a rap came upon my door, and the little signora, with her sharp black eyes and little manners, shoved it open, handing me a card. Well, I declare, friends from Chicago!

I was out in the little reception room in about two minutes, where, sure enough, I found the professor and his wife! "Come, get on your hat," said the professor, "and accompany us to see the fireworks in the Colosseum!"

Shades of my ancestors! they might just as well have invited me to witness the eminently religious ceremony of boiling St. John in a caldron of oil; one would certainly have surprised me about as much as the other.

The Colosseum was dark and gloomy as we entered. The moon rode high, a thin finger nail of light, and we were cautioned to step carefully, for there were many dangerous places. Our driver left us safely at the big entrance and to right and left stretched the huge stalls and partly destroyed stabling for the Emperor's horses. Great black shapes showing dimly, while through the ruined gateway we passed to the arena of the vast amphitheater. All sorts of queer sights flitted across my mental vision. The terrifying tragedy of "Quo Vadis," and the many martyrs rose in my memory, and I could almost hear an earnest voice somewhere in the darkness exclaiming, "Ye call me Lord, and ye do well!"

I looked about instinctively, half-expecting the ghostly reappearance of the gladiator suggested! Nothing of the kind happened, however. Only the mist rose a bit higher, bringing with it the smell of the damp masonry which showed through the ruined flooring of the arena. The rows and rows of seats, broken and partly destroyed, with windowed outline against the sky, had such a solemn air, I could not believe anything so modern as fireworks would be allowed; but the desecration began, and brilliant blazes of red lighted the immense structure.

The ferns below glowed for an instant fresh and green, the lines of old steam pipe, half uncovered, showed their leaden lengths, and the mysterious doors and arches were revealed in clear outline, then resolved themselves into mist and uncertainty again, as the color faded. There were roman candles, which were appropriate enough there, if anywhere, skyrockets and fizzes of all kinds; and we took our way home, when the entertainment was ended, reluctantly.

The next morning early, the signora, with a gentle but determined rap, reminded us of breakfast, and, with a start, I remembered that this was not Chicago, but Rome, and that the bright sunshine flooding the room was the glorious, world-renowned sunshine of Italy! It didn't take me long to get out, I assure you, and what a breakfast for a hungry girl! We had arranged for coffee and rolls, the regular continental breakfast; but the thin, consumptive-looking slices of bread, presented on the prettily-decorated plate, were hardly enough for three, to say nothing of five. The signora was a French woman, and, with true Parisian politeness, could not in any way intimate that we were hungry. We managed it very nicely, however, and left a crust to satisfy her of our innate refinement. All the time we were with her, the breakfast never varied a slice, but we regularly breakfasted with her, drank our coffee, and got a chop around the corner!

A Busy Day.

There are so many things requisite to one's first visit to Rome during holy week, that we were constantly on the go. One of the most important is the visiting of the seven great churches. These seven basilicas, which possess the invaluable privilege of according 6000 years' indulgence to the penitent who shall visit in one day their designated shrines and altars, are St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Paul fuori le Mura (without the walls,) Santa Croce in Gerusalemmo, San Sebastien and San Lorenzo fuori le Mura.

When one reflects that these seven largest churches in Rome are scattered at great distances, belief in the reasonableness of the indulgence granted for visiting them all in one day and saying appropriate prayers in each increases. The granting of indulgences is so largely a feature of worship in Rome that this small feature of 6000 years from the sum total of Purgatory is almost inconsiderable.

The Santa Scala.

All good Catholics, particularly strangers, ascend the Holy Staircase, during Easter week, for with proper prayers, so many "Paters" and so many "Aves," the ascenders gain 3000 years' indulgence every time of mounting; but what temptation is that in a church where indulgences for 29,000 years may be bought on the festa of the patron saint! One of our party being of the Catholic faith, we all accompanied her to the Lateran Palace, where the staircase is located.

This stairway is claimed to be the actual one which Jesus Christ descended from the judgment seat of Pilate. It is certainly somewhat singular that it should have escaped the total destruction of Jerusalem—but there it is. "These holy steps that pious knees have worn," till they are nearly worn away, are now cased in wood. On Fridays, during Lent, crowds go up, always on their knees, repeating an Ave Maria or Paternoster at each step. There they were, on the day we visited the church, some even prone on their faces, with tears streaming down their cheeks, pressing their lips devoutly to its worn surface. The crowd was made up of young women,

old women, children, men and boys, in various stages of prostration and religious frenzy.

By the time they reached the top, where the life-sized figure of Christ lay swathed in flowers and crowned with the cruel thorns, most of the pilgrims were hysterical. Sobs and cries rent the air.

At the top, past the pitiful figure of Christ, the penitent reaches the Sanctum Sanctorum, a little dark-looking square hole with an iron grated window, so holy that no woman is ever permitted to enter. I am told it contains an altar piece painted by St. Luke, with the help of some angels, and is said to be a very poor piece of painting.

I have heard that Carlo Maratti used to lament that the evangelist had not been a contemporary of his that he might have given him a few lessons.

Making use of the side stairways for use of Protestants

and those descending, for no one descends the Holy Staircase (only Martin Luther had the temerity to do so,) we reached the little chapel.

Beautiful Services.

The daily, almost hourly, services in the different

churches are beautiful. Among them I must mention

the mass of the "Tenebre," that curious triangular service,

in which the lights go out one by one, leaving the

altar in total darkness, and are as mysteriously lighted.

Ah me! How sweetly the Pope's Angels did sing, and with what impressive majesty the service was concluded

by a glimpse of the handkerchief of St. Veronica!

As night fell, we huddled closer together, and only the light of the officiating priest twinkled far away on the altar.

The music of the organ swelled and disappeared, then

rose again, filling the arches with sweetness. The air

grew chilly, the music of voices softened and with one

accord stopped, as away above us, high on one of the

huge pillars, appeared a twinkling light, followed by the

gorgeous red robes of a cardinal. The devout ones fell

on their faces; but I raised my head, impressed with the

skill of the presentation, and watched while the holy

handkerchief, with its miraculous picture of the face of

Christ indelibly imprinted on the linen, was held up for

all to see. It is inclosed in a double-faced glass case,

framed in gold, and is carefully upheld by the cardinal

or priest who officiates. I could distinctly see in the

gathering dusk the outlines of the handkerchief, and, too, the misty portrait, as it appeared in the feeble light.

Then the light was withdrawn, the kneeling people arose, the music in weird tones filled the church, and the celebration was over. We all walked quietly down the pillared portico, stepping thoughtfully, filled with the beauty of the service.

Viewing the Holy Relics.

The most holy relics are exhibited in the various

churches on Holy Thursday. We all went to Santa Maria

Maggiore first. The walk beyond the walls is delightful,

and we sauntered comfortably, at last entering the

church by raising the huge leather curtain hanging before the door. The incense already floated on the air.

The nave was filled with people, a wide space before the

altar was carefully preserved, and, as I looked, edging my way slowly ahead, the chanting of choir boys and priests was heard.

A procession entered and escorted an official, who, while we waited, was fully arrayed in the garb of his calling, magnificent red robes.

The servers swung, the attendants stood with devoutly-clasped

hands, the lights filtered through the high windows, leaving stains of color in the air. Soon, I mean within an hour, and that's soon, you know, the dressing was finished, and the procession moved again.

This time the holy cardinal was proceeding to the crypt of the church

for an especial service, to procure the holy relics.

Noticing several going, we went too. The way was not far,

and, as His Eminence was passing us soon, and all were

hanging, my friend, in a stage whisper, asked, "Shall I kneel?" "No," I answered, in a scarcely audible tone.

The cardinal's assistant, a delightfully handsome young

priest, noticing my pretty friend, placed his hand on her head with a smile, saying: "Kneel, signorita."

Following the procession, we were soon back in the

church, and the cardinal ascended the narrow stairway

leading to an iron balcony on a side pillar. He waved

his hand as we stood, when all good Catholics instantly

bowed their heads or prostrated themselves. We did not,

but instead, watched intently for the relics, too holy to

be seen more than once a year, which are, in fact, not

seen at all by the devout ones, whose faces are turned to

the floor. His Eminence noticed those standing, peering round the big glass with its gilt frame, and smiled pleasantly.

Some of the relics to be seen in Rome on Holy Thurs-

day are: Half the real Cradle of Christ; a miraculous

statue of the Virgin; body of Pope Sistus V, unchanged

since burial and working miracles; half of the true cross

(though two-thirds are to be seen in several other places

than Rome); all the nails used in the Crucifixion; the

crown of thorns and some of the sponge; a phial of the

Virgin Mary's tears; a piece of her green petticoat; sev-

eral drops of the blood of Christ in a phial; and these

lighter relics were tallied by a whole cargo of the holy

earth from the sepulchre of Christ. The magnificent

Basilica of St. John Lateran has some very holy and

marvelous relics, viz.: Busts of St. Peter and St. Paul

in silver and set with jewels; a lock of hair from the

Virgin Mary; a piece of the stone of the sepulchre on

which the angel sat; a piece of the identical

porphyry pillar on which the cock perched and crowed when Peter denied Christ; rods of Moses and Aaron; a piece of the real

Ark of the Covenant; some towels with which the angels

wiped Saint Lorenzo's face while he was being broiled

on a gridiron. I'll not attempt to enumerate all the truly

true things to be seen during holy week in the city of

Rome. At other times, a suitable fee will bring most of

these relics to sight, but without the music, lights and

beautiful robes, the effect of the miracle-working won-

ders is less impressive.

## Among Hostile Yaquis. By Jose de Olivares.

### A THRILLING RIDE\*

TWENTY LEAGUES BY MEXICAN DILIGENCIA  
THROUGH THE SEAT OF WAR.

By a Special Contributor.

**G**UAYMAS (Mexico,) April 15.—To be roused out of a rosy slumber at 2 o'clock on a moonless morning and started on a twenty-league ride in a vehicle known as a "Mexican diligencia" is, at best, not the most cheerful of traveling propositions. And the further knowledge that the twenty leagues in question lie through the heart of one of the most hostile Indian countries civilization ever grappled with, is in no sense a relief to the situation. However, such were precisely the circumstances under which we set forth—the camera man and myself—from Guaymas to the region where the Yaqui war is in progress. Moreover, unlikely as it may seem, the crew of our diligencia consisted of a trio of the noisiest and wildest most questionable-appearing savages this self-same tribe of Yaquis could well produce.

The unique personality of our immediate custodians calls for a word of history concerning the brave old wagon wherein we were projected away on our happy-go-lucky assignment of ascertaining how matters stood in this long-waged conflict on the Mexican frontier. The conveyance is owned and operated by a company whose headquarters are somewhere in the heart of the Mexican Sierras, at the further extremity of the road from Guaymas. The specific name of this institution, if it has one, is nowhere in evidence along its line of travel, notwithstanding which it is entitled to pronounced credit for its magnificent nerve in having contracted with the Mexican government to carry the mail to the various army posts located at intervals throughout the hostile country. True, the dangers threatening the leagues of desert highway that must be traversed each trip are, thanks to the rigorously conducted campaign of the Mexican troops, less grave than formerly; which condition, however, does not alter the fact that the service has continued right along throughout the whole progress of the war, and with singular regularity, considering the frequency with which the drivers and their crews at the outstart had to be renewed. The relentless policy of the Yaquis in repeatedly picking off the Mexican drivers, and the consequent dearth of these functionaries, that early developed, impelled the stage company to resort to a desperate expedient. It was reasoned that the Yaquis were in the habit of sending out members of their band, from time to time, to seek employment on the various haciendas with a view to replenishing their ammunition and other supplies essential to the continuance of hostilities. Therefore, why not secure immunity for the government mails by recruiting their stage crews from among these ubiquitous tribesmen? True, such a measure promised no additional safeguard to their passenger service, but then the company had never made any pretensions, to say nothing of contracts with the traveling public, on that score. It was the postal subsidy that must be protected—the passengers could look out for themselves.

At all events there was clearly no other salvation for the company's contract, and the experiment was forthwith put to the test. The innovation worked to perfection—so far as the mails were concerned. True, the belligerent hostiles, from their roadside retreats, continued to make targets of such passengers as were so unwary as to obtrude their personalities from behind the wagon screens, but the vehicle itself, so long as a Yaqui driver was perched on the box, never once failed to get through on schedule time.

#### Two Weeks Without a Massacre.

However, as previously explained, conditions had improved somewhat at the time we undertook the trip, quite two weeks having elapsed since the last massacre had been enacted on the road we were to travel. Nevertheless, on the occasion of our visit to Hermosillo, it had occurred to Gen. Torres that we might feel more at ease if accompanied by an armed escort over the most hostile portions of the route, to which end I carried the necessary credentials, entitling us to such protection at any of the military outposts we would pass.

For the first four hours of the journey the darkness of our somewhat spare accommodations was of an intensity that, under ordinary circumstances, must certainly have produced a corresponding degree of monotony. Not so in this case, however. The Yaqui driver and his staff were too industriously occupied with infusing life into the motive power of our equipage to admit of any such tendency to dullness. The power in question consisted of half a dozen diminutive mules, hitched two abreast in the rear and four in the van, after the prevalent custom of the country. The characteristic perversity of this curiously-incorporated string explained the necessity of so large a corps of drivers. Their method was for the chief functionary to hold the lines, while his two lieutenants raced along on either side the unwilling team, which they sought to terrorize into a perpetual scamper, through the agency of long lashed whips of the blacksnake variety. This heroic process the entire trio continuously interspersed with a series of such hair-curving warwhoops as only the Indian can devise. All of which constituted a most suggestive accompaniment to our silent reflections on the long list of casualties, to which we were aware our chosen route was solely indebted for its fame.

The chief point of interest we passed in the course of this early morning interval, was a sudden swerve in the road, where this same diligencia had been capsized on its last inbound trip, which mishap had resulted in a broken leg to one, besides various bruises sustained by other

of the occupants. The details of this little incident were furnished us by a fellow traveler, who happened to be one of the passengers at the time, and who accounted for its origin as follows:

"You see," he explained, "this is a new crew—just down from the mountains—and the last trip having brought the three into contact with a military canteen for the first time, they naturally filled up on all the firewater, in the shape of native mescal, that came within their reach. Result—a smash-up, of course. But," he added, encouragingly, "that was twenty-four hours ago and no doubt they're sobered up by this time."

May be so. But considering the hideousness of their yell, I felt at liberty to doubt the theory. The fortitude of my informant, however, in undertaking another trip with the same outfit, in the face of the experience he had so recently undergone, could not but excite my admiration, and I straightway proceeded to cultivate him. My new acquaintance proved to be a civilian resident of an army post in the heart of the Indian country and, being thoroughly conversant with the territory through which we were passing, his companionship constituted a most enlightening feature of our trip. Added to this, he was something of a philosopher, in his own way, which fact he demonstrated about the time the darkness began to disperse. Observing by the faint light, which sifted in through the drawn curtains, that this denizen of the frontier was to all appearances unarmed—a most unconventional circumstance for these parts—I took occasion to express my surprise at the fact; to which comment he responded, in his somewhat unique vocabulary:

#### An Entertaining Passenger.

"Oh, I reckon I'd be heeled fast enough anywhere outside this particular wagon. But I've figured it out, that the less valuables you show along this road the better your chances are for getting through with a whole skin. Now, there's nothing a Yaqui Indian will covet quicker'n a good shooting iron—like either of those you an' your partner are sporting, for example. And he'd a heap sooner pick you off for the chance he'd stand of bagging your gun, than he would me if he knew I had a million dollar's in my clothes. You see, money's no object whatsoever to the Yaqui, while shooting utensils are both his capital and religion. Besides," he added depreciatingly, "there's no use spoiling your ride by looking for trouble from beginning to end of it. For if the Yaquis happen to spot you anywhere along the line, they'll sure get you, and without giving you a shade of a chance to argue the point with 'em. Is there any record of a live Yaqui ever having been seen from this stage? Not one. But on the other hand, he's spotted no end of travelers in his time—as the dead list will show. There was the American photographing outfit from Hermosillo, for instance; two in the party and the last ones in here before yourselves. Well, they were armed to the eyebrows and undertook to get through to Alamos, at the other end of the route, but the Yaquis got them before they were an hour out of Torin—killed in this same wagon, and on the very seat you're sitting on."

Here was an altogether new version as to the proper conventionalities to observe while en route through the Yaqui domain. During the progress of my interlocutor's theorizing I repeatedly caught myself in the act of casting skeptical glances at my erstwhile trusty Colt, which, to insure convenience, I had switched around on my belt to a position immediately in line with my right eye. And the camera man, meanwhile, was equally distrustful of the policy he had espoused, for he eyed the Winchester that rested athwart his knees in a way that convinced me he heartily wished it were his tripod. There's a deal more of truth than jest in these random details of that brief but singularly impressive discourse on the one-sidedness of Indian bushwhacking ethics. And the character of the country, with its ominous jungles of cactus and chaparral, through which the road at intervals plunged, tended to enhance our respect for the philosophy of our compatriot of the Sonora frontier, in no small measure.

While continuing on our way, the individual in question pointed out to us various spots of historical interest connected with the present war. As we approached an especially dense thicket, he suddenly observed, "I think I said awhile back that a live Yaqui had never been seen by travelers along this route—but there's a dead one over in yonder tree that anyone can look at."

#### A Grawsome Spectacle.

We followed the direction indicated and, sure enough, beheld a bleaching skeleton dangling from the limb of a mesquite tree.

"You'll see others like him at various points along the road," was the uncanny assurance vouchsafed by our friend. "They've been hung up there by the Mexican troops," he explained, "as a warning to the live hostiles. This particular one marks the spot where a whole battalion of Mexicans were wiped out, at the outstart of the war, in a fight with the Indians. You see, the devils decoyed the soldiers into one of their ambuscades, and then picked them off one after another from their hiding places in the cactus beds, where nothing that's human could reach them. That's their favorite style of fighting. In fact, a Yaqui will never show fight unless he has the sure drop on his intended victim. Their time for bushwhacking on a large scale, however, like the bloody massacre at this point, is past now, for the Mexicans have cut up what's left of them into small disorganized bands that go skulking about in the chaparral, or lie in wait near the roadside for travelers without escort."

We stopped the diligencia long enough to secure a photograph of the grawsome thing in the mesquite tree, and then resumed our journey. A little further on we drove into the village of Las Guasimas, the first military

post of importance in the Yaqui country, consisted of an adobe cuartel, or barracks, by a wretched assortment of thatched huts, we had expected to secure an armed escort, the remainder of our journey lay through bed of the hostile district. But, upon our officer in command, we were informed that garrison had gone in pursuit of a band, only two days before had visited the village and made off to the mountains with fourteen cattle belonging to the post. This was to have been made by the largest of marauding bands, in retaliation for the sustained at the hands of the Mexicans previously. On the occasion in question, we tracked the hostiles to their principal abode, the Sierras de la Bacatele, and, in the fight the Yaquis were killed, forty women and children and the village destroyed. The taken by the Mexicans. In this engagement four wounded. The captive Indian women were confined in the cuartel at this place, permitted to photograph them. When the post, they were in a pitiable condition, food, and harsh treatment at the hands of the local lords and masters. Hence, their present insuring them, as it does, plentiful food and protection, is in the nature of a boon to them.

#### The Scene of a Tragedy.

On our way from Las Guasimas to the post, we passed through one of the most desolate ever traversed, its chief danger lying in proximity to the mountains, from which we command a view of the road for miles. In the course of the afternoon our train pointed out to us the spot, opposite a mesquite tree, where two weeks previous the残酷st tragedies of the war had been enacted. A party of travelers, consisting of two men and two little children, were fired upon who were secreted in the ravine, and all two women killed outright. The woman had a most miraculous escape, her child in her arms, at which she fell fainting into the arms of her companions in the road. Here she lay for hours before recovering, and meanwhile thinking their awful work complete, enabling the bereaved wife and mother to rest post in safety.

At another point we were shown a mesquite tree, between two top branches of which a woman had been hung by a company of soldiers in the district. The invention, however, proved a failure, for the first sentry who perch was picked off by a Yaqui sharpshooter had secured so much as a preliminary surrounding country. Thereafter the sentry stand in the mesquite tree was deemed superfluous evil.

Night was far advanced before we reached Torin, the chief outpost on the Rio Yaqui, which was to be our headquarters during our stay in Indian country. Here we were courted by Col. Vega, chief of Gen. Torres's staff, immediately in command of the 4000 Mexican troops. On the following morning we were escort, consisting of a lieutenant and five men, and, thus equipped, at once proceeded westward through the Rio Yaqui basin. The beautiful crystalline stream of considerable volume, its tortuous course through a valley of beauty. It was this region that the Indians had formerly allotted by the Mexican government as their exclusive domain. There is absolutely no land, that its rich lands have ever been taken from them, as it is to a great extent densely covered with mesquite trees. In the midst of these Yaquis have dwelt for many years, conserving their deep-seated hatred of the white man and his tendencies. The missionary priests among them in vain, as the more earnest strive for the uplifting of the Yaqui, for they were despised by him. And notwithstanding his perversity, he has been suffered for years to control of this beautiful region—until at last the barous policy of death and destruction longer endured. And this is the story of the Yaqui, come to be expelled from the land of their fathers—and why his heritage is henceforth become the heritage of others. JOSE DE OLIVARES.

\*The illustrations on page 17 are from photographs specially for this article by an artist from the studio of Los Angeles.

**FIVE-CENT FARE, NEW YORK TO LONDON**  
[New York Herald:] Albert L. Johnson, engaged in a plan for constructing a ground route in London and wants to do it in New York, says that he will carry passengers in an hour and half from New York to London for a five-cent fare and make money by promoting the Philadelphia, Trenton & Atlantic Railroad Company, which is to be connected by an electric trolley line.

"Before the snow falls this year," he says, "the electric road will be operating between New York and London and carrying passengers for a five-cent fare. Within a year after it is running, the fare will be reduced to five cents."

# Views Caught in the Yaqui Country.



Captive Yaquis and their Mexican Captors



Staging in the Yaqui Country.



Col. Vega, Commanding Field Forces



Yaqui Camp



Captive Yaquis leaving the Mountains



Grewsome Warning to the Yaquis.

## LONELY TRAPPERS.

### THE PURSUIT OF FUR STILL ACTIVE IN THE NORTHWEST.

*From the New York Sun.*

S ALEM (Or.) Feb. 24.—No white people in these winter days are passing more lonely, primitive lives, beset with hardships and abounding in deeds of daring, than are the fur trappers of the Northwest region. From Central California northward to the Alkali Lakes in British Columbia there are nearly two thousand trappers who are living in huts, tents or log cabins, amid deep snow on the mountain sides, in desolate gulches or along frozen creeks, entirely cut off from intercourse with all mankind by enormous areas of snow and miles of ice. Most trappers have a companion or two to share their lonely seclusion, but some grizzled old fellows live alone for months at a time, from early winter until spring, without hearing the sound of a human voice. Every year the trappers bring in to the trading posts the information that some old trapper has been found dead in his cabin away out in the wilds. Then, too, many a trapper who has gone tramping across the country, over mountains and through cañons, toward his winter quarters, in the fall has never again been heard from by his fellow-trappers. The occasional finding of a human skeleton beside a trap and a gun tells the end of a trapper and of the lonely life he had led.

An industrious trapper may get furry pelts to the value of \$400 and \$500 from autumn till April, but the average winter's earnings are \$250. During the six or seven months of life in camp each man may get a dozen bearskins, thirty or more marten, a half-dozen beaver, fifty skunks and several hundred pounds of deer skins.

When the trapper goes into camp in the fall he builds a cabin about ten miles down from the summit of the range. Leaving some food and bedding and as many traps as will be needed at the end of the line, he pushes on ten or a dozen miles farther, cutting a trail as he goes to the next place for a camp, where he builds another cabin, and, supplying it as before, he continues on his way to the valley. Having arrived there, he turns the pack animals loose. Then a few days are spent in exploring the cañons opening into the valley, and if exceptionally good trapping "sign" is found, maybe another camp is erected near to it.

When the camp has been made, the trapper or trappers turn their attention to providing for the six or more months' food supply. Late in October the killing of elk and deer for winter food begins. With trappers there is no sport in shooting deer or elk for food. Every day the men go out and hunt like men attending to business, and in a week or ten days there is usually enough meat salted down and dried to last until spring comes.

Everything is now in readiness for the winter's work, and if there are two trappers together on a line, one of them will take one end of it and the other the other. Then they will begin setting traps, each man's string generally extending over a distance of fifty or sixty miles. Generally steel traps are used, but occasionally deadfalls made of heavy logs are built for the capture of a particularly large bear, which would be likely to get away with a common trap; and then there are a few trappers who make use of bent saplings, to which a slipnoose of stout rope is attached which springs up and draws the loop tight around anything that touches the bait. Whatever the method, the trapper generally makes a trip over his line once in three or four days to reset any traps that are sprung and make sure of anything caught. On these trips he takes his gun along, for it is no uncommon thing for him to have trouble with a trapped bear.

Any sort of trapping for a livelihood means a hard, lonely life, but the trapper who is alone lives a life that very few men, unless brought up to it from earliest youth, would want to experience. All day long he must endure hardships and privations. He must tramp through snow for miles every day. He must endure blizzards and windstorms. He must feel the gnawing of hunger for hours without complaining, and at all times his food is coarse and prepared amid crudities in cookery. Every day, or at least every other day, he must visit his traps set miles apart. In the spring and late autumn the swamps, where he gets some of his best furs, are often flooded and he has to wade through water to reach his traps. Beaver traps are often set under water, sometimes two or three feet below the surface. In summer the flies torture him, the mosquitoes, the black flies, and worst of all the tiny sand flies. In winter the snow is sometimes a help and sometimes a great hindrance. If it is very soft and light the best snowshoes will sink into it more or less, while in thawing weather it is likely to ball up on the bottom of the snowshoe until it weighs several pounds. But when there is a hard, icy crust and the snow is deep enough to cover the underbrush, traveling in the swamps is better than at any other season in the year.

When the trapper gets home at night his shanty is cold and dark, and he must make a fire and cook his own supper, not always a very satisfactory one. Venison is enjoyable once in awhile, but it is rather dry meat and one soon tires of it, especially in winter and spring, when the deer have been living on hemlock until the flesh is thoroughly flavored with it. Even partridges are very tiresome as a steady diet. Rabbits are apt to be tough, and bear's meat, which is not often obtainable, is much like coarse beef. When supper is over and the dishes are washed, if he washes them, there is nothing for the trapper to do but smoke his pipe for a little while and then go to bed. Occasionally there is a woodsman who is fond of a book, but usually he cares very little for reading, or has not money to spend on it.

Most people nowadays believe that the value of the peltry industry has shrunk to very small proportions. The value of the raw fur trade of the United States,

exclusive of Alaska, in 1899, was \$3,785,000. The trapping industry of British Columbia annually yields furs to the value of about \$1,200,000, and the raw fur product of the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana was upward of \$1,833,000 in 1899. California's mink and beaver-skin product alone during the same year was about \$67,000.

There has been very little diminution in the number of black-bear skins in the last ten years, but grizzly-bear skins, especially silver-tips, have become very much scarcer this side of the Canadian line. Nowadays the trappers of this region derive their greatest income from the sale of buckskins and minkskins. For some reason the number of these fur-bearing animals has increased notably during the present generation.

Skunk, coon and muskrat skins are as abundant as when the old-time trappers roamed this region over for the John Jacob Astor Company. The most valuable animal ever taken in the foothills and cañons of this region is the silver fox, \$100 to \$200 being sometimes paid for a single first-class specimen. The fur consists of a thick coat of short, dark hair, overlaid with much longer but more scattering hairs of glistening silver gray, producing a wonderfully beautiful effect. The beauty and value of an individual skin depend mainly upon the shade of the underlying coat of thick dark hair, for the darker it is the greater will be the contrast between it and the long, silvery hair above.

Strange to say, some very fine silver foxes have been captured near Vancouver, B. C., the last not more than three years ago, although the island has been inhabited for more than seventy years. Probably the explanation of their continued existence there lies in the fact that the silver fox is exceedingly cunning and difficult to catch.

It is difficult to give the value of most furs. There are many dealers in New York, Boston, Chicago and other places, and their circulars are constantly arriving at every postoffice in this region, addressed "To Any Trapper or Dealer in Raw Furs," but their quotations are apt to be indefinite. For instance, a dealer prints at the head of his price list the words, "Quotations are for full-furred, large, No. 1 skins; for lower grades we allow full value to us." Running down the column one finds, "Cross fox, value according to size, general beauty and richness, dark, \$10 and \$20." The dealer always reserves the right to determine the grade of the fur, and the trapper who sends him a fine cross-fox skin, expecting to get \$20 for it, is likely to receive only \$10, or even less. Some trappers prefer to sell to country storekeepers, with whom they can make a bargain before parting with their goods. Taking the highest figures often quoted, the silver fox heads the list, with the bear second at \$40, \$50 and even \$75. Then come the fisher and the cross fox at \$20; the otter, \$18; beaver, \$15; wolverine, \$10; lynx and black raccoon, \$6; wolf and marten, \$5, and so on down through the list of smaller and more common animals, such as mink, skunk, badger, wildcat, red and gray fox and muskrat. The lowest is the rabbit, worth 1 or 2 cents.

For ordinary trapping the deadfall is preferred by trappers to the steel trap. Deadfalls are excellent for mink, skunk, marten, opossum and coon. In fact, almost any kind of fur-bearing animals can be caught in these traps, with the exception of the fox, which is rarely caught in any kind of trap. Mink trapping is considered by most trappers the most difficult part of their vocation, and almost every old-time trapper has some pet theory on the subject. There are few more distrustful creatures on four legs than minks, the usual method of capturing minks is to set a trap along a stream where mink tracks are seen; a shallow hole is dug on the bank of the stream; a bit of chicken or rabbit is used for bait. Great care is exercised to conceal the trap and its chain by grass, leaves and earth, and extra care must be taken lest the concealment of the trap be overdone. The smallest indication that a human being has been in the locality will scare the hungriest mink away from the bait. Some trappers smoke their traps over burning fur and smoke their own boots and hands, to make sure that all scent of a human being is removed from the traps. The best location for a mink trap is where some mountain brook joins a larger stream and where the banks are steep. A mink is almost certain to follow up the branch for a few rods at least when he cuts across to the main stream again. There is as much in knowing where to set a trap as there is in knowing how to set it. There is no pelt that has varied so much in value during the last twenty years as mink. Twenty years ago mink skins sold for \$6 and upward for strictly large No. 1. Eight years ago the same pelts could not be sold for more than 50 cents. Today they are worth about \$4.

Most furs are at their best in March and April, but deer, moose, elk and antelope skins, which are valued mainly for the hides, will bring higher prices if killed later in the summer or early in the fall. These pelts are usually sold by the pound, and vary, according to quality, mode of curing and age, from 20 to 47 cents a pound.

The most valuable pelt got on this continent is the otter. It can never be trapped, and can only be had by shooting as it rolls in among the breakers along the upper Pacific shore. Forty years ago the sea otters were twenty times more numerous than to-day, and there is good reason to believe that a dozen years hence the animal will be well nigh extinct on the shores of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. A good pelt of a sea otter always brings from \$250 to \$800 in any trading post in this region. The total annual catch of sea otters is now about 4000. It was once more than 12,000. The fur requires no dyeing to fit it for use, like the seal fur, and in its natural state it is worth ten or twenty times the figure the sealskin sells for. It is not usually made into cloaks or sacques because too heavy as well as too expensive to suit the taste of many, and it is so rare that the fur is not often seen, except as trimmings for garments of sealskin.

The manner of securing the sea otters off the coast of Washington is interesting. If it were an easy task to get a sea otter there would no longer be any of them left in those waters, for they have been hunted here for twenty years by white men and a hundred or more by

Indians. The Indians hunt the sea otter in heavy canoes, in which they go out through the surf and cruising along for a mile or two, shoot the animal as it lies sleeping in the water with its head in sight. Owing to its extreme wariness it is difficult to hit after it is shot, only after long practice that an Indian, who is to the use of the canoe, is able to shoot a floating object in a choppy sea from an Indian canoe. Very often a hunter remains out a week or more results. It is not the Indians, however, who most sea otters. The white man has devised getting the valuable fur without risking his life in a canoe at sea. Along the beach from Gray's Point Granville are seven or eight three-story houses that look at a distance like huge skeletoons with a rude box at the top of each.

Those towers are called sea otter derricks and are erected as near the breakers as practical danger of being washed away. The beach is so nearly level that at a distance of 100 feet from shore the water is only two or three feet deep. The top of these derricks the hunters pick off the sea otter, and it is not an unusual thing for a man to kill his game at a distance of 1000 feet though these hunters are excellent riflemen. Weapons the very best, they may shoot a hundred without killing a single otter, so that in addition to good shots they must possess unusual patience.

The derricks are 40 feet high and at the base wide. On one of the piles a ladder is built and three poles are braced together by cross pieces. The top is built a box nearly as high as a man open at the top and partially open at the sides. The hunter sits in this wind-protected and with his rifle resting in front of him watches for the game. Not one sea otter sinks when it is killed by a bullet, and the tide throws the carcass on the beach. When a hunter is shooting each one marks his shot so that the owner may be known when the animal is taken.

### SEEMED ALIVE THOUGH DEAD

#### INSTANCES IN WHICH CORPSES HAVE BEEN SEMBLANCE OF LIFE.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Live persons have been with marvelous exactness, but when the dead seem to feign life, the spectacle is as gruesome as can well be imagined.

Not long ago a Russian cemetery was the scene of a weird a wedding as ever has been witnessed. A girl, who had been betrothed, died on the eve of her marriage and her friends decided that, in view of intervening hand of death, her marriage must take place. The wedding ceremony was performed outside of the grave, and after the marriage the bride returned to the coffin and lowered to its last resting place.

It is less than a year ago that a valuable prize was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who died when he passed the winning post. The race took place at an "electric light carnival," so-called in the presence of 10,000 people. In the last lap Jameson, a rider, forged to the front and seemed to lead that his victory was assured. When within six yards of the finish he was seen to relax his hold on the handle bar and loose his footing on the pedals. He did not fall from the machine, however, but fell in a frantic cheer, dashed by the goal, winning the half a wheel. As he passed the finishing line he picked up he was found to be dead, and what the doctors declared that death had come to him he was seen to lose his hold of the handle bars. He was a dead body that had ridden the last six yards of the race.

On a recent voyage the sealing schooner Arctic, cruising about two hundred miles off the coast of Alaska, when she sighted a dismantled shipwreck. Arctic bore down upon the derelict, and as she was enough a man was seen on board grasping the rudder and apparently steering the craft. No other sign was seen on the ship. The man at the wheel was but returned no answer—just stood there gazing spokes of the wheel and looking straight ahead. He was lowered and the mysterious ship boarded. They came close to the man at the wheel they saw with horror that he was dead and evidently had been dead many days. The ship, which was named the Franklin, had sailed from San Francisco for Alaska. It was clearly been dismantled by a gale and then driven by her crew. The captain had refused to leave the ship and, finding his strength failing, he had held on to the wheel and literally died at his post, steering the craft for hundreds of miles with hands that held the wheel as firm a grip as when alive.

Since the plague has been prevalent in India, parties go through the villages inspecting houses, with the idea of seeing that all cases of the plague are reported to the authorities. On a suspected house one day the inspectors met a party of natives playing cards. Something in the game of one of the players attracted the attention of the inspectors, who placed his hand upon the shoulder. To his amazement, the man snatched his hand to the floor. Upon examination, it was found he had been dead some time, but in order to avoid detection the house marked as plague-stricken, the other had concealed the fact of his death.

### A BIT OF STRATEGY.

[Chicago Tribune:] (Elder Sister:) Mr. — and you were in the parlor a long time last evening. I don't suppose you used much gas.

(Younger Sister:) The reason you didn't burn, Emily, was because Harold carried his hat on the door knob.

## "AS THE EAGLE FLIETH."

A SHORT PORTO RICAN ROMANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

TWO months after the squad of a dozen troopers rode into the mountain town of Coroxal, far in the high interior of Porto Rico, big Darby was doing his trick at stable-guard. It was that wonderful half hour at the close of a tropical day when the hush of twilight rests upon the mountains, and the dark is climbing, silently, steadily up from the valleys and gorges. The troop horses were buried in their noses. Darby sat upon a bale of hay with his carbine lying across his lap. He was at peace with himself—stately because five weeks had passed since a pay day. A little native girl was venturing shyly toward him. He said good evening in Spanish, and a queer tingle went up from his boots when he heard how sweet and low her voice was. She reclined daintily upon a bale of hay and rolled cigarettes for the big fellow to smoke. Never in the history of military men did a trick of perfect rest, and his brooding heart to peace.

The days which followed were strange days for Trooper Darby. Often the señorita watched him from a balcony, or walked past his quarters in the evening. She was always in the plaza when he was. It was Darby to treat her as he would a little girl; and yet, an instinct hidden somewhere deep forbade.

Since Darby's first enlistment long ago, he had shunned both black women and white. He was a quiet fellow usually, and had more manner and far more mind than was needed for a soldier. He had killed a grown man's ambition with the feeble satisfaction of being a dead, obedient soldier; but he had so much time and energy left over that despair sometimes swept into the rooms. Then it was that Trooper Darby went to the station, in which case he fell short of his single ambition. The stripes of a non-commissioned officer were removed so often from his sleeve, that he finally refused to have them replaced at all. So in spite of intervals of fine soldiering, he remained Private Darby.

The last four months of his enlistment were passing quickly in Coroxal, and passing strangely, too. The days were full of troubled thoughts, and the evenings—the evenings were beautiful. Queer indeed, are the little Porto Rican maidens. They know nothing of the world, except their own fruit-laden, sun-drenched hills, but they are moved by the hearts of women. They are without education, yet possessed of woman's art. They drink wine in their joy and rum in their despair. They light a cigarette in their babyhood; it is still lighted in their dying. For breakfast they have coffee and cigarettes; for dinner a fried plantain, with cigarettes before and after; for supper they drink the juice of an orange, followed by an evening of cigarettes and native wines. Hence they are ready to die at the age when a Northern woman is looking for a husband. They adore music; they are mad in the dance—grandmothers at thirty. The spirit of romance lives in their land. Marie, who ventured shyly down to the picket line that night, was one of them.

A mile above the town, in the very heights, was a bamboo shack where Marie and her old mother lived and wove white straw into hats and delicate blue strips into matting. After retreat in the evening Darby would be seen striding up this steep trail. It was very beautiful to sit up there beside the old hill maiden. Far below the lights of the town nestled; and sometimes when the breeze was right in voices of the soldiers could be heard singing dreamily of their native land. All about rose the cliff shadows and on their tops the moon flung a veil of misty gray. And Marie would turn her great dark eyes upon Darby. Those eyes of hers shone through the dark, for the moonlight was in them. And behind in the doorway of the shack sat the old mother humming Spanish hymns in a quavering voice—like one who had lived her life, and now only bides.

Darby would have liked to take the little girl upon his knee and talk to her, as he might have done to a child of her age and size back in the States. But every time this thought came, the heart within throbbed a warning. Marie was not a child. She was a woman. He would have been made happy indeed had the big soldier followed the suggestion of his mind. Darby could not quite understand for a time why he always sought the shack of Marie in the evening.

And there was always another visitor. This was Juan, who drove often all day from the coffee plantations to the town. Juan was not a brother. In the natural course of events he would have married Marie and become master of the little shack in the heights. Juan always smiled when the soldier came. It is the way the poor Porto Rican peon had been taught—to smile in the presence of a white man, even though one's heart be breaking. The fathers of Juan had learned this lesson well years ago when the Spaniard came.

For a long time big Darby did not understand about Juan, since the latter gave not the slightest hint that he would be a rival. And Marie never noticed her namesake, never after the white soldier had reached the top of the trail. Her ardent heart could contain no subtlety, nor was it large enough for more than one romance.

One night when the soldier and Marie were talking merrily together, poor Juan forgot the outer world, forgot everything but the pain in his heart and the hopelessness of his life. When Marie had only been a wee maid, toddling about in the sun, clad in a single garment, he had searched the hills for hours to find the bright, choicest oranges for her. Long before the white man came, he had saved pennies until they grew into pence—each one the price of many days of toil from dawn till dark on the hot trails—saved them for her.

He did not hate the white man, but the wound in his heart hurt desperately, and for a moment the law and the lessons of his fathers were forgotten. His face became the mirror of his heart. Agony, not rebellion, was reflected there.

It was a strange moment for big Darby. The perfume, the starlight, the sweet torrid air had put a spell of romance in his brain. Is years had long been bitter and lonely. He saw nothing ahead except more such years and then a Soldier's Home in which to brood and wither and die—unless! Here was a young girl who had made him her hero, her king. There was no one yearning for him back in the Northland, no one who cared for him—not even an old mother to bless him. Long ago he had killed all ambition. He need never again go North. His enlistment would be finished in a month, and then he would have money. He might live in these beautiful hills until the sun had burned him black like the others; and his far-off dream of a home and a woman would be a dream no longer; and the wander spirit within him would give way to perfect rest, and his brooding heart to peace.

Big Darby was breathing hard. The eyes of the hill maiden, Marie, were straining toward his. Now he knew that she was a woman—not a little girl. His thoughts had laid this fact bare. He need only lean over and touch his lips to hers, and the great change would be wrought in an instant. The years had been long and lonely since a woman had turned her face toward him. Big Darby's eyes were dry; an aching lump filled his throat. A kiss that moment would have destroyed the monotony of the years; it would have fixed a bright vision in what had been a desolate future; it would have been the corner stone upon which Nature could build a great white castle of romance.

That moment big Darby saw the face of Juan, the ox-driver. It was turned toward the low southeast where a great pale moon was rising; and upon that face of Juan, the ox-driver, big Darby saw the tragedy of a breaking heart. The seal was not affixed. The trooper arose to his feet, shook himself like a great beast that has slept under the weight of an ugly dream, and moved slowly down the trail. Juan started to his feet quickly, but he did not understand. Señorita Marie would have followed but the trooper spoke:

"No, no—mañana!"

The manner of his words was convincing. Big Darby turned on a big cross trail and walked and walked. At length he came to a river—the tiny Coroxal which was tinkling noisily over the stones and down the mountain to the bosom of its parent, the Rio Grande. Darby sat down upon a rock at the river's edge. He had done no wrong. The face of Juan had sent the crushing truths home in time. His dream of a life in these fruit-laden hills with Marie was beautiful, but not according to the law. In the memory of the troop he had drank when the mood was upon him. The thirst was burning him now. He would always drink, and, like an old cavalry horse, if parted from his troop, he will crave for it. Besides he had not hurt Marie deeply yet. He would show her the right way. But there—were—no—lights—ahead!

That night big Darby did not return at "taps." The troopers smiled and told each other that he had come down the pole. They wondered where he got the price. They were very wrong. Darby was not drunk. He was out in the dark fighting a splendid fight—at the edge of a mountain stream.

To some men life is a continual nagging skirmish; to others it is a single decisive engagement won or lost; to still others, and these are legion, life is a long, drowsy summer camp. The men who deserve the medals of honor are the hard and haggard fellows on the skirmish line who have to fight to live, who get their training under fire, who keep the small of their backs to the fields they have won, and who make the history for the campers to read. The second class have moral forces superior to their infirmities. They surround their natural enemies in the beginning and slaughter them once and for all. These men are to be praised. They are also to be envied for the admirable balance of brain and sinew which their fathers gave them. They are the successful, the happy, the admired men—but the evil insurrection within them was never whole-hearted nor unkillable.

But you want a hero? Go pick one from the lean, panting, worried fellows who are forever on the skirmish line, whose foes are themselves. These have mighty virtues, but their weaknesses are mighty, too. These know no peace. They fall, are bruised; they rise again. Their foes are as stubborn as the incoming tide, as virile as poison, as relentless as granite. A man indeed, is he who systematically starves a host of ugly passions.

In the last month big Darby made many trips up the trail to the shack of Marie and her mother; and Juan, the poor Porto Rican peon, clutched at the belief with all his simple mind that the white man was an angel from heaven, and because it was the right way, because he had made up his mind, Trooper Darby had strength to lead Marie into the right way. When he journeyed to San Juan to get his final cashed, all the American soldiers in the capital city were talking about a new war in China. Big Darby took no drink, though there was much money in his pocket. On the way back to Coroxal he wondered if the war in China would mean much action.

It was evening when he walked up the trail, and by his side was the old priest of the district. Silently they walked together upward, upward toward the heights. Marie was there; Juan was there, and in the doorway the old mother sat in the deepening twilight, mumbling the old refrains.

The moon beamed down upon the mountain tops, while the priest uttered softly the words of the old, old story. And the moon played in the depths of the running rivers, and whitened the great cliffs—and the soul of one of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen. When it was all over, big Darby paid the priest and placed a roll in the trembling

hands of Juan, the poor ox-driver—fortune away up in the mountains of Porto Rico, where pennies are dollars.

Then big Darby kissed Marie, the bride (for the first time;) held her fast in his arms an instant, because she was sobbing a little. Then he hastened down the trail to the town (for the last time.) And at the canteen he bought a round of drinks for the boys, and told them he would start for the States in a couple of days to take on in one of the new cavalry regiments which were being equipped for Chinese service.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

## SEA-URCHIN FISHING.

PECULIAR INDUSTRY OF THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

By a Special Contributor.

ON THE coast of the Mediterranean quite an extensive fishery for sea urchins is carried on. The inhabitants of these seaport towns, following the example of the ancient Romans, with whom the echinus used to be a favorite article of food, eat largely of these excellent "hérisson de mer."

In the streets of Cannes and Nice, the little booths like popcorn stalls, at the corners of the roads and under the palms on the boulevards, do a brisk trade in sea urchins. Here, at the lunch hour, come a picturesque and motley crowd. Italian workmen, in their bright blue corduroys, braced up with scarlet sashes, gilt earrings glittering in their ears, stroll along with indolent grace as if to them time were of no importance. Pretty girls, with dark hair and melting eyes, gay 'kerchiefs on their heads, all colors of the rainbow happily blended in their dress, stop, and, with basket on one shoulder, chaff with the stall-keeper and taste his wares. Old wrinkled women, carrying heavy burdens, shop boys with errands all undone, stay, and, amid chatter and laughter and the clinking of spoons, make their cheap lunch off urchins eaten raw like oysters, with plenty of red pepper and salt.

Being curious to know the method employed in fishing for the echinus, I gladly availed myself of the invitation extended to me by one of the Cannes fishermen to accompany him on his next expedition across the bay.

Pierre, Marie, Jean, an amiable old villain with a child-like smile, who had the reputation of being very handy with his knife, and who looked as if he had just stepped off the stage, helped me politely into his crazy old flat-bottomed punt.

"There are all the rods or nets we shall use," he said, in answer to a query of mine as to tackle we would be likely to require. Pointing to a long pole with an iron hook at the end of it, a bottle of oil and a greasy white feather, he chuckled at my surprise. "Monsieur will see presently how it is done," he muttered, and with slow, strong strokes, he steered the boat toward the islands of the Lérin, which lay sleeping in the sunlight, like fairy castles on the blue of the sea.

As we drew closer to St. Maguerite's rocky shore, looking over the side of the boat, through the clear, transparent water, you could see right down to the ocean bed, where crabs were scuttling about, seaweed waved, and through the pale green translucence gleamed the mother-of-pearl from broken abalone shells. It is a peculiarity of the Mediterranean that on a calm day the waters are very clear and the bottom is visible at a great depth. But now the mistral began to blow, and little white crests rose on the waves. "Tiens," said Pierre Jean, "we must make haste with the fishing, before it gets any roughed. There is an 'hérisson.' He pointed downward, and faintly through the ripples my unaccustomed eyes could see something crawling on a patch of rock.

Pierre took the bottle, dipped the feather in it, and with practiced hand scattered the drops in a circle. They spread and made a complete ring on the surface of the water, and inside that charmed circle it was as smooth as glass and you could watch every movement in that submarine garden. He thrust the long pole down, scattering shoals of silver fish, and after one or two trials hooked up the urchin on the end of it. Then we floated a little further and repeated the process, till our path was marked with little rings of calm, and the ever-useful oil bottle was nearly empty. This looked so simple and easy that I felt moved to try my hand at it. But the pole was long and heavy and exceedingly awkward to manage. It seemed to have a will of its own and be very independent in its actions, and after nearly capsizing the boat by tripping over the end of it, and hitting Pierre on the head, I decided that urchin fishing was not my vocation in life and gave it up in disgust. The fisherman laughed good naturally. "Monsieur only wants a little practice to do it to perfection," he exclaimed, with ready flattery.

Soon the bottom of the boat was full of urchins, still glittering wet with the salt water. The colors showed in all their beauty—soft mauves, brilliant scarlets, and melting greens. They lay in rich confusion and feebly waved their spikes in mute protest as the punt rocked to and fro upon the tide. I grieved for their untimely end—that anything so beautiful should die; and Pierre, seeing me eyeing them, said with a meditative air: "There, now, is a supper for a King. Twelve of those 'hérissons de mer,' with glass of good wine—what could you have better? It is true the aristocracy prefer snails with butter and parsley sauce. They are more highly toned; but for my part give me sea urchins." M. H.

## ANOTHER SIMILARITY IN THEIR PROFESSION.

[Indianapolis Press:] "Were you ever taken for a minister?" asked the soubrette.

"No," said the leading man with the spiritual face, "but I have been treated like one."

"Eh?"

"I have sometimes been compelled to wait six or seven months for my salary."

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

### A Stiff-looking Parlor.

T. R. A., LOS ANGELES, writes as follows: "We have a parlor, 12x14, with three doors and two windows. We have just had it repapered light green, and used gold molding; have purchased carpet to match, with large red roses. We have a black piano with dark green, that is, a dark shade of olive green, scarf. A bamboo music stand, three mahogany chairs and a settee. All of these pieces are covered in the old-style red cloth, with green flowered stripes running through center. We thought with the new paper and carpet the old-style chairs would look rather stylish, as we had new Irish point curtains. But everything seems so stiff. Will you kindly inform me what kind of ornaments to use on piano? Would you get some small tables or a tabourette? If so, what kind of wood, and what shall I use on them? A growing plant? What kind of jardiniere would you use, and what sort of rugs? I would also like to ask you about our dining-room. We have a sitting-room next the parlor, then a dining-room, this latter room being joined to the kitchen by folding doors. In the kitchen we have matting on the floor. Would you use linoleum, matting, or a large rug and matting edge on dining-room floor? What color must this be? The paper in a grayish blue, woodwork gray. We have a mahogany table and chiffonier and oak chairs. Will you also tell me how, and what color to drape the screen doors opening from sitting-room and hall into dining-room?"

I am sorry that you have used a gilt molding in your parlor, as it cheapens the look of a room very much. If you can afford to do so, change it, and have one corresponding with your woodwork put up. I am also afraid that the olive green of your piano cover does not match the shade of your light green walls and the carpet you bought to go with them. One strong bit of olive in a cold green room can throw out the whole coloring. Here again it may only strengthen and deepen the other greens. Of course, I cannot tell this unless I know the exact shades. You will have to look at this critically and judge for yourself. Your room probably looks stiff to you because you have not brought it together by the use of wicker furniture. Your upholstered pieces will look much richer and more appropriate to the room if you introduce a few graceful pieces of lighter make, such as East Indian chairs. I know these are difficult to procure, and I often hesitate to recommend them on this account, but there is nothing in modern make which really imparts the same little foreign air of lightness and comfort. Now get a pretty wicker tea table and, using an embroidered teacloth, set it with pretty cups and saucers, a bowl or vase of roses, etc., near the fireplace, or a window. You ask my advise about what to use for ornaments on your piano. I like rather a large jar at one end of an upright piano. You can have a plant growing in this or use it to hold branches of fruit blossoms or any handsome foliage plant. The Japanese arrangement of these things, that is, sticking in a few beautiful branches and letting them flare out, is very effective on a piano. A photograph or two in a little holder and a small, low Indian basket also look well for piano decoration. As for rugs, I should not think you would need them with your new carpet, unless you choose to throw one of black fur in front of your fireplace or doorway. You ask about covering for your dining-room floor. I never advise the use of linoleum for artistic purposes, although its usefulness I cannot deny. It makes an excellent covering (when a quiet pattern) for a kitchen floor. I would use matting and a large rug for my dining-room. This rug should be old blue, some shades darker than your walls. The best way really is to cover the whole floor first with matting, very carefully and neatly laid, then over this stretch tightly your rug beneath the table socketting it at the corners. You can then remove it when you wish to sweep thoroughly. You could get a pretty and cheerful effect in here by curtaining your windows freshly with white muslin and straight scarfs of silk or denim in a cold green. Drab paint is not cheerful, but I think the green would make it look so. You could make curtains for your doorway in this way: Use a handsome quality of denim in old blue, and embroider it at intervals of one foot each way, with disks in heavy white rope-floss; from the center of each disk hang a white floss tassel, suspending it by a two-inch cord. One foot from the bottom of curtain put a row of these disks, setting them close together. The tassels hanging thus in line will form an artistic-looking fringe against the curtain. Hang one, or two, of these curtains, as the width of doorway seems to require.

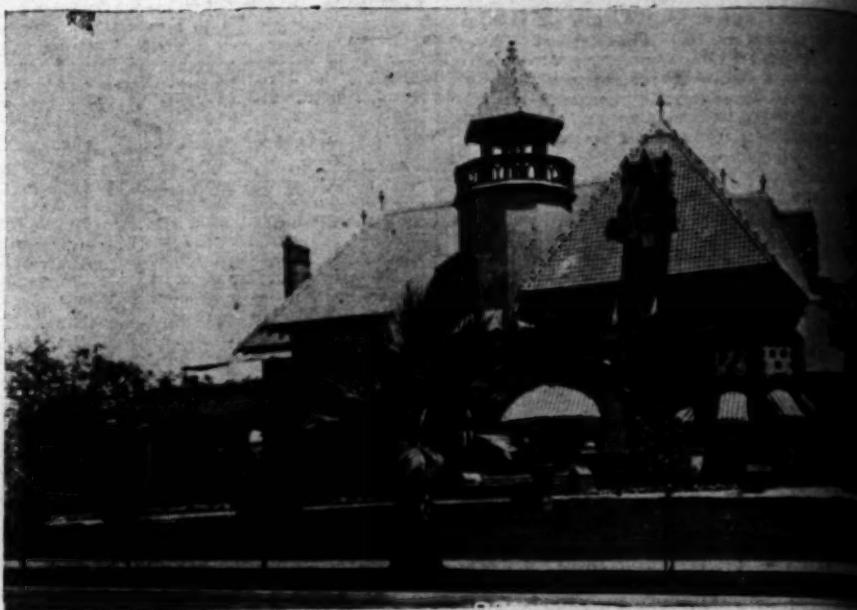
### The Transformation of a House.

G. P. M., Los Angeles, writes: "I see you help some other people who seem to know as little about how to fix their rooms as I do. I do want my husband to feel his home is pretty and homelike. My house has a little hall and on one side is the parlor, with a square arch leading into the dining-room. On the other side of the hall are two bedrooms. I have, for the parlor, an old-fashioned marble-top center table, with rosewood legs; two oak rockers, a little divan like the table, two pretty colored pictures of 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning,' and an engraving of 'Good-by, Sweetheart;' two stuffed water birds and a bead mat to set lamp on. I wish I had not bought my carpet, but I have. It is good Brussels, but is a kind of yellow ground, with figures of brown and blue. What color shall I get for the walls? I also have several paintings on velvet, hung as bannerettes. For my dining-room I have no carpet as yet. Would you advise matting? I have a very plain table and four chairs in a sort of varnished pine. How could I rig up a sideboard cheap? The walls in this room are tinted a right

pretty yellow, but the paint on woodwork is so bad it must be done over. What color shall I paint it? I have \$50 to spend for the two bedrooms, and I already have one low, old-fashioned, light wood bed, with mattresses, and a couch; also two rather scratched light wood chairs, and one rattan rocker. One of the floors is covered with matting which is good, and there is a grayish blue art square I could use. Everything else I must buy. There is a bath between, so there is no need of washstands. I forgot to say that I have for parlor some bookshelves that stand upon legs a little way from the floor. They are about five feet in length and have a shelf at top."

I would, in the first place, do away entirely with the painted velvet bannerettes. Burn them up or give them to your maid to decorate her room with. Relegate the pictures of 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' to your bedroom, where you must recognize they would be most appropriate. If your bead mat is Indian work suspend it from the corner of a bric-a-brac shelf as a curio, but do not use it under the lamp. Your stuffed birds would look well on the dining-room mantelpiece. Now you have cleared your parlor out pretty well, but have left a Brussels carpet of brown, yellow and blue, and a few pieces of furniture. I would suggest that you do your

walls, will be most effective. At your windows hang white muslin curtains against the glass and over them dark blue China crepe, figured with a front edge of these crepe curtains over them use cords at intervals of six or eight inches. These East Indian tassels and will form a pretty finish for your curtains. Your dining-room yellow walls, black paint and a matting furniture should be very attractive if you paint your furniture also black. Make flat curtains tie them firmly at the back with bows. Hang cream-colored net curtains over them use straight scarfs of thin brown silk cords and tassels. Your table has a large cover to come well over the sides, of course. You will find that white flowers will look well on your table. The furnishings I have are well calculated to bring out the beauty of the room. Have a set of plain shelves, made of wood, and paint them black. Have this in the top shelf as a buffet. Behind this furniture and on a line with the top, tack on a Samoan mat. One of those grass-woven mats in soft yellows and browns. You will see this finish your little buffet charmingly. Against



RESIDENCE OF O. P. POSEY, CHESTER PLACE, LOS ANGELES.



RESIDENCE OF E. T. EARL, WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES.

parlor in yellow and dark blue, and your dining-room with its yellow walls, in yellow and golden brown. Have yellow walls in both rooms. As it seems that you have to paper the parlor, use cartridge paper in a plain strong yellow a little deeper in tone than the color on dining-room walls. Be very sure that this is a shade of yellow which matches that in carpet. Paint the woodwork in both rooms black. Now you will find that you have a clean, pretty little parlor and doing the walls of these two rooms alike will give an effect of much more space than you had formerly. Make a table cover of a dark shade of dull blue silk in the way I have often advised, putting handsome tasseled at the corners. This will cover the marble top of your table. Do not neglect to use the layer of canton flannel under the silk. If you have a few handsomely-bound books dispose them tastefully on this table and use your lamp here without a mat. Your lamp should have a fresh, prettily-made shade of yellow silk or creped paper. Be very sure that this yellow also harmonizes with the other. Put your rattan rocker in the parlor and use one of the oak rockers in the bedroom. Buy two of those pretty straight-backed chairs that may be had for \$3 apiece and use in parlor. You will then have the three pieces of wicker or rattan to offset the heavier furniture. Buy some good modern prints of fine old paintings and have them framed in flat, dark wood. These, hung against your plain yellow

your plates or silver, curtaining the front of the windows, using white muslin sash curtains. Make a white muslin draped dressing table box, such as I have often described. Use soft old blue or a lighter shade, called pale blue, for your accessories of the toilette. Cushion the chair with the flowered stuff. For the other you can buy a single bed, in iron, with mattress. You have not told me the color of the walls. I cannot suggest a color scheme to you. To keep the whole thing a fresh, pretty green, white iron bed with white dimity ruffled curtains at window, you could make this little room very attractive. It would cost as much to have your floor well painted a polished as to buy a good quality of matting for the whole floor, and on the painted floor you could lay a rug or two, which would be an expense. A small Brussels rug of the color of the walls would not cost much and would look well on the matting floor in front of dressing table. Use in this room, covering it with denim and pink and silk cushions on it.

# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Scientific Burglary.

A SCIENTIFIC burglary appears to be the latest phase of our civilization. A month ago the postoffice in Percy street, Tottenham Court Road, was invaded during the night and £350 worth of postal orders and other valuables were abstracted from the safe. How this was done was a mystery until a foreman from an oxygen-making company gave evidence at the Marlborough Street Police Court that a portion of the safe had been burned away by a jet of oxyhydrogen flame. Whether the two men charged with the crime were the skilled operators remains, of course, to be seen and must not be prejudged, but whoever the criminals, the method showed a distinct application of science to burglary which may rank among the advances of the twentieth century. It is suggested that the criminals had first bought compressed oxygen; then, having obtained access through the skylight, they drew on the supply of carburetted hydrogen, which, like more or less brilliance, still illuminates most of our dwellings, and passing these gases through a suitable burner they produced an intense blue flame, yielding little light and no smell, at a temperature probably exceeding 4000 deg. Fahr. Thus, depoised the experts about an hour or hour and a half they had burned away so much of the safe that the lock fell out. —London Telegraph.

## A Strange Family.

MITTENDEN FEASTER is dead at his home at Miller Gap, in Grant county. Although 55 years old, he had never seen a railroad train, steamboat or steam engine. He had never heard a voice over the telephone, and had never been further than nine miles away from his home.

He was the father of a large family, but his children say that even the closest neighbors do not know his number. They are apparently afraid of human beings, and will flee wild animals at the approach of strangers. Their home is a small hut in the mountains, where he has spent all the years of his life.—[Parkersburg (W. Va.) Correspondence Atlanta News.]

## In Death Spurned.

A UNIQUE headstone, in the shape of a large tree, marks the burial place of George Alcorn, who was killed by falling poplar in the Brown county hills, four miles east of Nashville, Ind., in the year 1835. This was the year in which the county was being settled, and the people were in the habit of assembling on one another's farms and holding a "log-rolling"—cutting all the timber, rolling it into huge piles and burning it—the object being to clear the land. In one of these logs Alcorn was handling a large poplar tree, when it rolled over him, crushing his life out. There was no undertaker within thirty miles, so the dead man's friends used their own resources to bury him. The log was split and the two pieces hollowed out like a casket. The remains were placed inside and the two ends joined together again. This improvised coffin was buried into the ground. The wood happened to be green and a sprout soon sprang up at the head of the casket. This was not molested, and today it is a tree 30 feet high, 30 feet across and has a diameter of 30 inches.—[Unidentified.]

## At Villa's Wonderful Bed of Violets.

ONE of the most characteristic sights of Rome, and one comparatively little known to tourists, is now the height of its perfection—the violets at Hadrian's villa. On ascending the long avenue one is conscious of a perfume of violets which permeates the air. At first, over the whole length and breadth of the famous villa, is spread a perfumed carpet of this flower—not monotonous purple in hue, but many shades from the faintest red mauve, we could almost say white, down to the richest purple—and so quickly scattered that it is impossible to avoid stepping upon them. Besides this the violets are beautified in the loveliest way by the tiny blossoms; wherever, in a cranny there will be one or more violets, until one can think of no simile more appropriate than a huge bouquet. Some idea can be gained of how many violets there are when it is considered that the visitors at the villa at this time of year average from twenty-five to thirty daily, and that each person carries off a large basketful, this profuse picking making not the least impression on the millions provided by prodigal nature. It is a sight worth any trouble to see.—[Unidentified.]

## Found His Watch for Dinner.

ANY of our well-known millionaires have a habit of going about New York with only a few cents of change in their pockets, and perhaps none carries less of the coin of the realm than Henry Clews. Not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Clews dined at a place where the waiter-author was unknown, and where the rule was strictly cash down. Knowing that his good wife generally had sufficient money in her purse to defray any ordinary expense, he whispered when the finger bowls were brought: "My dear, will you lend me enough to pay for the dinner? I forgot to bring any money." But Mrs. Clews, too, had forgotten to bring any money, and there sat this delectable couple with nothing at home but not a cent for hotel tribute! The waiter's explanation to the waiter was not regarded as satisfactory, neither did the house understand. The proprietor, a fellow without discernment or tact, was so taken to be incredulous that Mr. Clews, disdaining

a controversy, quietly deposited his gold watch as a pledge that the bill should be paid as soon as he could send a messenger from his home. In getting into this scrape Mr. Clews is not singular. Other millionaires have had similar difficulties. There is a well-told story that John D. Rockefeller, happening to find his pockets empty, once permitted a stranger to pay his fare on the elevated road.—[New York Press.]

## Found a Diamond in a Soda Cracker.

ENSACOLA, Fla.—Mrs. M. W. Latham, wife of a Louisville and Nashville telegraph operator, found a small diamond a few days ago in a most singular manner. She was eating a soda cracker at a regular meal when the brilliant stone fell in the plate before her. At first she thought it fell from a ring she wore, but upon scrutiny this was found untrue and the diamond must have been buried in the cracker. The article of food had been purchased from a near-by grocery store and was being served from the original package, so that it is evident the stone had been buried in the cracker, it having probably been dropped in the mixture before the baker assumed charge. The diamond was examined and found genuine.—[Atlanta Journal.]

## Wall Paper of Clippings.

APERING his walls with clippings is the newspaper man's idea of decoration, and has its own charm and interest. A wall covered with cartoons is also interesting, but merely slapped on with a dash of paste they are done for. They cannot be moved, and newspaper and artist folk are not conspicuous for "topographical fixity of center." The sub-editor of a magazine, remarkable chiefly for its pretty poster covers, fancied pasting a row of these across the white wall of her den. Each cover corner has its square of cardboard attached, which might rip away the paste in moving, but would leave the cover intact.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

## Love and Science.

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, obdurate parents and brothers when the science of electricity is applied," says Frank M. Weaver, electrician for a local telephone company, who is spending his honeymoon here. Mr. Weaver's ingenuity won for him a wife, a sweet-faced young woman just 16 years of age. She was Miss Tot Kell, of Latrobe, and on account of her tender years her parents objected to her receiving the attentions of Weaver. Miss Kell was so closely watched that she could not talk to Weaver. This proved no obstacle to their love-making. At the back of the Kell residence there is a palisade fence. Here one night Weaver put up a letter box. From the box a wire was strung to his room two blocks away. In the room a small incandescent globe was attached to the wall.

When a letter was dropped in the box a connection was made and light gave signal that a message was in the box. The last letter received from Miss Kell stated that her parents threatened to send her to a convent. This was enough for the young man. The couple arranged details for an elopement and they left Latrobe. The girl's brother learned of their intentions and followed them to Irwin. They eluded him and went to Steubenville, Ohio, and were married.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver are now in Irwin, and in a few days the bride will go home for parental forgiveness.—[Irwin (Pa.) Dispatch Philadelphia North American.]

## A Tandem Cow Team in Paris.

BEAUTIFUL 16-year-old girl, Laura Rienzo, who comes from Bahia, and is said to be the greatest heiress in Brazil, has for the last three days been driving through the fashionable thoroughfares two fast-trotting cows harnessed tandem to a pretty cart. The animals are small, black and fiery, but obey the reins perfectly. The police at first were puzzled to know whether or not the law would permit the driving of such animals. An Inspector called upon Miss Rienzo at her residence, where he was assured that the trotting cows were perfectly gentle and had been trained in Rio Janeiro by order of Rienzo especially for his daughter's amusement. The team reached France a week ago yesterday. The owner of the Nouveau Cirque offered \$10,000 for the team, but the offer was declined.—[Paris Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

## Two Brothers Married to the Same Girl.

CURIOS INCIDENT is reported from the town of Sandorsalva, in Hungary. Gonerich and his brother Franz were engaged to be married to two sisters, Katicza and Marie. The two couples were properly and legally united according to the requirements of the State before the registrar, and Gonerich proceeded proudly to church with his Katicza and Franz with his Marie. Whether, through the negligence of the sacristan, the nervousness of the bridal couples and their relatives, or the awkwardness or artfulness of the priest nobody can explain, but the fact remained that the benediction of the church was pronounced over the union of Gonerich and Marie and Franz was espoused to his brother's legal wife. The words of the church declared that the respective couples were united before God by a bond that no man dare sever, and the mistake was only discovered when they got into the sacristy and paid the fees. The father of the two brides played the procrastinator. He is a man fond of good living, and an excellent wedding breakfast was awaiting the consumption of the guests at home, so he declared that they should all enjoy their meal feast first. When, however, the feast was over and all

had freely quaffed the flowing bowl, the hitherto prevailing harmony was roughly and cruelly disturbed. The newly wedded couples were about to make their departure when the father-in-law stepped up to the two bridegrooms and informed them that his head was not clear enough at that moment to pronounce a suitable opinion as to which of the two weddings was legal, so that they would have to leave the house and abide the decision of the law court, while the two newly married brides would meanwhile remain without their husbands under the paternal roof. Remonstrance proved of no avail—not even the tears of the brides, who averred that they would accept any decision and would leave the selection of the husband to their father if only he would let each of them depart, either with Gonerich or Franz.—[London Telegraph.]

## Slot Machines That Sell Railway Tickets.

UTOMATIC machines for the delivery of railway tickets are a prominent feature of all railway stations in Berlin and the suburbs. Their employment is facilitated by the fact that the zone tariff system is in force on the Stadt and Ring railways, which run through and around Berlin, and on the chief suburban lines. A ten pfennig (about two cents) ticket can be used by a passenger for a third-class journey from any station on the line to any up to the fifth station from the point of departure.

For all stations after the fifth double fare is charged. Second-class single fares under the same conditions are fifteen and thirty pfennigs respectively. A fifteen pfennig ticket can also be obtained from the automatic machines; two "nickels" have to be put in the slot in that case, whereupon the machine delivers the ticket with a five-pfennig piece as change. This system saves the passenger much time and certainly saves the railway company at least one window at each ticket office. In all Berlin railway stations no one is allowed on the platform unless he is going by train or purchases a platform ticket. This ticket costs ten pfennigs, and is also supplied by automatic machines. It may be mentioned that by the sale of these platform tickets the State, which owns the railways, nets over half a million dollars a year. During 1900 thirty million tickets were supplied to the public by automatic machines at Berlin city and suburban stations. Few cases of fraud are heard of for the "nickel" is small and light, and it is difficult to find a substitute for it.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## A Forty-story Building.

PLANS are being drawn by Architect Koch for a forty-story building to be erected by John A. Butler. The building which will be located at the northeast corner of Third street and Grand avenue, will cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000 and will surpass in beauty and size any sky-scraper in the city. The material will be iron and marble, it being Mr. Butler's intention to secure beauty and substantiality regardless of expense, which he asserts will be quite a secondary consideration. The floors will be of tile and mosaic work, and the walls will be handsomely frescoed. Work will begin without delay and it is expected the structure will be completed in about three years. Since the news of the proposed structure became known, Mr. Butler has been besieged with applications of prospective tenants for space and when once the moving begins most of the other office blocks of the city will become vacant because of the rush for the Butler block. The first twenty stories of the proposed block will be devoted exclusively to offices, eight floors will be divided into apartments for families, while the top ten floors will be built for hotel purposes. A theater will occupy a Mezzanine floor suspended from the room and the whole structure will be topped off with a summer garden—if the building is built.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

## A Shower of Sparklers at Tiffany's.

NEGRO in livery and silk hat stepped out of a hansom in front of Tiffany's Union square, one afternoon last week and told the driver to wait. When he came out of the store a few minutes later he carried a red plush box under one arm and a flat package wrapped in tissue paper under the other. As he was about to re-enter the cab a man jostled him, sending the box flying out of his hand. A shower of sparkling stones rattled on the pavement.

"Diamonds, diamonds!" some one yelled.

Almost instantly the sidewalk was hidden under a tangle of diving newsboys, hustling bargain hunters, swearing cabbies, all eagerly struggling for a handful or so of the sparklers. From time to time one of them would shoot out of the crowd and make for a secluded doorway, where he would examine his treasure in safety.

When it was all over less than half of the stones were strewn about the sidewalk. The negro, who had fallen, picked himself up and placed a silver tray, which was the tissue paper package, in the hansom. Then he took off his silk hat, and sweeping most of the stones on the sidewalk into it, clapped it on his head, jumped in the hansom and drove to the Morton house.

Policeman Hoffman found a few of the sparklers still on the sidewalk. He gathered them up and went into Tiffany's to make an investigation. They said in the store that the negro had called for a tray that had been left for repairing. The gems they knew nothing about. After a superficial examination of those the cop had, Tiffany's man said he was really undecided as to whether they were very poor rhinestones or rather good glass. "Geel!" said the cop. "I wonder what this coon's advertising?"—[New York Sun.]

# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

## FICTION.

The Netherlands of Long Ago.

THE author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Allen Quartermain" and other marvelous tales, which the public have found entertaining, has written a more serious and noble work than any of these. While the new novel is not wanting in imagination, the theme has the attraction of probability and moreover it will enlist historic interest in the struggles of religious faith.

The setting of the novel is in the time of William, the Silent, and Philip II, who was called "the Demon of the South."

While no special historical figures are selected for exploitation, the period which places the two men in the vista must be one of tragic significance and mystery. For William Prince of Orange, who is called the Washington of the Netherlands, was most intensely hated by Philip, and was unmoved by his flat-tongued deceptions.

One has only to read of the death of Montigny, of Don John, of Escovedo, and Don Carlos, and of the imprisonment of the Princess Eboli to see the mystery which surrounds Philip's dark reign.

The novel describes the time when the monarch willed that the highest as the lowest should bend under a red hot despotism, which in the end, gave Philip the execration of the world and the Escorial as a monument which has been called the capitol of the inquisition.

Rider Haggard has written the history of a burgher family, its adventures and sorrows. Lysbeth, the heroine, having unfortunately won the admiration of one of the supposed patricians of the inquisitions Juan-de-Montalvo succeeded in saving the life of a protestant woman by defending her against her accusers. Lysbeth also secured the safety of her lover, Dick von Goori, by giving her hand to Montalvo.

The sacrifice of her happiness having been accomplished Montalvo made way with Lysbeth's fortune. An unfortunate arrest, however, and evidence of his bigamy sent Montalvo to prison and gave Lysbeth an amnesty from this adverse relation. In her hour of mortal need she was befriended by the woman whose life she had saved and found a retreat with this Martha in her hermitage. Later Lysbeth rewarded the devotion of her early lover by becoming his wife.

Lysbeth's way led through ways of inclemency and despotism. When Montalvo was released from prison new perils awaited Lysbeth. Montalvo's son had the father's nature and became one of her factors and unhappiness. Dick von Goori, her husband, came into the power of Montalvo, and as the inquisition was certain for him, Lysbeth, who had been exposed to the plague, went to his prison and in the supreme hour of their united desolation, embraced each other and hoped they might die together.

There follow chapters in which the secret of the buried treasures of the Christians brings its guardians to their death.

The two sons of Lysbeth, Adrian, the son of Montalvo, and Foy, the son of Dick von Goori, were each ranged on opposite sides in the strife. They each loved the same maid, Elsie. This led to the abduction of the maid by Montalvo, who forced her into a mock marriage with Adrian.

The climax of this portion of the story is reached with the bursting of the great dyke, where the waters ran from the fertile marshes to the North Sea. This description is one of the most vivid and ominous chapters of a book in which the moods and threes of Nature are not forgotten in the shaping of destiny.

Tragic events follow, but toward the close of Adrian's career his mother's nature dominates the young man's heart, making it heroic. He rescued his friends, and though loving Elsie resigned her to follow her heart and died in the arms of his mother. Martha, whom Lysbeth saved from the inquisition and whose opportune appearance is one of the blessings of her friends, is the means of rescue in a great emergency. It was she who stole through the shadows of the rushes under the enemy's boat, which she scuttled in defense of her friends, and the buried treasure of the Christians.

"Red Martin" and the sword "Silence" in whose hilt were concealed the cipher keys and maps of the treasure is another Roland with the sword of Durandal.

Rider Haggard states in his brief preface that he has striven to set before the people something of the life of famine, pestilence and the scaffold which is the period of the most fearful tyranny which the Western world has known. He thinks the present generation should more value its religious freedom and personal security, and give grateful remembrance to those who sacrificed their lives to win these advantages. The book is dedicated to the memory of "one of the greatest and most noble hearted of beings whom the world has known; the immortal William, called the Silent, of Nassau."

This novel is among the most important contributions to recent fiction. The book is one of glowing interest and it cannot fail to win both literary and philosophic taste. The book has unity of design and is fortified by knowledge of the history, literature and atmosphere of the era. The novel is illustrated.

[Lysbeth. A Tale of the Dutch. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co. New York, London, Bombay. Price, \$1.50.]

## A Maid of Crete.

Mr. Horton has undoubtedly had a favorable training for the writing of a Greek romance. At the University of Michigan he won special honors in Greek, and added to this he resided several years in Greece as the U. S. Consul. In journalism Mr. Horton had been engaged

as the literary editor of the Chicago Times-Herald. His collections of publications include "Songs of the Lowly," "In Unknown Seas," and two novels which were published in London, called "Constantine" and "A Fair Brigand."

The time of this novel is that of the Mohammedan massacre of four years ago, when the beautiful island of Greece was the center of undreamed-of atrocities and barbarisms. The boat which one day sailed from Piraeus to Crete bearing arms and ammunition to the Christians carried John Curtis, a young Harvard graduate. For the first time he then met Lieut. Lindstrom, a soldier of fortune, who is the hero of the tale. The young men formed a comradeship, and in one of the succeeding adventures met the daughter of the village priest. When the Swedish lieutenant saw the beautiful Cretan maid his gallantry did not forsake him. He bowed low and lifted her hand to his lips. John Curtis, who was somewhat burdened with Harvard Greek, had also a stock of Yankee caution, but he decided not to delay a serious and colloquial study of the language.

When the Turks came through the defile, led by a traitor, seeking the young Christian maid for the harem of their captain, Kostakes Effendi, the young men immediately joined the Cretan forces and went to her defense.

The episodes which follow Panayota's abduction by the Turks tell of the love of the two men who were each pledged to the maid's rescue.

The devout spirit of Panayota, the desperate situations in which she was placed, will remind the reader not so much of "another Helen" as of the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" and the importunities of Brian-de-Bois Gilbert, in Scott's romance. Panayota's courage, her de-

and all the hills that surround the lovely plain took on a deep, quivering, unearthly glow. This light was delicate, fluffy, spiritual. You was fragrant; you imagined that all the violets of a hundred worlds had been poured sea deep over the hills."

The setting of the story in a locality of beauty and natural beauty has not led to borrow Icarus wings. The tale is told in a way which cannot fail to win popularity, and the book will be an incentive to studies of and thought.

[Like Another Helen. By George W. Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50.]

## No Rent Roll.

The scene of this story introduces a man in a lonely cabin, who had survived a storm. They climbed to the peak, and reached the snow. All around them was desolation and a mournful sound of human life. They found a home enough in the animal life and agriculture to build a future home. On this basis they were in the most brilliant centers of civilization, how human beings might return to simple and contentment. The man and woman in characters of the story, and the problem is whether civilized sensibility could be restored to aboriginal sources of pleasure and find in the verities of existence. The writer has evidently the social and labor problems of the last book is a bright glimpse into the early days.

## [The Master Knot of Human Fate. By E. Little, Brown &amp; Co., Boston.]

## A Theologic Protest.

This story is an attack on the Pauline thesis, the author upholds the historic accuracy of gospels, he accuses Paul of being mentally ill. There is a mysterious romance of modern times with the theological disquisition. The theory that Paul's view of marriage illustrated here. Considering the distance of time, and was concerning the circumstances which surrounded the teachings of the apostle, there seems a morbidity in the attraction which the author.

The invincible courage of St. Paul, the genius and his spirit of patience would hardly query as to his sanity, however his views may be with the spirit and teaching of the time he lived.

[To Nazareth or Tarsus. By the Author of Calvary. J. L. Ogilvie Publishing Company, Price, \$1.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

## Frederic Harrison.

Frederic Harrison, who is visiting this country best known to Americans as a critic of post-war writers. It will be remembered that he gave his endorsement to Mr. Hewlett's "Richard III."

Mr. Harrison is the leading exponent of positivism which he told in the March North American. The system is that of ethical culture rather than of metaphysical creed. The doctrine was started by the French philosopher Auguste Comte, the "Positive Philosophy" which was transmitted by Martineau. John Fiske in his article on "Positivism" in a lengthy study of his own that Comte passes over the history of man and while admitting the fact of the sympathetic social feelings at the expense of selfish and yet fails to take character into account as a factor in social changes, and always as social ameliorations were the product of a series of speculative beliefs. Instead of recognizing framework of society is based ultimately upon man, he regards it as based ultimately upon man, forgets that man is a complex phenomenon, opinion and character are facts inextricably together. The whole structure of Comte's system was founded on the belief that society can be organized by philosophy, and no count is made of which is formed by countless influences of religious training. Comte hoped to inaugurate philosophy and institute a new religion which tersely described as "Catholicism minus God" in which Comte was to be the sovereign. In his wildest dreams of absolutism, it is never imagined such explicit rule as that of this God of humanity. The deity of this cult was to be the law and the religious impulse one to serve human kind. The question of authority was to decide the age when should marry, the profession he should choose, he might withdraw from labor. A new code to be revered, beginning with the French Revolution of 1789, and in place of the saints the worthy poets, philosophers, inventors and should take their place. In place of the virgin an antitype was to be chosen, which was represented by "a woman of thirty with a golden arm."

Many other arbitrary rules followed. The cerebral excitement induced by Comte's dictating labors brought on acute mania. The periods of moral sentiment was apparent in periods of Comte's life, according to Mr. Harrison, though he pays respect to the speculative power of lonely thinker.

This is the leader whose teachings Franklin promulgates, while not denying spirit, in



FREDERIC HARRISON, WHO IS NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY

[From the Bookman.]

votion to the cross, and her faith in prayer, were her weapons of defense against the Turk.

The bravery of the young Harvard man who twice returned to the rescue of the maid from abduction by the Turks shows the author of this book a craftsman in the holding of popular interest. There are pages which tell of the struggles of the Christians and the Mohammedans, and give glimpses into stirring episodes of capture and release which have something of Homeric suggestion. The author has shown felicitous control of color in the landscape pictures.

There was one song that the two men often heard sung, the grand war hymn of Salamis, which the author says is "one of the songs that march down the years, fighting like a thousand men for liberty."

I know thee by the lightning  
Of thy terrible swift brand,  
I know thee by the brightening  
When thy proud eyes sweep the land.  
From the blood of the Greeks uprising  
Who died that we might be free,  
And the strength of thy strong youth bringing—  
Hail, Liberty, hail to thee."

A sunset as seen from the sea is proof of Mr. Horton's keen appreciation of beauty.

"The sun stood on the tiptop of Salamis, saying good-night to the world. Athena was a pillar of purple dust, shot through and through with lances of flame. The stately columns of the Parthenon were of liquid amber. The church on the summit of Mount Lycabettus caught fire and blazed. The mountain itself was hidden in a column of dust and the church floated in midair. Then suddenly, as if by a stroke of some grand, celestial magic, the glow died from everything as the blood fades from a frightened face. The Parthenon was a pale, stately white, the ghost of the temple of a moment ago; the church on the hill had turned gray-ashes in place of fire. The sun had dropped behind Salamis. But now came a greater wonder; Hymettus

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# Illustrated Magazine Section.

April 21, 1901.]

"Duty, their place is taught to be incidental subordinate to the larger self of Humanity.  
The recent officiation of Mr. Harrison in the Chicago Auditorium at a ceremony of "presenting to Humanity" a two-year-old child has attracted much attention. It was called by Positivists "The First Sacrament," and is the Positivist analog for the Christian baptism. "Mr. Harrison read the presentation hymn, composed by Judge Langton of London, and addressed a prayer to Humanity," says the *Outlook* (March 9). Both prayer and discourse take the form of high resolve. After parents and sponsors had made their formal promise, they signed a register, which will be deposited at the headquarters of the Positivist Society in London.

## POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

An important work has been accomplished for the State in this publication which not only comprehends the judicial history of the State but the biographies of many remarkable men, which gives a store of humorous and pathetic recollections and accounts of important legislation and extraordinary cases. If one glances over the vast extent of the labor of such a work the reader may find it of interest to remember that the supreme power as vested in human authority consists of two sciences, jurisprudence and legislation. Jurisprudence in its primary signification means the laws which have been enacted and may be derived from the entire collection of existing legal rules which prevail in any State. General jurisprudence is engaged in the elucidation of the principles and methods which are the component parts of existing legal systems. It concerns itself with the similitude of the varied laws of different countries. Particular jurisprudence is concerned with the existing law of a special country, which has been determined by legislation. The formation of these laws represent that sovereign fraternity, which has a specific organization and power within the province of the State. Jurisprudence is the exposition of the laws which have been enacted, while legislation is aware not only of the laws which have been enacted, but must strive to demonstrate what law is and how brought to the perfect standard of divine rule. Human laws are defined by constituted lawgivers as intended to impose duties and bring about ultimate rules of right. The State must be ready to seek the highest progress of humanity in all its complex life as one of the sisterhood of States.

The freedom of the community may not be jeopardized by the unhindered choice of one, since that power is the keynote of anarchy, which means the absence of public freedom. All true law must have its law of life. The rule of the State must be framed on the highest standard of national civilization. That public order should be ethically right requires that legislation should be controlled by men of character.

A book which is the history of jurisprudence, of legislation and also the biographical history of the men who have enacted the laws of this State, it will thus be seen, is a vast chronicle. The book is the history of the Supreme Court, of the military and civil government and the birth of the commonwealth. Among the under who have contributed editorials of popular interest, are Henry W. Reid, Samuel W. Holladay, Rockwell R. Hunt, John Currey, John T. Doyle, John H. Cole, John D. Works, Gustav Gutach, John G. Jury, John F. Davis, Marshall E. Woodworth, and John E. Davis. The book also includes reminiscences of famous pioneers of graphic interest.

A book throughout is a study of the Pacific Slope in various periods of development and is a thrilling series of adventure and sacrifice with strong side-light on the character of the heroic people of the State. Biographies include the names of many who in the past labors contributed to the moral development of the century. The editor has presented many sketches of glowing minds and critical judgment who are the present leading exponents of the law. The book contains a reverent memorial to the memory of the late Senator Stephen M. White.

The work cannot fail to be one of the greatest services to the State and the collaboration is one of obvious interest to any one who realizes in how few repositories are treasured those links which connect the present with the past history of the State. The value of this work is enhanced by many portraits. The print and engravings of the publication reflect great credit on the publishers.

*[History of the Bench and Bar of California. By Oscar T. Stock. Commercial Printing Company, Los Angeles.]*

### HISTORY.

#### THE BRITISH KINGDOM.

The third edition of this investigation of life in the British Isles has been revised and considerably enlarged in order to meet present conditions. The first edition was issued in 1887. In 1894 a new edition was required by the war in progress between China and Japan. The author called attention to the changes which might result from the struggle in Asia. Gen. Wilson was in command of the department of Matanzas and Manila when the Boxer troubles began in China. He immediately cabled to the War Department offering his services, and they were promptly accepted. He was despatched to China as second in command to Gen. Chaffee and reached Peking soon after the relief of Leghian. Gen. Wilson, in this new edition, has given a complete account of the Boxer troubles and the state of affairs in China. The general arrived in San Francisco in December last. Gen. Wilson found Li Hung Chang showing the feebleness of increased years, and he showed desire to act with candor and to have his nation deal fairly with the wrong done the Americans as far as restitution lay in their power. In the course of the court, Li Hung Chang was about all the time of government there was left.

The popularity of Gen. Wilson's book is shown by the

fact that the first edition was translated into Japanese, and particularly directed the military powers of Japan to the lack of preparation of the Chinese for war.

The present edition has a good map of China, a map of the city of Peking and a portrait of Gen. Wilson.

Among the numerous descriptions of interest in this work is the account of the visit to the tomb of Confucius of which Gen. Wilson's party took photographs. Some of the vases around the tablet were alleged to be very old, dating from 1100 to 2300 years before Christ. The work is one of the standard authorities and has not a page lacking interest.

*[China. Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom. By James Harrison Wilson. D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.75. For sale by C. C. Parker.]*

### LINGUISTIC.

#### FLAWS IN CONSTRUCTION.

The author of this book has written three important manuals, "The Orthoepist," a pronouncing manual; "The Verbalist," a manual devoted to the discussion of right and wrong use of words, and "The Mentor," a book for the guidance of men and boys, who wish to appear to advantage in society of the better sort, and learn social observances.

The author is evidently a close student of the structure of language and able to analyze and see careful distinctions in the leading characteristics of the King's English. This book will prove a service to the English language in giving examples of incorrect expression.

*[Some Ill-Used Words. By Harrison Grey Fiske. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.]*

### NEW MAGAZINES.

Justin McCarthy in his contribution to the *Independent* (April 4), calls attention to a new novel by Miss Julia M. Crottie, "The Lost Land," which he says the most influential critics call a remarkable novel. The manuscript was lost on two successive occasions when sent to a publisher. The novelist wrote out her novel three times. The authoress has chosen the time of the Irish rebellion of '98 as the epoch of her theme. The gloom of the hopeless struggle for national freedom is said to hang over the story. Mr. McCarthy says that in his opinion it is the best Irish novel which has appeared for many years.

One of the most picturesque and sympathetic contributions of the April magazines is that of A. E. Alsort, on "The Missions of California." The writer tells of the perennial mildness of the California climate, and writes of the entrancement of the midnight of the old year in the missions. The illustrated vistas are of peculiar charm.

The *Engineering News* (April 4) is a number of more than ordinary value. The supplement contains Herbert M. Wilson's "Primary Triangulation and Precise Levels of the United States Government Surveys," which is illustrated with a sketch map. Julian Kendrick writes of "The Birmingham Tornado of March 25." "The Water Supply of Paris" and several contributions concerning systems of tunneling add to the interest of the paper. This issue contains the most complete set of drawings relating to blast-furnace construction which has ever been published.

The current number of the *Quiver* has on its list of contributors the Rev. Hugh McMillan, Rev. W. Croswell Doane, Rev. Herbert B. Freeman, and Elizabeth L. Banks, who talks about the societies for the Protection of Animals and makes a strong plea for "God's Defenseless Ones."

Harper's Bazaar for April is devoted to bridal gowns and silken toilettes, to house furnishing, and home-keeping. This number calls attention to the present fashion of needle-work garniture of ladies' gowns.

*Cassell's Magazine* in the current number contains F. M. Holme's "Stories of Special Trains," and Henry W. Taunay's "The Tideway Course." "The Trains of the World," by A. Wallis Myers, is also one of the three illustrated sketches. The stories include Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" and Max Pemberton's "A Giant's Gate," the important serials of the number.

The *Magazine of Art* contains a reproduction in colors of Marienne Stoke's "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Spinning Wool for the Poor." Alice Meynell writes of the life and artistic success of Mrs. Adrain Stokes. William White in an illustrated article tells of "A National Tribute to Prof. Ruskin." "Decorative Art in Belgium," by Octave Mans and "Decorative Work at the New Station of the Paris-Lyons Railway," by Helen Trantz, are among the contributions of the number which exhibit fine illustrations.

"Old World Themes," by Henry F. Keenan in the current *Literary Era*, is an important contribution. The author tells how the cultivated people of Poland esteem the genius of her children of light. The whole Polish nation joined in a "Sienkiewicz Jubilee." The Polish nation demonstrated their faith in characteristic ceremonials, that battalions cannot destroy nationality so long as the heritage of genius represents the glory of one's race. The castle which the Polish people presented Sienkiewicz is on a vast plateau. The splendor and comfort of the mansion represented the gifts of the masses. The day was inaugurated with a mass in the cathedral and a chorus of 260 voices sang music composed for the jubilee. The Archbishop of Warsaw delivered a speech, and a prelate placed the deeds of the estate in the hands of Sienkiewicz. No such demonstration in the history of literature is on record. Sarah G. Stevenson writes of "The Oxyrhynchus Papyri," published by the Egyptian Exploring Fund. The other contributions are of marked interest and represent the thought of numerous popular authors.

The April American Illustrated Methodist Magazine continues "The History of Methodism." Among the sketches of an interesting number are "Balzac's Fiftieth Birthday," and "The Council of Constance," by Herbert B. Workman.

With the issue of April 18, the *Youth's Companion* entered upon its seventy-fifth year. To celebrate this

event, the Companion of that date issued a double seventy-fifth birthday number, containing contributions by Theodore Roosevelt, Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Barnwell Elliot. To further commemorate this anniversary, the publishers have issued a souvenir illustrating the growth of the nation since the *Youth's Companion* was founded in 1827, by Nathaniel Willis, who said "Our children are born to higher destinies than their fathers in a far-advanced period of the church and the world. Let their characters be formed for the scenes and duties of a brighter day."

F. G. Afflax's "Australian Memories" is one of the important contributions of the April number of *Blackwood*. One of the most stirring chronicles of this issue is the Rev. W. H. Fitchett's "Tale of the Great Mutiny and the Tragedy of the Siege of Cawnpore." "The Gift of the Mahatma," by Horace G. Hutchinson, will interest students of the occult.

### PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The Macmillan Company announces Edward A. Ross's "Social Control."

The Baker and Taylor Company announces "First Years in Handicraft" by Walter J. Kenyon of the State Normal School, San Francisco.

The translations from the Swedish of the novels of Miss Selena Lagerlof are having a large sale. The latest story announced by the *Literary Outlook* is "From a Swedish Homestead."

Miss Price, tale of Old Anjou. "The Heiress of the Forest," is said to be meeting with popular success.

DeLestry's *Western Magazine* announces a new serial from the pen of the popular Minnesota novelist, W. F. McMillan, author of "Zelda," and a number of works of fiction.

The Bowen-Merrill Company calls attention to misrepresentations that have been made concerning the last novel of Maurice Thompson. It is stated that various publishers secured some of Mr. Thompson's immature work of twenty years ago and advertised it as the author's latest fiction. They emphatically state that "Alice of Old Vincennes" was Mr. Thompson's latest novel.

The Macmillan Company is soon to introduce to the public a new writer of fiction, Owen Johnson of New York, whose first novel, "Arrows of the Almighty," is to appear under the auspices of that house in April, being published simultaneously in New York and London. Mr. Johnson is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*.

"The Octopus; a Story of California," by Frank Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is said to furnish the first of a trilogy. Mr. Norris proposes to write a prose "Epic of the Wheat."

"The Penitentes," by Louis How (Bowen-Merrill Company,) is the subject of favorable mention by the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The Macmillan Company has just issued the third volume of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's "American History Told by Contemporaries."

"Making a Life," by Rev. Cortland Myers, is indorsed by the Churchman as a book full of illustration and inspiration. (The Baker & Taylor Company.)

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published the books of Charles G. D. Roberts, which include "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "The Forge in the Forest," "A Sister of Evangeline," and "By the Marshes of Minas." Mr. Roberts's contributions to poetry have placed him among the front ranks of Canadian authors.

"Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," by John Burroughs, and "Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, are on the memorandum list of the attractive announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce "My Autobiography," by F. Max Müller, and "The Historical Novel," by Brander Mathews.

Among D. Appleton's spring publications are "Nature Books," by F. Schuyler Mathews, and "Bird Life," by Frank M. Chapman.

Henry Holt & Co. announce among the new books Gessing's "A Man With a Future," Marnan's "Daughters of the Veldt," Dowdon's "Puritan and Anglican," are on the list of this popular publishing house.

George Barrie & Son announce a sumptuously-illustrated edition in the French, of Honoré de Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine," which will contain about two hundred sketches. The etchings will be printed in forty-six volumes. These publishers announce an authoritative memoir of Poe, which will give the true facts of the life of the man whom Tennyson considered the greatest American author.

Among the new books of fiction of Herbert S. Stone are "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," by W. H. Wilkins, "Exra Caine," by Joseph W. Sharts, and "Europa and Her Golden Book," by Ellsworth Lawson.

Among Dodd, Mead & Co.'s spring announcements are included the first volume of George Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," Marie Corelli's "The Passing of the Great Queen," "Masters of Music," by Anna Alice Chapin, and numerous other publications of popular interest.

"The Life and Times of William Lowndes," by Harriet H. Ravenel, is said to be a good picture of society in North Carolina three generations ago.

Owens Johnson's "Arrows of the Almighty" is one of the April publications of the Macmillans. The hero is an officer of the commissary department of Baltimore during the Civil War.

The Macmillans announce for immediate publication "The Relation Between Politics and Moral Law," by the late Chancellor Gustave Ruemeil of the University of Tübingen, Germany.

Prof. Wells's "Modern German Literature" is among the recent important publications of Little, Brown & Co. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are to publish this spring M. Leon H. Vincent's "Brief Studies in French Society" and "Letters of the Seventeenth Century." In "The French Academy" the author presents a faithful view of the founders of the academy. The books are bibliolized in old French style.

W. W. Rockhill, who has practically succeeded Mr. Conger as American Minister to China, is the author of "His Land of the Lamas," which is said to be an addition to the literature of travel.

# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## Power Plant for Riverside.

**A**RTICLES of incorporation have been filed of the Riverside Power Company. The life of the corporation is fixed at fifty years and the number of directors at five, namely, C. W. Rogers, J. H. Barbour, of Los Angeles; I. D. Rogers of San Diego, and Myron Alguire and W. D. Clements of Riverside. The amount of the capital stock of the incorporation is \$250,000, and the number of shares 2500, of a par value of \$100 each. The amount actually subscribed is \$500; \$100 by each of the directors named above.

## Manufacturing at Santa Ana.

**I**N THE course of a review of the resources of the Santa Ana Valley, the Orange County Herald says:

"While, as has already been stated, Santa Ana is not now a manufacturing city, yet there are several important industries here which form a nucleus which in a few years promises to reach an important collection of producing institutions. An immense cannery is located here, which in the heavy fruit season employs as high as 400 people. There is a well-equipped foundry, numerous machine shops, two planing mills, two lumber yards, and, in fact, nearly everything along the line of building manufacture needed by our home people. The inducements which Santa Ana offers to manufacturers are not exceeded in the State. No city has more complete transportation facilities, it being on both the great transcontinental lines of railroad, with an additional spur to Newport Beach, where connection with ocean shipping is obtained. Aside from this, every important point in Southern California is easily reached by direct lines of railroad. The immense quantities of crude oil now being produced by Orange county wells solves the question of cheap fuel, and the electric power system wired throughout the city, whose current is generated eighty-five miles away on a perpetual mountain stream in the San Bernardino Mountains, furnishes an ideal driving force for all kinds of machinery."

## Water on the Desert.

**A**RTESIAN water is doing wonders for the desert section about Indio. The Southern Pacific Company recently sent down a twelve-inch rotary drill 360 feet in the desert sand in forty-eight hours. The San Diego Union says:

"Two to six-inch wells are flowing from three to twenty-five inches of water. One hundred and ninety acres of cantaloupes have been contracted for this season. It is estimated that this will furnish a baggage car a day for twenty-five days, 360 crates being packed in a car. The season will begin June 15, and last until August 1. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds are phenomenally early. All the grapes will be gone by July. All kinds of vegetables are now being shipped to Los Angeles markets, and have been for several weeks. Of one crate of cabbage, weighing 161 pounds, the lightest head weighed seven pounds."

A few years ago the idea that one would ever see a steamship running on the Colorado Desert would have appeared absurd, yet this development will soon be realized. The San Diego Union says:

"Driving of piles for the headgate of the Imperial canal, six miles below Yuma, was begun last Monday, says the Yuma Sun. Between two big dams in the canal and near the river, an immense pool was dug with the company's hydraulic dredger, the water pumped out, and there the gate will be put in. When completed, the Colorado will be turned into the canal to the full capacity of the big waterway, and will run without hindrance to Cameron Lake, a distance of sixty miles. Since Thursday, the 21st inst., a partial head has been running in the canal for a distance of twelve miles, being admitted by means of a slough which parallels the canal for a mile or so near its heading at the river.

"A gasoline launch is now being built for use on the canal. The hull, forty feet in length, with nine-foot beam, has already been constructed, and the machinery is on the road from the manufacturers. A large boat, to ply on the river, is also contemplated. The facilities thus afforded for carrying freight will be of inestimable benefit, as well in the carrying of produce to the market or railroad and supplies to the ranchers of the section watered by the canal, as in the transportation of supplies by the company for its own use, while the mammoth irrigation enterprise is being developed."

## Silk Culture in San Diego County.

**T**HE people of San Diego are still making an earnest effort to establish silk culture on a commercial scale. The San Diego Union has the following in regard to recent development:

"At a meeting of the San Diego Silk Culture Association in the Chamber of Commerce rooms yesterday afternoon, the offer of Louis B. Magid of Milford, Mass., to locate a spun silk mill in San Diego was discussed at some length. It was the unanimous opinion that the offer should by all means be accepted, not only because such a mill would furnish employment for several hundred persons, but also on account of the impetus it would give to the silk industry in this section. Nothing that could be done would arouse more interest in the culture, some thought, and the opportunity should not be passed by. The advantages of such a mill were pointed out and the fact that waste silk is admitted free of duty was used as an argument of the undoubted success of such an enterprise.

"It was the opinion that the merchants and people of San Diego in general did not realize the importance of the offer, and that if a better knowledge were had of it no time would be lost in taking action. The mill would furnish an excellent market for cocoons, it was shown.

It was decided to call a meeting of the directors of the Silk Association to confer with the directors of the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of taking some action toward accepting the offer of Mr. Magid. A meeting will probably be held in a few days.

"It was reported that a large number of mulberry trees were being set out throughout the county. An estimate of the recent plantings placed the number of trees at about twenty thousand. It was stated that there is a good market for the mulberry leaves and that money can be made by growing the trees. Mrs. T. J. Swayne of Paradise Valley reported that she had been forced to feed some of her silk worms to the chickens on account of her inability to secure sufficient leaves. It was decided to stir up as much interest as possible in mulberry tree planting.

"Mrs. T. J. Swayne offered to teach anyone interested in silk culture the art of reeling and to give any information regarding the industry which she has learned in her experience. This offer, she said, would apply to everyone, whether members of the association or not. Mrs. Swayne is perhaps the best informed person in the county on silk culture, with the exception of Mrs. Carrie Williams. Mrs. Swayne said that reels are not as expensive as most people imagine. One made of wood like that used at the county fair would cost not more than \$5, she said. Those made of steel cost about \$100, but the wooden ones suit the purpose just as well.

"Adjournment was taken to the first Wednesday in May."

## Around Death Valley.

**C**OL. EWING, president of the Southwest Miners' Association, returned to Los Angeles recently from a trip through the northern portion of San Bernardino county, Cal., and Lincoln county, Nev. To a representative of the Los Angeles Mining Review, Col. Ewing gave the following account of his trip, which contains much that is important to those interested in the development of that portion of this southwestern mining region, is now being brought so prominently before the public through the contemplated building of the Los Angeles-Salt Lake Railway, as also through the possible extension of the Oregon Short Line road to this city, and the extending northward of the California and Eastern Railroad from Manvel to the present terminus of the latter road. Following is, in substance, what Col. Ewing said:

"Of the work on the latter road (California and Eastern,) which is now being graded down the cañon via Vanderbilt and over to the valley below, but little can be said that is encouraging. It looks more like a bluff by somebody as against the Clark proposed system than a rapid improvement to develop a great mining district or bring early relief to those engaged in mining in and around Sandy. The work is progressing at the rate of a lifetime job. If some energetic man had hold of it the road to the State line could be built in about four months; as at present, it will take four years.

"In the Vanderbilt district about the same amount of energy in opening the mines or in working them is displayed as in building the railroad. Those owning the properties here which are valuable, seem to be holding them for some tenderfoot to come along and buy at big prices. The old workings are in a dilapidated state of decay, the timbers and ladders rotting, the machinery rusting, and altogether they are man-traps. In the district there are some very promising properties, new as well as old, but they will have to pass into new hands before anything but 'coyote' diggings can be expected. Some of these mines have yielded large amounts of money in the past. With the greatly improved method of treatment of the class of ores found here, these properties could be made very profitable. It is unfortunate that nearly all of the promising property of the district is in the hands of men who will not go ahead with the work or sell to those who would work the mines at a fair price. On up the line of the proposed extension of the road, the 'bluff feeling' begins to dawn upon the minds of those owning prospects. There is not that confident feeling about the building of the railroad that there was a few weeks since. Still, there is quite an amount of prospecting going on, and some development work is being done by those owning claims in the Yellow Pine district, yet not near so much work is being done as if confidence in the rapid construction of the road had not been shattered by this slow work.

"The district is one of great value, and at some future day will be a great producer. In this district there are, unfortunately, many claims owned by people who do not care to work them, and yet the properties are among the most promising. There is still another feature against the rapid development of the district. The owners of some of the very best property have been foolish enough to give options or bonds on their property to men who had no idea of working them under the bond, but of holding them for the purpose of catching the would-be purchaser of the property and making him pay a good price for a small amount of ineffectual 'wind.' Owners of prospects and mines should never bind mines to anybody but men who will work them during the life of the bond in a first-class, workmanlike manner, and if the party holding the bond should fail to work for a period of a few days he should forfeit all claims under the bond. By some such system this retarding of development of valuable property by those who only prey on others would be stopped; the district would be more rapidly developed were it not for these long, inactive operations.

"One hears much talk in and around Sandy and Goode Springs of the building of smelters. If everybody that is credited with doing so should build a smelter, there would be a smelter for every mine and no ore to run them with.

"I think the Dokes of St. Louis, Mo., will build a large smelting and refining plant near the State line

pass. These gentlemen seem to be in every way live and responsible men. They have had much successful experience in the business in the State of their own State. This would be a great attraction for prospector and mine owners of this part of the country, and, beyond a question, a great success for the gentlemen who engage in the enterprise.

"I passed over the mountains south of Elko into the valley of the Amargosa, where the Colorado River, the name and the Mohave River form a junction in the sands of the desert, forming the head of Death Valley. The Amargosa mine at Goldfield, as well as the mill, was shut down by the owner a month ago. Not even a watchman is left there to tell the story of the closing down. This is a great place, and, like most gold properties on the desert, no doubt, like the mine, would be spotted by rich rock and placer ground was found, but not out. South of Coyote Wells, twenty-one miles there, a rich silver find was made. I saw one of the ore going to Vanderbilt to be shipped in sample. At once I recognized it as high-grade chloride of silver, worth at least \$100 an ounce. This took me back to the palmy days when

"I visited several rich gold prospects in the portion of San Bernardino county, then turned northward into Nevada again, crossing Death Valley, Saratoga Springs, where a very large few springs out of the foot of the mountain, on the east side of the valley. Could this water be utilized for ample for large works. Like all the springs part of the country, the water is warm.

"A wrong impression of that section has people generally believing that nothing will be found in Southern Nevada, but lizards, horned toads and snakes; that Death Valley is absolutely a great waste land. On the contrary, there are in the surrounding mountains, farms and great value. Take, for instance, the Chinaman's Amargosa Valley, near the borax works of the 'borax king,' now owned by the Pacific Borax Company; the Pahrump ranch of the valley of the White's ranch, six miles to the north; the Wilson's ranch, and others. At each of these places springs of water flow from the side of the mountain springing up in the valley, affording ample water for gaging hundreds of acres of the very best land. Water, in all cases, comes out at about 75 degrees, but when cooled is splendid drinking water. In these places there are prosperous farms and ranching is carried on. Hundreds of acres of alfalfa are producing fine crops every year. Large bunches of peaches, pears and apples; acres of vineyards; wine is manufactured that just suits the taste of the Piute Indian who is employed generally on the ranches. This wine inspires the Indian and his daily high carnival over the passing away of his cestors. It is to be hoped that it may aid in the disappearance of the entire race. The ranches are able, owing to the demand for all they produce, to supply a line of feed and vegetables of every kind by the surrounding country. The yield of all is very large.

"Should the Salt Lake road pass through the sink of the Mohave River, the head of Death Valley, where the nitrate beds are, up the Amargosa valley, and on to the Vegas, it would be great mining country. In that district silver, copper and other metals predominate. And these are what men want, as they make tonnage. Resting the district will produce hundreds of tons daily. From mountains one can see the Panamint range with Telescope Peak being the highest point. The range is covered with deep snow at this time. To the west have the great timber mountains, Charleston Range, like the Panamint Mountains, it is covered with snow. On this mountain there is a great growth of pine and cedar that will furnish the railroads with timber, and with timber and the smelters with a superior charcoal for years, thus cheapening mining and the production of ores very much.

"When these roads are built, or when they permanent move on in that direction, this will be the most prominent country in the great West.

## A Pomona Foundry.

**I**T IS quite possible that before long Pomona will come a manufacturing town, on a small scale. The Pomona Times has the following in regard to iron enterprise there:

"The new manufacturing plant and foundry moved here from Azusa and now located on Main street, is a surprise to all who have seen the works. The buildings are now nearly completed and cover a space of 70x120 feet. At the end erected a cupola or furnace with a capacity of one ton of iron at each casting. It will require only one or possibly two for each charge, so that the capacity of the foundry will be seen to be very great, and not about this section, which has heretofore been unoccupied, should be held here to encourage investment. Next to the furnace is the moulding and blacksmith shops. The shops are for machine smithing only and will be supplied with the forges, cranes, trip-hammers and other apparatus of a first-class shop. Next to that is the machine shop, a large thirty-foot lathe and three smaller lathes, four drills, from a jumbo down. A planer, work, power punch and shears, three bolt machines and a number of others. Forward of that is a power house where are band saws, jig saws, buzz saws and appliances for wood working. About ten men will be on the regular list first, which it is hoped will increase to thirty in time."

## CARE OF THE BODY.

### VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

#### X-Rays for Cancer.

**A** RECENT special dispatch from San Francisco to The Times announced that an Oakland physician, after two years' experience, declares his entire confidence that cancer may be cured by the X-rays. This is one of those items of news which belong to the "important if true" order. One reads so many stories of new and wonderful cures nowadays that the average citizen is inclined to wait for further information before placing much faith in them. The dispatch referred to contained the following particulars:

"He first experimented successfully on himself, and cured a skin cancer. Then he operated on a number of patients, several of whom were cured after comparatively brief treatment, but it was not until he removed all signs of cancer from the face of Joseph Cairn Simpson, the horseman and turf writer, that Dr. Selfridge got fully convinced of the healing power of the mysterious light."

"Simpson had a malignant form of cancer of the skin at the nose, the result of a wild cat bite years ago. Many doctors treated him, but it grew steadily worse. Three months ago Dr. Selfridge began treating him with the X-ray, and today every sign of the disease is gone. The doctor placed a lead mask over the face of the patient, leaving only the cancer exposed to the mysterious ray. Simpson fully confirms the story."

#### Life and Death.

**N** AN article published in the Philadelphia Press, Dr. Thomas H. Andrews of that city, who is said to have conducted over five thousand post-mortem examinations, and to have seen at least half as many human beings die, discusses the question of the fear of death. He is quoted as saying that he never yet saw a case in which there was any notable fear of death, as the critical moment approached. In concluding his remarks, Dr. Andrews said:

"The one great unsolved problem, before which science has so far stood disarmed, is the secret and the mystery of the origin of life. Side by side with it I may say is the mystery of death. I have never seen, and I have never heard of any authentic evidence from the deathbed of anyone, which could be accepted as scientific proof of the existence of a life beyond."

This is all very well. We cannot, perhaps, expect physicians to give us a certainty of immortality, but is too little to expect that they shall be able to furnish conclusive proof whether a person is alive or dead before he is buried?"

#### Hot-air Bath.

**H**EAT hot-air bath has become deservedly popular of late as a remedial measure. The fact is becoming more and more recognized that one of the most sensible methods of eliminating poisonous matter from the system is to sweat it out through the pores. The idea is not new one, but has been proposed for thousands of years. Since the discovery of America, the native Indians used periodical use of their sweat-houses, located near inlets of rivers. Recently, simple appliances for the administration of such baths at home have been placed on the market, and may be procured at the drug stores, elsewhere, at a moderate price. A writer in the Ledger Monthly describes as follows how such a bath may be taken without any special apparatus:

"Gather together a wooden chair with a cane or perforated seat, four blankets, an alcohol lamp, small tin pan, a foot tub or deep basin, a small towel and two large ones, a good supply of hot and cold water, a paper of strong pins, and something hot for your patient to drink, as hot lemonade, saffron tea, hot water, etc. If in addition to these things, you can procure a large piece of oilcloth (take the cover of the kitchen table) or a muskinstooth, it will be an advantage."

"Get every one of these things placed to your hand and see that your lamp is full before you begin."

"Remove all the patient's clothing. Pin a blanket around her and place her in the chair, allowing the blanket to fall over the back of the chair. Put her feet in the small tub in which you have about a foot of water as hot as the can bear it."

"Now pin the oilcloth round the chair and up over the knees, letting it come well to the ground and reaching up as high as it will. Light your lamp, put it in the tin pan and so place it under the chair."

"Put on the other three blankets, the first one in front, covering the foot tub and knees, the second one from the back to meet this, and the third one over the chest and shoulders round outside the back of the chair."

"Wet your small towel in cold water and put it on the head turban-fashion, bringing it well down on the forehead. Give your patient the hot drink, of course not allowing her to get a hand from under cover to help herself. The bath is now established, but if you are not a person who can move very quickly, you should now have an assistant, for you require to keep changing the cold head-towel quite often, assisting the patient with her hot drinks (three or four glasses of which she ought to take during a bath,) and every few moments adding hot water to the foot bath to keep it just as hot as the patient can bear, and also to keep moving the lamp about, as there is danger of scorching the skin if the flame is continually directed on one spot."

"Your assistant can fill and put in the bed two hot water bottles, one for the feet and one to place at the small of the back. Also arrange the bed so as to have the patient between blankets. Let her accomplish this

as soon as she can, so as to have the bed thoroughly warm when the patient returns to it."

"Twenty or thirty minutes is usually long enough to keep a patient in this bath, and less time than this if she gets at all exhausted."

"When ready to leave the bath, remove the lamp and begin drying at the face and neck, then arms, chest and back and so on down, taking care to expose the surface as little as possible, and rubbing vigorously. During this drying process it is an advantage to have two people. When you have got as far as the waist dry, put on the undervest and gown, and pin a blanket around the shoulders. When all dry, get her into bed as soon as you can and let her rest, taking care that she is well covered up with extra covers, and removing these by degrees as she cools off."

#### Whooping Cough.

**W**HOOPING COUGH is a troublesome affliction, to which young children are very liable. One complication of whooping cough is pneumonia, and it is this which makes the disease so dangerous in infants. This complication occurs most frequently during the winter months; while in summer diarrhoea is the more serious complication. A writer in Harper's Bazaar says:

"It is doubtful if medicine is of much value in whooping cough. There are one or two drugs which are occasionally given to control the spasm when it is unusually severe, but they must be given only under the direction of the physician. As a rule, expectorants and medicine do more harm than good; they upset the stomach, especially that of an infant, and the stomach, above all, should be kept in good condition, as it is upon the strength derived from its nourishment that the baby has to rely to carry it through the siege. The thing which has been found to give the most relief in whooping cough is the inhalation of plain or medicated steam; this can be accomplished by an ordinary inhaler or a kettle which is kept boiling in the room at certain intervals, the child thus inhaling the moisture-laden air. A piece of absorbent cotton or sponge may be placed in the spout of the kettle, on which has been placed the medication; the steam passing through the cotton or sponge permeates the room with medicated vapor. Creosote and cresoline are considered the best substances to use for this purpose, a solution of either placed in a dish and vaporized over an alcohol lamp making a good substitute for the croup kettle; cloths wrung out in one of these solutions and hung up in the room are often helpful."

#### Science of Diet.

**A**CCORDING to the London Mail, of the 1,160,000 persons born in England in a year, one-fourth die before their fifth birthday, one-half reach the age of 50, and barely a quarter live the natural span of the three-score and ten. Thus, three out of four people in one of the healthiest countries of the world die before their time. Moralizing upon this abnormal condition of affairs, the Mail makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of diet:

"This is a very remarkable state of things for the twentieth century. And it is more remarkable when we consider that much of this extraordinary shortening of life is due to the food we eat."

"Some time, no doubt, we will have a real science of diet. When that day comes life will probably be prolonged to 150 or 200 years, and centenarians will think nothing of playing polo, breaking a cycle record, or performing on the tight-rope or in the prize ring."

"There is absolutely no physiological reason why people who escape disease and accident should die at all. Those who gradually wear out and die of old age succumb to a long course of food which was not exactly what their body required. Comparison of the human body with any machine serves to prove this statement. Both the body and a saw, for example, wear out by their daily work. No art can replace the particles removed from the saw, and so a time arrives when it is completely worn out. But in the body, the moment a particle of brain, nerve or muscle is worn out, it is replaced by a perfectly new particle. As a rule, this new particle is exactly similar to and quite as good as the old one. If this were so in every case, then our bodies would be immortal. But it is not so in every case. Now and again a defective brick replaces a sound one in the human edifice till, at length, so many defective bricks are intercalated that the whole edifice collapses."

"But the bricks are made of material derived from the food we put into our stomachs."

"Hard water, for instance, has in it precisely those elements which most of all bring about death from old age. If a bottle be filled with London water, in a few days it will have become almost opaque from a dirty white coating over the inside. The coating is composed of lime salts—carbonate and sulphate of calcium. Now, what mostly causes death in old people is the deposit of these very lime salts in the walls of their arteries and veins. A healthy blood vessel is very elastic and allows the blood to flow freely through it. But in old age the vessels become hard and unyielding, their bore is diminished, and the blood stream is lessened. This results from the presence in their walls of lime, and the consequence is that neither brain nor muscles, liver nor lungs, receive sufficient nourishment, and life goes out like the light of a lamp without oil."

"The calcification of the arteries occurs very slowly, for the blood has the power of absorbing the pure water only and rejecting the lime. But now and again it lets a small quantity in by accident, and a gradual accumulation occurs in all the tissues of the body."

"Any kind of food that throws too much work on the bodily organs must necessarily shorten life."

"Among meats and vegetables there are many things which shorten peoples' days upon earth. Roast pork, for instance, throws an enormous amount of labor on the stomach and pancreas. So do roast duck, salmon, mackerel, and other things. The stomach gets its extra energy from the brain, and it also draws on the blood for digestive material. This overdraught must be supplied

from food, or otherwise the rest of the body will have to go short. But unless a man is very healthy he cannot assimilate enough of food to make good the increased losses. In most people, therefore, these indigestible foods inevitably shorten life."

"Many city people make their lunch off some bread and cheese and beer. Most of them would undoubtedly live longer if they took more suitable food. Cheese is packed with nutrient. But the digestive organs have such hard work extracting this nutrient that it is doubtful whether there is not a loss in the transaction."

"Cabbage—the British vegetable—is another shortener of life in a great many cases. Cabbage consists mainly of cellulose, but the human stomach can make nothing of it. It often decays in the inside and gives rise to poisonous gases."

"Of course, excess of any kind of stimulant hurries us on to the grave. Beef tea, for example, increases the pace of life and overindulgence in it would cause the body to wear itself out quickly. The same holds good with coffee or tea."

"The question whether vegetable food or animal food shortens life most is not yet solved. Vegetable food makes the blood vessels hard and stony, deposits tar on the teeth and makes them fall out. It increases the fat of the body, and tends to cause fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and brain."

"But meat gives gout. Possibly it is the cause of rheumatism. It produces trichinosis, tapeworm disease, erysipelas and other things. Some people think that the blood of meat produces consumption and cancer. And it is certainly a fact that the Jewish people, who remove all blood from their meat, are exceptionally free from these two diseases."

#### A Mother's Influence.

**I**T IS a kind provision of nature that the mother may exercise such a control over her child's organization that her forethought can shield it to a large extent from the effect of its father's physical defects, as well as from her own. Writing on this subject in the Woman's Home Companion, Florence Hull Winterburn says:

"A mother should therefore keep her own feelings in such a healthful condition that their strength shall not degenerate. She should cultivate hope and aspiration, courage and cheerfulness; avoiding those feverish ambitions and afflictions which waste nerve substance rapidly. Steady and cheerful application to duty, the practice of temperance, kindness and generosity are the bright flame in the mother-soul which shall give heat and light to the better nature of her unborn child. Should she not attach herself to what is beautiful and good when the beliefs and wishes of a single day in her life may echo down the ages? This is simply an imperative duty that she owes to herself, to her child and to society. Some day, let us hope, the world will understand this matter, and then mothers will realize the premature duty they owe to their unborn children, for whose chances in life they are responsible."

#### Sleep and Nourishment for Children.

**A** WRITER in the Ledger Monthly has the following to say on this subject:

"Little children need plenty of sleep. They should retire early, not later than 8 o'clock, and should not be disturbed in the morning, but left to waken naturally. The noon nap should be continued until the child is at least 5 years of age. Even if the child does not sleep, the quiet rest is beneficial, and for a nervous, restless child, is necessary."

"After the rest, nourishment is needed, so this is the best time for the afternoon lunch. The lunch should be light, not to interfere with the evening meal. Bread and milk, or bread and jam, or fruit are the best to give."

"Plenty of plain nourishing food is absolutely necessary for growing children. The lunch between breakfast and noon, as well as the one between noon and dinner should never be neglected."

"It is best to have the children's dinner not later than 5:30. If it can be managed, a noon dinner is much better. Where children are permitted to dine with the family, they should be taught not to expect everything that is on the table. It is poor judgment to deprive the older members of the family of certain dishes, because they are not wholesome for the children. Rich sauces, cakes and pickles, salads, and all-made dishes should never be given to children; plain cake, plain desserts, good pure candy and chocolate in moderation will do no harm. Fruit is always good, but be sure it is perfect and ripe; green and over-ripe fruits are dangerous."

#### Unleavened Bread.

**W**RITING in the Phrenological Magazine, Dr. E. P. Miller takes strong ground against the use of leavened or fermented bread. In the course of his article he says:

"The use of yeast as a ferment in making bread converts nearly one-quarter of the sugar and a portion of the starch into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, and putrifies nearly 4 per cent. of the protein into substances that are not used by the digestive organs to supply nutriment to the tissue of the body. The gas that is produced diffuses itself through the dough and makes the bread light, and porous, but adds nothing to its sweet taste or to the nutrition of the body. But what becomes of the gas and alcohol and the yeast germs after the bread is made light by their use? In baking the bread the heat of the oven expels the gas and alcohol from the bread loaf, and the high temperature kills the yeast germs, but their dead carcasses are taken into the blood, where they furnish a seed-bed for the generation or breeding of nearly all forms of diseases that ruin health and destroy life."

"Fermentation is a rotting process from beginning to end, and if not interfered with, terminates in putrefaction. The odor from the yeast, and the dough impregnated with it, is disgusting to the nostrils of a natural healthy person."

"It is perfectly true that in the fermenting of bread a percentage of alcohol is generated, and it has frequently been claimed that the use of such bread in youth leads to a taste for alcoholic beverages. If this is so, the W.C.T.U. should begin to agitate against the use of fermented bread."

# The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

## INSECT IDIOSYNCRASIES.

### WONDERFUL STORIES OF THE BUTTERFLY—MOURNING CLOAK AND THE PHYLLOXERA.

By a Special Contributor.

**T**HE insect world is in many parts a true realm of topsy-turvy. That is to say, if insects were human beings, very many things about them would be set under the distinguished name of idiosyncrasies. Butterflies, for example. In the popular mouth and mind a butterfly existence is the proper expression of an idly ornamental span. But Mme. Butterfly and Monsieur, her husband, are, after their sort, often hard-worked, fore-thoughted, and as predatory as their human prototypes.

They have need to be to keep up their species. In the most part of butterflies, eggs winter-kill. Thus to perpetuate itself, either the perfect insect must hibernate, or the eggs hatch, live through the caterpillar stage, and change to the pupae one. The well-known Mourning Cloak butterfly hibernates, sheltering itself as best it can under eaves, in hollow trees where the sun shines in, or in warm crannies of rock and house walls, clustering sometimes in hundreds, but oftener by twos and threes. Thence it steals out in the earliest spring sunshine to suck the honey of plum and peach and pear blossoms. It is rusty and unkempt, and of weak and wavering flight, a mere tattered ghost of the glossy skimming insect that will haunt the flowers of May. These May butterflies hatch from the eggs of the hibernating insects, and themselves in turn give rise to a July brood, whose children, hatching late in September, or early in October, fold their wings and sleep away the winter.

Stranger still is the grawsome goat moth, which lives

of its processes. The wings of all butterflies are threaded with stout veins. These veins are hollow like the frame-work of a bicycle. When the wings come up, wet and clotted, from the pupae-case, the butterfly in some fashion forces air into the veins, thus stiffening and expanding the wings so that flight is possible in from ten minutes to an hour. Flight, by the way, is no haphazard process. A butterfly knows where he is going, and also why. Clouds of the insects often follow the declining sun rays up a mountain side. Following by sight should be easy—a perfect butterfly's eye has above three thousand facets. Yet the wise men say sun-following is more a matter of feeling. The insects love warmth even more than light, and shrink from cold.

Gall-insects, which are said to be "the ichneumons of the vegetable world," are astonishing creatures throughout. Commonly only the females are discoverable—most males are so small they escape capture and observation. One gall-insect, the Mayfly, is truly ephemeral. It takes but ten seconds to get out of the pupae-case, which curls away from it as though on springs. The perfect insect flies away, and dies after a day or two—unless meantime it has fallen victim to a bird of the air, or a fish of the water, both of which are given to devouring it.

None among the gall-insects is more amazing than the phylloxera—the root-louse, so much the pest of vineyards. It is of American origin, and in ravages may fairly even up the account against the gypsy moth and the cabbage butterfly. It haunts wild grape vines, and seldom does them harm, since upon them it rarely assumes the root-feeding form. It is this variation in its way of having its being which makes it so noteworthy, along with the further fact that only one generation in ten or twenty is sexed.

after hatching, and is the winter egg next spring.

MARTHA MCCULLOCHE

## IN SOLOMON'S TANK

### WONDERFUL EXPLOIT IN CAPTURING DIAMONDS AND AN ARABIAN LION.

By a Special Contributor.

One morning in a quiet corner of the Aden Chalmers affirmed that on the previous hunting baboons in the hills he had seen a lion. His rifle was empty, and an tumble down a precipice, where the animal fit to follow, was all that saved him.

His looks were certainly corroborative, for a patch was visible on his forehead.

"Where did you say you put him up?" asked subaltern.

"This side of the far tank, among the rocks, was the reply. "You fellows are welcome to the brute, if you like. Thank goodness, I'm off land next week, on a six months' leave."

Just then, Col. Holiford, the political resident, into the room.

"You are too venturesome, Chalmers," he said. "As for the presence of a lion in the secretaries. I think that can be explained. One recently came a village seventy miles to the north, where brought by the natives from the Khalid Desert easily have made its way down here."

"There you are!" exclaimed Chalmers, Matthew Quin had been listening at the secluded corner.

"I should like to take the animal alive,"

"Arabian lions command a stiff price at market. The resident having disappeared, a diamond necklace, three months previously, stolen from her dressing-room one evening, guilty party, had never been discovered. The town was ransacked from end to end.

"I've always suspected that Portuguese Mr. Chalmers, as he picked up an illustrative paper.

Later in the day, in the Hôtel de l'Univers, received a visit from Vane Chalmers. The young, handsome, polished young gentleman of thirty, come out from England with a record for and extravagance.

"About that lion, Mr. Quin," he began; "no enough story, of course. But I knew the right in your line, so I kept those other dark, so far as the spot was concerned. I saw the brute at the upper end of Solomon's Tank one, you know."

"I'm exceedingly obliged to you," said Quin, had put a few questions to his visitor. "As you it's in my line—"

"Then you'll have a try for the lion?" asked, with covert eagerness.

"Yes, I think I'll look him up tomorrow, I say day or two."

"Good! You'll have to shoot the brute—then question to take him alive. I'll see you on your

Early the next morning, before the Sun Quin with his Somali guide soon reached the granite-bound tanks for catching rainfall, enormous labor by King Solomon and his men—sometime prior to the year B. C. 1000.

But where was the lion? It was nowhere to be found, for such cover as there was—clumps of low grass at the foot of the hills—could not hide a calf.

"The beast must come down to drink other water," said Quin. "Ah, that looks like it."

He did not finish the sentence, but started off by the side of the tank, his rifle in hand. Somali at his heels. At the farther end of the tank, a few yards up a stony incline, a cliff sheer to a height of seventy or eighty feet. At the top of this was the black hole that had attracted attention. He climbed to it cautiously, beneath the overhanging rock, he found within and stood erect. A few yellowish hairs sticking to the roughened wall, and Quin knew they came there. He called the Somali to him.

"We are going up," he said. "It will be difficult. Keep close behind me, and do not let you fall."

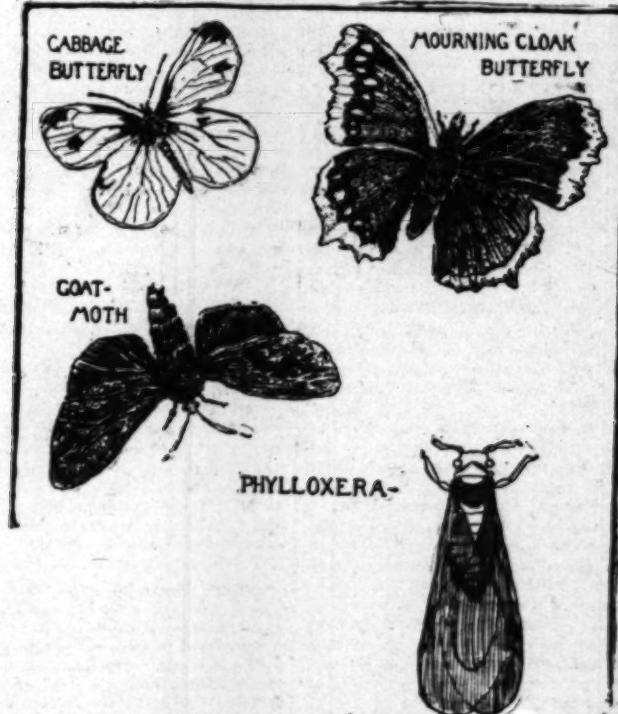
Jubar disliked the project, but he dared not Master and man mounted steadily. At one point where he had to use both his hands, Quin held his rifle, which slipped by his companion and clattered to the bottom.

"We go back for it?" asked the Somali.

"No; we are almost to the top now," Quin. Another ten feet or so, and they emerged at the summit of the cliff. Before them stretched a plateau, thickly strewn with loose boulders small. They advanced warily, Quin advancing every few steps. Jubar hung back a little, was a pallor on his dusky face.

At the same instant from half a dozen of them, leaped up the lion, a true Arabian. They had invaded. He yawned prodigiously, his cavernous red mouth, and then blazed from his eyes.

"The rifle, quick!" demanded Quin. He was answered by a yell of dismay and fear. The cowardly Jubar had fled in panic, weapon with him. Quin, unarmed and alone, faced his peril. But he did not lose his



two or three years in the caterpillar state, to exist as many weeks as a moth. The splendid Fire Tails are the cuckoos among butterflies, laying their eggs whenever possible in nests of the mason bee. Milk-weed butterflies migrate in swarms, and are sometimes found at sea, five hundred miles off. Whether or no they have flown so far, or been blown there, is as yet undetermined. Butterflies are, however, strong on the wing, and capable of sustained flight. Witness the cabbage butterfly, Pieris Rapae, which was accidentally introduced into this country from Germany about 1861, and in less than twenty years spread all over the United States.

Several species of butterflies have scent-scales. They are developed most strongly in the male. Generally the odor is not unpleasant, but one, known colloquially as the pole-cat butterfly, is nearly as ill-smelling as that odorous animal. In several of the species the males guard the females while they lay eggs. Butterfly eggs, by the way, are among the most beautiful of minute things. Sometimes they are laid in clusters, as many as a hundred in a place. More generally there are from three to a dozen, laid in parallel rows upon the under sides of leaves. Some are bright golden-yellow, others pea-green, still others of delicate blue, or translucent, or opalescent, or shining white, or daintily clouded. Each hatches out a different sort of caterpillar, but the caterpillars have much in common. They pretty generally build themselves leaf-houses as soon as they are strong enough, by drawing the leaf-edge over themselves and fastening it down with silk of their own spinning. Then many of them carpet the little house with thicker silken threads, and are careful never to foul it, throwing all waste out over the edge of the leaf.

From these houses, after various molts, the caterpillars go out to spin the cocoon wherein they are transformed. The transformation itself is sufficiently wonderful, but made still more so by understanding one

The cycle of generations varies greatly in length. It may be accomplished in one year, or protracted through three or four years. In the beginning of an egg laid late in the fall upon the old wood of a grape vine, hatches in spring into an active small louse, which at once seeks a young grape leaf, fastens upon the under side of it and sucks continuously until the leaf develops a gall all around and over its tormentor. In a fortnight the young louse grows to a plump orange yellow, wingless female, which fills up the gall with small, very yellow eggs, and promptly dies. These eggs hatch in eight days, or thereabouts, into more young lice, all female, which form other galls, lay eggs and die. This keeps up all summer—sometimes half the leaves on a vine have galls all over their under sides. When frost threatens the latest generation crawls down into the earth and fastens upon the vine-roots, but remains dormant until the sap rises next spring. Then it becomes active with a vengeance. Crop after crop of wingless females succeeds, each ready to suck, and set up a bunch of decay wherever it fastens its beak. Then it is that the phylloxera really destroys the vine. As a leaf feeder it is annoying, but as a root-sucker deadly. Toward the end of the second summer, here or there an egg hatches out a winged creature. The wings, of course, are useless underground, so their possessor crawls up through a convenient earth-crack and disports herself in the light; but not for long. She is a female with a mission. It is to lay two eggs, or four, in some cranny of the vine bark. When they are laid she dies. The eggs are of two sizes. The smaller ones hatch out male insects, the larger ones female. These, the only sexed generation in twenty, or even thirty, never feed. They cannot—they have only rudimentary mouths. Both are very small, and the female larva-shaped. She produces a single egg—one nearly as big as her whole body. It is laid in three to four days

April 21, 1901.]

# Illustrated Magazine Section.

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his eyes on his savage foe, he moved slowly backward, step by step. The lion followed, somewhat surprised by these tactics. It uttered a terrific roar that echoed far among the hills. Quin stopped and shouted with all the force of his lungs. With a sullen growl the lion stopped also.

Then, a boulder interposing between the two, Quin turned and ran for his life. He gained the top of the chimney and slid into it, his heart thumping like a tripping hammer. He lowered himself at reckless speed, but only reached the bottom, with torn clothing and bleeding hands, and staggered into the open air. Jubar had emerged a few seconds before, and he cowered abjectly under the rain of abuse that his master visited upon him. Then, having recovered his bent and battered rifle, Quin looked up the chimney. The top was darkened, and a scratching, scraping noise could be heard.

"Fetch grass, quick!" shouted Quin. "Heaps of it—all you can carry."

A patch of it grew near, at the base of the cliff, and as he spoke he grabbed an armful of it. He thrust it into the mouth of the shaft and applied a match. A bright, blazing flame shot up.

The Somali hurried back, laden with the dried herb, and Quin helped him to pile it on top of the blaze, which was instantly smothered. For a second or two there was a dull red glow, and then thick, yellowish-brown clouds of smoke filled the recess and went rapidly up the chimney in a solid column. An instant later, with a suddenness that took both men off their guard, they heard a thumping crash and out from the mouth of the shaft rolled the kicking, half-suffocated lion. An swift leap saved the Somali. Quin was bowled over like a ton-sail, and sliding on all fours down the sloping face of the rock, he plunged headlong over the narrow rim of granite into the deep waters of Solomon's Tank, where the lion had preceded him.

Quin, coming to the surface after his immersion, found himself within a foot of the bloodshot eyes of the lion, who had been revived by the bath and was swimming like a dog.

Quin grasped the situation and dived, barely escaping a snap from the jaws of the animal, who splashed after him as he rose and swam on. He easily gained on his power, and as he reached the side of the tank and dove there for an instant, his hands beneath the water, he touched a short iron spike to which a chain was attached. Then Jubar gave him a lift and drew him up to the surface.

The lion shewed off, swimming toward the opposite side of the pool, and Quin temporarily gave his attention to the significant discovery he had just made. With a vicious smile hovering about his lips, he knelt down, reached into the water, and began to haul up yards of rusty chain, until a small brass box was brought to view. He opened this with a pocketknife, and behold, a costly string of diamonds flashed their myriad points of light at him. The Somali screamed with childish pleasure and amazement.

"By Jove, I've struck it rich!" said Quin. "And I know where to find the man who stole them."

The lion pulled itself out of the tank by means of a snaking gap in the masonry, and crawled slowly and with an effort—it seemed to be in a very weak condition—to a rock-cleft at the base of the sloping hillside. Having guardedly approached the spot, and made sure that the hole had no outlet, Quin and Jubar filled the mouth of it with large stones.

This served their purpose, but how the animal was still alive, and brought safely to Aden, is a separate story. The following morning, Quin sought a private interview with the Resident's secretary, and put a paper before him.

"I will sign this confession, Mr. Chalmers," he said, firmly. "I know all. You stole Mrs. Holford's diamonds, and hid them in Solomon's Tank. When you sent me to get them, in order to take them to England with you, the lion compelled you to return empty-handed. Wanting to be rid of that dangerous obstacle before making a second attempt, you cunningly enlisted my aid. Well, I have the lion—and I have the jewels."

Chalmers blustered, threatened and begged. But in the end, on the condition that no proceedings should be taken against him, and that no one but Col. Holford should see the written statement of his crime, he put his name to the document. He sailed for home two days later—earlier than he had intended—and the Arabian lion was shipped to Hamrach & Co. by the same steamer.

W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

## TOPSY-TURVY KOREA.

### SOME QUEER STORIES OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

By a Special Contributor.

In Korea anything which is not work is counted as play. For instance, an old woman going up to visit the grave of her much-loved granddaughter in Fusun, said "that she was going up to play." There are "play houses" in every city and village. These consist of a series of buildings which look like a temple, and often they are partly so, for a section of the "play house" is sometimes reserved for an ancestral tablet, though this is always placed in a part entirely separate. At the entrance of the place there is a high wall, and a gate which is kept locked, and the key intrusted to a caretaker who lives in a tiny hut just within. The men either in these places, to smoke, drink, play games and talk. Sometimes dancing girls are hired to perform here. Except for them, the women have no part in the "play house," for which it would never occur to the men to make any provision for the pleasure of the female portion of the community.

Even those few men who have adopted Christianity with their wives, and who admire the Western way of treating women more than their own, know themselves to be as powerless to act against public opinion, and are handicapped by custom, that they rarely make an avowed effort to treat their wives differently. A young man who was closely associated with a missionary and

his wife in their work, and who married, and actually fell in love with his wife, made an attempt to treat her in the way that the missionary treated his wife. The two men went into the country on a tour, and finding that they were to be several days in a certain village, decided to send back to Fusun for their wives. The latter made preparations for the journey, and when they were ready to start, the father-in-law of the young Korean bride asked why they were going. "To see our husbands," was the reply. Thereupon he forbade his daughter-in-law to go. He declared that to go for such a purpose would create a scandal, and would never do. He could not allow his son to lay himself open to the ridicule which would inevitably follow, so the missionary's wife journeyed alone to meet her husband. On another occasion, while this Korean husband was away, he wrote a letter to his wife, but the father was ashamed to give it to her, and said that it was a violation of all Korean custom. In this country no husband ever thinks of sitting with his wife, or any way making a companion of her. If he did so he would be chaffed unmercifully by his friends.

ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

## CUP DEFENDERS.

### A NEW GAME THAT REQUIRES GOOD JUDGMENT AND YET IS AMUSING.

By a Special Contributor.

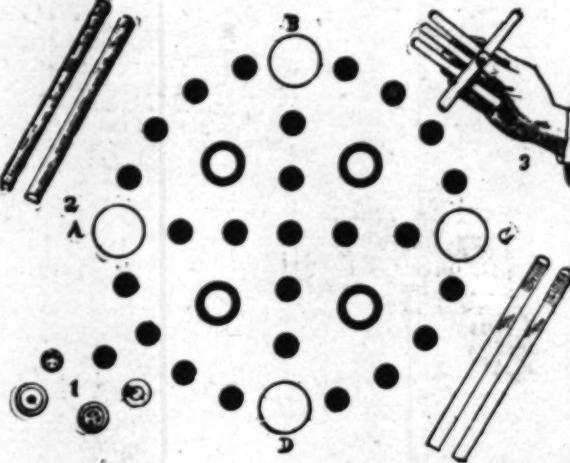
Who shall have the honor of defending the cup? Every American boy may enter his boats on the course shown in the diagram. A little clever work with a penknife will make four or five miniature boats; but this is considered too much trouble. Buttons such as shown in figure 1, will answer very well.

Figure 2 shows the four little fates which contend in the life of every yachtsman. They are wind, tide, fog and rocks. These fates are nothing more than four bits of some branch of a tree, which has been split down the center. They should be about five inches long and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide.

Hold them in the hand, as shown in figure 3, and then toss them upon the table.

The count runs as follows.

Four white (fair wind and tide,) 4.



Four black (a gale,) 5.

Three white (good wind,) 3.

Two white (light breeze,) 2.

One white (drifting,) 1.

Whenever a gale is thrown it entitles the player to a second chance.

It is part of the duties of a captain, during a yacht race, to hunt for his wind.

The air never moves alike on all parts of a course. Let each young navigator, then, see what fortune his four fates have in store for him.

A preliminary toss decides who shall play first. The yachts, four or five of which are entered by each player, enter the course at the disc, just above the open circle marked A, and travel on around the circle toward the open circle, B.

Each player must state before he makes a throw which yacht shall be benefited, or otherwise, by the play, and he cannot change his mind after the play has been made.

The open circle, B, is the first turning point in the race. If your throw allows a boat to just land on this circle, the captain may, if he choose, turn into center of the course and reach the finish by following the short course, that is, toward D, to the center, and then straight in to A, the finish. To do this, however, he must risk the rocks, the four circles with heavy black boundaries.

If a gale, four blacks, be thrown for any boat within the circle of black discs the unfortunate craft is immediately blown upon the rocks and can only be liberated when a fair wind and tide is thrown for the same boat. When a vessel is liberated from the rocks she must begin the course anew.

At the open circle, C, a yacht has the opportunity, if the throw allows, of turning into the course and clearing straight away for home. If, however, she overthrows the circle, C, she must continue on around. If a boat is so unfortunate as to land on the circle, D, she must turn into the course, risk the rocks and take the longer way in.

If a yacht lands on a disc occupied by a rival the latter is said to be blanketed and cannot be moved until the last arrival pushes on. If a third boat lands on the same disc, it blankets both the others, and so on; the last boat to arrive always holding the rest in check.

There is really more of an opportunity offered for good judgment in this game than the first glance would lead one to believe. Try it and be satisfied of this fact.

## RESTORING ST. MARK'S.

### RUSKIN'S APPEAL THAT THE MOSAICS AND CARVINGS BE PRESERVED IS HEDED.

[Venice Correspondence, London Globe:] I think no better proof of the progress Italy has made during the last twenty years in true artistic taste and sentiment is needed than the fact that, whereas not so very long ago Ruskin appealed to England for a fund to enable copies to be made of the invaluable mosaics and carvings in St. Mark's Church, Venice, before they fell into complete ruin, it is now the Italian government itself that has taken in hand their saving and their restoration, and England has now only to look on with approval. Ruskin, in his later days, was apt to imagine that he had preached in the desert, but were he alive now he would see that here in Venice his teaching has not been thrown away. The Ministry of Public Works has realized that to restore means to restore, and that to destroy an ancient thing and to replace it by a modern one is not to restore it. Before the new order of things, when anything was considered unsightly, it was pulled down, often thrown away, and common work of the period set up in its stead, with the result that the thing "restored" was not ancient, nor valuable, nor beautiful, nor durable—not even a good copy, since the workers then had neither artistic eye nor taste. Now, however, this is all changed, and the government, by the appointment of the right men for the work, has insured that St. Mark's should be preserved and restored as nearly perfectly as is humanly possible.

Any one who sees St. Mark's after an absence of a few months will at once be struck by the manner in which the old "Opus Alexandrinum" mosaic work, with which the church was originally paved, and of which so little remained, has spread itself out over the flooring. All round the great white slabs under the central dome, in the two transepts, and down the right aisle, all is rich in subdued color. The disfigurements of the last two centuries have disappeared. The hundreds of bits of common, rubbly Verona, Brescia and Carrara, with which the original valuable tesserae had been replaced, have been emptied into the yard behind the church, and the lovely tesserae of porphyry and verd antique, jasper and malachite once more occupy their rightful place—priceless material lately excavated from the ruins

at Aquileia, Concordia and Cyraido. It is not so much, however, the beauty of the material that is so striking as the masterly manner in which the work is done. It is really hard to believe that the inequalities of the pavement and the worn appearance of the tesserae is not the work of time and of the treadings of many feet, instead of being the result of ingenious and anxious study. I learn that the architect, before undoing any part of the pavement, takes a plaster cast of it, numbering the position of each of the ancient tesserae, and from this he forms his restoration, having each separate bit hand cut and ground to the exact size and shape of the one it is to replace. Where a pattern is half old and half new, it is impossible to tell where the one begins and the other ends. It is really what some one has called "The Philosophy of Restoration." If any one wishes to see in what a disgraceful condition the whole pavement was in up to very lately, he has only to look at any portion not yet restored, such as the left aisle, which was cobbled by a local factory in the ignoble days of thirty years ago, or in front of the altar of the Virgin, where one sees a few bits of antique marbles lost in a wide stretch of common Verona and Carrara tesserae, a crooked square stone filling one blank, and great blotches of plaster the others, making the whole look for all the world like a beggar's coat. Forming a striking contrast to this particular blot upon the harmony of the church is one of the finest bits of restoration that have been done. It is a huge rose of geometrical pattern formed of the richest porphyries and verd antique, radiating from a center; and this center, an offering, I believe, of the architect himself, is a thick slice of an exquisite amethyst, over three inches in diameter. If the unrestored part I spoke of above is like a beggar's coat, this one can only be likened to a king's robe of state.

Other improvements are giving back its richness to the church. A splendid slab of verd antique, found in the rubble heaps with which the various recesses of the church were found to be filled, has been sliced in two, and now one-half forms the front of the altar of St. Peter, and the other the center of a panel in the Zeus Chapel. The passages leading to the sacristy and to other chambers have all been lined either with marble or with gold mosaic. The great cupolas have now been given back to their original splendor, the decayed and blackened plaster, in which their mosaics were imbedded, and which had dimmed their luster, has been scraped away, and each tesserae secured by good cement, so that now the old colors shine out once more to full advantage. Much other work has been done, but I have said enough, I think, to show that government and architect are doing credit to themselves and to St. Mark's Church.

## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### ON THE BARGAIN COUNTERS.

READY-MADE TAILOR GOWNS NOW COMPETE WITH WORK OF PRIVATE DRESSMAKERS.

*From a Special Correspondent.*

**N**EW YORK, April 15.—The wise woman who goes forth to shop these days does not miscalculate the daring and danger of the enterprise. For this reason she takes the precaution to wear heavy rib pads, a stout elastic on her hat, a strong check rein on her temper, and carefully trains her elbows to move like piston-rods as an offensive and defensive weapon. The woman of the future will doubtless go a-purchasing armored like a South African railway train or a college football player—that is, if bargain counters continue to multiply at their present rate of increase.

At the bargain counters of yore only damaged goods, spotted gloves, dingy ribbons, etc., used to be sold, but today every other counter displays such perfectly amazing and irresistible temptations in lace boleros, bolts of *peau de soie*, trimmed hats, imitation jewelry, etc., that throughout April and May the women who have their wits about them breakfast early, and even carriage customers are among the first to feverishly and gloatingly select and buy.

Last week there was a famous bargain day in handkerchiefs that proved the continued vitality of the Napoleon craze. Small, very fine and soft handkerchiefs, edged with a delicately narrow hem and double hem-stitch, and embroidered in one corner with a Napoleonic device, were first in the taste of the shoppers. The most attractive devices were a tiny tuft of violets, and Old

tan-colored silk batiste and the girdle and collar were of sky-blue taffeta.

Somewhat the same effect is reached by the adaptive designers on this side by draping flowered and ornamented robes over two or three skirts of varying tints. One, shown at a spring opening and which had many admirers at its draped dry-goods box shrine, was a string gray batiste, having the upper half of its skirts tucked by hand with black silk. The lower half of the pipe was killed and annexed to the top by a broad wreath of black empire lace. The foundation for this was a vivid apricot silk with one veil of green chiffon, of the exact tint of the middle skirt as it is showed through the gray batiste, formed by the body of the waist, that had bolero fronts and sleeve tops of tucked batiste, a girdle and collar and cuff of black lace. So prevailing, indeed, is this fancy for contrasting the colors that none of the simpler flowered muslins are built on foundations that match.

When June's sun is bright and strong enough for garden parties, we will see adorable frocks of very thin pastel colored crêpe de chine and batiste tucked in sunburst effects. The center of every sunburst will be a flower of lace applied flat, and the waists of many very delicate evenings gowns for the summer will be trimmed with garlands of exquisite picayune rose made wholly of chiffon. An integral part of every fête champêtre gown will be the harmonious parasol of white silk, speckled in embroidered dots of red, blue, or green, or sometimes three colors commingled. This is called the bird's egg pattern and its nearest rival is the sunshade of striped louisine silk lined with a color to match the lining of the owner's gown.

MARY DEAN.

in the season be viewed in reality through a sea window.

In a small country house where there is no opportunity nor the income to justify the having a great side of glass, much can be done by giving it a special usefulness and one of the prevailing fancies, for instance, is to inclose a dining or drawing-room window in a frame work of draperies and convert it into a room or pretty private little area where breakfast with the smile of the morning and the bright glass and silver.

One thrifty property owner has had such success with his seaside cottages, he says, on the windows alone, he has let every house to a newly married couple. The snugness and coziness of the window breakfast rooms always stand gain with the nesting pair, whatever may be comings elsewhere of the small establishment.

Into some of the city houses they are now putting French conservatory windows that are a combination of decorative ingenuity. A conservatory window of heavy dull green glass and shaped in some drawing-room or library window is often opened. The broad crescent-shaped window is a glass basin in which a toy boat plays and gold fish swim about. All the shelves on the inside wall of the window are arranged with shelves on which sit pots of varying shade opalescent green glass filled with ferns and plants and in the dome of the window is shaded electric light.



A TUDOR WINDOW.



TEN-CORNER WINDOW IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Guard eagle, or a honey bee. Persons who were lucky enough to possess names in which the letters N or B or J M L fitted appropriately purchased white mouchoirs with these initials and the imperial crown above them. The letters stood for those belonging in the names of the Emperor himself or in those of his two wives. Another immediately popular handkerchief bore a tiny embroidered eaglet in one corner with the Duke of Reichstadt's cipher beneath.

From the counters where small luxuries and necessities are reft like the proverbial hot cakes, the bargain spirit rises clean up to the ready-made suit department. In this department, because of the ever-improving cut and fit, the free-lance dressmakers and tailors have felt this spring the crudest competition. It was a very short time ago that any one, with a good eye for line or color and the quality of goods, could tell a woman dressed from the ready-made department all the way down the street, separating her from her specially tailored or contoured sister as easily as one distinguished the goat from the sheep. That is the day of the past, however.

So long has gray and gray only ruled as the one light cloth for such costumes that it is a very positive relief to see the cloth-clad women reflecting every color of the flower garden. Bold reds and grassy greens are not used save as the waists worn with passion flower purple, larkspur blue, heliotrope and leaf green suitings.

If the tailor gowns are cheerful in-tone the light silks, grenadines, transparent woolens and muslins are distinctly reckless and assertive in their color combinations. The Parisian designers have returned to their old love and are draping one transparent and contrasting goods over another, in order to arrive at strange opalescent effects. In this wise was it done in the case of a \$300 gown. The foundation was a daring salmon pink taffeta; over this fell a robe of brilliant butter-yellow chiffon; over this again dropped the top robe of

### BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS.

#### CHARMING CORNERS TO BE MADE IN DINING AND SITTING ROOMS.

*By a Special Contributor.*

By its windows and the treatment they have received, may you know the newly done-over country or city house. Interior decorators and architects have come at last to realize that the more you make of its windows the more interesting and attractive a room will be, and for summer cottages the cosy corner once located by the chimney has been transferred to the window side with the most happy results. There are handsome houses now in process of alteration, where the whole end or side of every living room is being torn to make place for elaborate decoration in solid glass, following the fashion of Elizabethan and Jacobin days, when such houses as Hardwick Hall, Haddon Hall, etc., were erected, and one-half their walls were of glass.

As a rule in the very big houses the new windows extend from ceiling to floor, the most exquisite metal work is lavished on the knobs and latches of the long glass doors and sashes, but the rule now is against anything like a lavish use of stained glass. Now and then artistic bits of painted glass are introduced in imitation of the antique fashion of introducing the householder's coat of arms, but the sensible preference is for clear light and untinted sunshine, instead of the inappropriate ecclesiastical suggestion that heavy stained glass in domestic architecture always conveyed.

In one Newport house, where the whole end of the owner's library is a great Tudor window fronting seaward, a series of the most exquisite little ships are painted by a famous artist directly on the glass. The procession of vessels begins with a miniature copy of the Mayflower and ends with a view of one of the great white yachts and a superb warship that can any day

Hall windows are made much of by now, the immediately surrounding wall space, being so arranged that by touching half in the woodwork, little doors slide back into the nicest little dust-proof individual closets, brellias, and coats, besides drawers for etc.

In long city houses where there is no room for the main hall from the outside, the entrance now introduces at the end of the main hall the side wall a fine handsome square or square of golden or warm ruby glass. Behind no glass or dead window a series of sheets placed, and shining through the glass is a shiny and very natural looking light into the dark corridor. So skillfully is this now done that a casual visitor carries away the impression that the window looks out into true daylight that is filled by tinted glass.

MILICENT AND

### THE KITCHEN SINK.

#### VARIOUS CONVENiences IN THE DISH AND POT WASHING.

*By a Special Contributor.*

Any sink—always excepting the wooden—is better than none. It should be built with the plaster coming so snugly around the sides that there is no place to hide. It should stand level, but slope very slightly toward the drain, so that the space beneath open to light and air, will sink back fasten to the wall a narrow strip of wood or metal, with a perforated bottom as long as the sink is broad. In this tray keep scouring soap, a nail brush, a vegetable brush, etc. In the middle, at either end, set a

launder wash cloths. They must neither touch the utensils, nor drip on them. In passing, it may be said that wash cloths or a dishcloth should be kept as spotless as one's reputation. When either begins to fray, burn it at once.

Well above the tray have a wall closet, six inches deep, and a little broader than the sink. Keep in it every sort of cleaning stuff—ammonia, soap powder, dry washing soda, pearlash, whitening plate powder, leather and linen rubbing cloths, chamois and polishing leather. Bath brick, also, along with lime water, floor wax, and furniture polish. It is well to have the upper shelf divided into biggish compartments, each plainly marked with the name of the thing it holds. Those in daily use should go upon the handy lowest shelf. Doors to such a closet are out of the question—in swinging doors they strike a grown person either in the temple, on the ear or beside the head. Either leave your closet open—which is not all desirable—or close it with a roller door, or curtains running on draw strings.

The very best door is one of the rolling wire gauze screens. If the closet is made to order, get the screen first and have the closet dimensions fitted to it. Fix the screen across the top and pull it down with a chord. Pulling that, try a curtain of any stout, washable stuff, with a slot at the bottom, and tacked across the top to a shade roller, working in shade fixture made fast to the closet's upper edge. A regular window shade may be used, shortening it, of course, and wiping it off inside and out forthrightly. But something more open is more desirable. A curtain of lawn or cheese cloth with drawing strings down each side, is not at all bad. The strings should have long ends, working over a rod across the top. A single pull at them will make the curtain clean up out of the way. The ends

All the deep corners of the room are arranged with strong, airy shades of white ferns and ferns. The window is a large one, with a tiny jet of water falling from the top.



IDEAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE KITCHEN.

should be joined together and passed over a hook in the bottom of the closet, well toward the back, so as to hold the curtain up.

Using a roller towel of generous proportion close beside the sink, and see that the towel proper is changed every day. For dish towels provide a finger rack, made in the casing of the sunniest window. Thus the towels get full benefit of light and air, the best of all sanitarians. The cheap fingered racks are commonly too fragile, and the stout ones too costly for kitchen use, but any carpenter or man handy with tools can make an excellent one at the cost of a few cents. All that is needed is square inch stuff, sawed into two-foot lengths, with corners and one end slightly rounded, with half-inch holes bored in the rounded ends, so the fingers may be slipped upon either a wooden peg or an iron bolt, between two wooden brackets, nailed fast to the window. Such a contrivance may have as many arms as you please. Five is a good number. In use they spread out wide. Out of use they rest peacefully flat against the window.

A draining board is a great help in dish-washing. Here it is lacking a big tray with a soft folded cloth, an old table cloth, laid over it, is an excellent substitute. The cloth minimizes danger of breakage as well as takes up the drainage. It should be rung out whenever it shows itself soaking wet. A right-hand draining-board is most convenient, but it should never be divorced from the kitchen table, or the pantry window. It gives a world of work, and miles of walking, to have a sliding panel window betwixt kitchen and dining or dining-room. Have the panel big enough to admit the whole arm through—with a table underneath to hide, the problem of putting things away is mightily simplified.

[Chicago Tribune:] "But you have no standing in America," argued Japan. "You think I am a Sitting Bear, do you?" responded Japan, with a fine play of original—not to say aboriginal and, set a blunt

### BUNCHES OF LUCK. CLUSTERS OF CHARMS AND TRINKETS DANGLE FROM GOLD OR SILVER BRACELETS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Women are just now putting money aside to buy themselves fibulas, as are called the new and fascinating pins, which are worn to hold their fichus, bits of drapery and neckties together. So few comparatively of them have as yet been seen that it may not be amiss to describe a fibula. Out of gold wire, a scroll similar to large S is made, or, it may perhaps be better described, as similar to the sign of the treble which is placed at the beginning of a bar of music. At its back is a very long and firm pin, which after it has passed horizontally through the material on which it is worn, comes out again and goes over the bottom part of the scroll before finally hiding its point in the gown. Now the greatest point in favor of this new pin is that after it has been so fastened it cannot be jerked out by any extraneous force. In fact, to get it out at all a little manipulation is necessary. The S, as it may be called for convenience, has to be turned upward so as to unfasten itself from the pin which has passed over it, and not until this is done can the long part be drawn out.

This idea, a most excellent one, is now really new. Long ago the Romans devised fibulas to hold their togas together, slippery, sliding garments which made some such contrivance of importance. In style there is a vast difference in these pins, some of them being very simple and others representing almost a king's ransom. Those made of gold wire without further ornamentation are very pretty and useful, and are to be had for

rhyme. The story of the House that Jack Built affords an excellent opportunity to be worked out in charms. It is fortunately long and well supplied with interesting characters. At one end of the bracelet is hung first of all, the rat, then the bag of malt, the cat, the dog, the cow with crumpled horn, the morden all folsom, the man all tattered and torn, the priest all shaven and shorn, the cock that crowed in the morn, and last of all Jack and his famous house. A simpler bracelet is made up of the dramatics personae of the old rhyme of the three blind mice, and in which instance even the carving knife is of importance.

It seems rather pleasant for children to have some meaning attached to their trinkets, and besides, these bracelets with charms illustrative of some story seem to tickle their fancy immensely.

### EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

From the earliest times the office of the Sheriff of Maricopa county has been the lodge-room of the Amalgamated Association of Prevaricators until an honorary membership and an ability to shine in it came to be regarded as a necessary qualification for Sheriff only, a little less important than the ability to get enough votes at the convention and the polls. Sheriffs have usually been represented by proxy in the meeting of the association and the proxy has always been some deputy, generally Charlie Slankard, who, as a prevaricator, has always successfully held his own against all comers.

There was some apprehension that Sheriff Stout would not fill the bill. He was supposed to be too matter of fact. Billy Moeur and Billy Williams were not believed to be any more able liars than the Sheriff, and Capt. H. McDonald, as an outside deputy, could not be expected to attend meetings of the association. Still in a pinch there was the ever-reliable Slankard to fall back upon. But Sheriff Stout yesterday proved that he didn't need any deputy prevaricator.

An old settler who had lived in the valley longer than anybody, was telling at the Sheriff's office yesterday of the driest season the valley had ever experienced. There had been nothing like it before and nothing since. None of his hearers had ever seen anything so dry. He couldn't tell them how dry it was so they would comprehend.

Sheriff Stout was reminded of one very dry summer within his residence in the valley. He had just embarked in the cattle business and had a herd of yearling calves. There was a little water on his ranch, but no food within ten miles. Every morning he used to turn the calves out so they could go to the nearest range where there was some grass, but no water. He accordingly hung a canteen filled with water around the neck of each calf. One day he went out to the range to see the condition of the grass, which, he thought, must be getting short. When he got there the calves were feeding quietly on the bank of a dry water course. All at once they were stampeded and wildly scattered in every direction, bellowing with fear. The Sheriff went to see what was the cause of the commotion and found it to be a huge catfish which had climbed up the bank and got into a fight with the calves over the water in the canteens.—[Arizona Republican.]

### THE PRAYING KNEE.

A Capuchin monk in Detroit has incurred a serious disease of the knee from continued kneeling at prayer. The case is an aggravated one, and it is feared it will be necessary to amputate the leg. The sufferer is Father Paschal, an inmate of the Capuchin Monastery on Mt. Elliot avenue.

In America at least this peculiar disease of occupation is almost unknown. Few people know anything of the disease or its remedies. Father Paschal has spent many hours regularly each day during his long life upon his knees.

In Italy this attitude of devotion, continued for generations, causes deformity of the knees in a large number of people. In the case of Italian women especially the knees are often ugly. This fact is recognized among Italian artists, who rarely employ Italian models in painting the lower limbs. In painting pictures it is customary to employ Italian women as models for the face and French models for the lower limbs.—[New York World.]

### PUSSY'S RIGHTS BEFORE THE LAW.

[New York Post:] As most families possess either a dog or a cat, there is general interest in a recent court decision in Bridgeport, Ct., regarding some of the rights of these animals and the rights of their owners. The case, which was brought to the attention of Judge Curtis, concerned the shooting of a dog by the owner of a cat which was harassed by the dog. It was undisputed that the dog, a St. Bernard, escaped in the street from the care of a child, ran after a cat, chased it upon the stoop of the house where the cat was domiciled, and injured it. Screams of the woman who owned the cat attracted the attention of her husband, who was returning home, and he promptly shot and killed the dog. For this the owner of the dog wanted \$250 in damages. Although it appeared that the cat was out of reach of the dog before the latter was shot, the judge decided that the dog was doing mischief and that its killing was justifiable. There is no law against the keeping of dogs, but there is plenty of law, it appears, against incursions by dogs that worry the family cat.



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## JACK'S OPAL.

A STORY OF STUDENT LIFE AT POMONA COLLEGE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE afternoon sun was slowly sinking in the west, drawing after it the short twilight that proverbially marks the evenings of Southern California, and brought to a close one of June's brightest Sundays.

Jack Lane, a jovial sophomore at Pomona College, sat musing in his room. Impelled by a sense of loneliness, he was wandering about in the world of dreams, thinking of nothing and yet thinking of everything. At length his eyes turned from the sunlit scene to the memento-covered walls of his cheery room. His thoughts followed his eyes and, as he gazed at the trophies, his whole college life presented itself. Looking at it from this central station, he thus soliloquized:

"Here I've been for two years, and what have I accomplished? Two years are still before me; I wonder what they have in store? There's my freshman cane, for which we fought a royal scrap in the good old days before canes were abolished at Pomona; here's the mortar-board that I have worn this year; yonder are half a dozen badges, representing athletic prizes; over there are \$5 worth of books—another prize. But these achievements, together with my book learning, are not all that I have gained; I count the friendships and associations, the social and moral culture, of far more value."

Arising at this point he sauntered out for a stroll. He took the path that leads from Sumner Hall, the girls' dormitory, to the "Wash," and thence past numerous sycamores, with their naked, sprawling branches and under green, thrifty live oaks to that spot, dear and cherished in the mind of many a student, known as "Little Mesa." Here he turned to his left and, straying at random through the trees and bushes, took a general northerly direction.

"Happy the day," he went on thinking to himself, "that turned my face toward Pomona. I have found here what I could not find at my country home—so many pure-minded, noble souls, whom I can call friends. The constituency that an honest, sincere fellow wins for himself in two years at college has an inestimable value. Three of every four whom I meet in the class-room, or on the campus are Christian men—men whom the world is destined to trust and honor in spite of itself."

By this time he had skirted the little college town of Claremont on the east and was half a mile north of its limits. Turning again to the left he passed for a few rods along the north side of a solitary row of pepper trees where, just at his right, stood the weird remains of an old house. The building had been constructed part of wood and part of stone; only the stone portion remained, and this, from the poor mortar used in its construction, was badly failing. The desolation of the spot was somewhat relieved, however, by two sickly pines that grew in front of the ruin and several dead and dying eucalyptus trees close beside it, seemingly endeavoring to guard against its further demolition. If one half-circled the pile, he found at the rear a great breach in the wall, where probably a door had once been. Climbing over the irregular débris, he stood in a room with walls some ten feet high, inclosing it on all sides save the one. In a corner almost opposite the breach the base of the wall had been built a foot or more broader than the wall itself, and, as this projection was about the height of a chair, it furnished a charming place to sit on a warm afternoon or a moonlight night and view the mountains. On inspecting this corner closely the ground would have betrayed the frequent presence of visitors, and the mortar in the wall was quite worn in places, while even the stones were cleaner and smoother than elsewhere. Although this place had many solitary visitors, it was generally sought by couples. Not a few found it pleasant and enchanting to while away in this secluded bower an hour now and then, but it was a strange and often-mentioned fact that each visitor seemed to think he had a monopoly of it, that he alone knew its charms. The seat was completely in the shadow, and the thick high wall on three sides of it rendered it delightfully cool. When the warm sun of midday played on the indifferent mass of stone, the gray ground squirrels scampered across the turf before the opening, and at times they would even steal up to the top of the wall where, with bodies erect, they would probably whistle to their friends below. From the crannies and chinks of the wall the crickets and beetles mingled their feeble noises with the whistling of the squirrels and the notes of occasional birds, while the dead leaves on the ground, now discoloringly rasped against the hard stones, intent on drowning all other sound. Beneath one's feet the ground, where fragments of the wall did not hide it, was covered with a bright green carpet of delicate moss, across which the slimy tracks of snails were plainly visible, and the placid things themselves could here and there be seen aimlessly and leisurely creeping about or dozing under the shadow of a rock.

The moon had begun to mark its presence by pale shadows, when Jack seated himself in this secluded, lonely corner of the old ruin. Alone and far from everyone, he allowed his thoughts to come forth in these half-audible words: "How different are the friendships and associations formed in college from those of our public and high school days! Instead of the social basis of fun and jollity, such as the latter rested upon, these are built on a foundation of intellectual and spiritual. In contrast to the way I used to look on friendships between boys and girls in those days, I now take much pleasure in those that exist among my classmates. In fact, can there be a more fitting time or place than college for a young man to choose from among his girl friends and win the one he loves? This question naturally reverts to myself, 'joshed' as I am because of my cosmopolitan attitude toward the ladies. Well, it's just like this, I've been here two years now, and, although I

find among them many whom I greatly admire, I find none whom I care to cherish as more than a friend. One is bright, another is tender and sympathetic, another fascinates me with her beauty, another is so humorous and witty that while in her company I can imagine that only pleasure is worth living for. Even several of these qualities are present in some of them, yet not one complements my own nature, not one is truly responsive to the affections and needs of my heart. Hope is vain, they say, but nevertheless something tells me that sometimes such a maiden will appear.

"Perhaps it's a foolish dream, but I have never been able to tear it from my memory, how, when a wee youngster, I strayed from mother's watchful eye and found my way to a neighbor's. In this house a little girl had just been born. Her proud papa needs must introduce me—myself a baby, too—and jokingly asked me what I would like to name her. It could never be explained where I had heard the name that instant y came to my lips, more especially because so rare. This name was Opal. My ready answer and the pretty name won the mother's heart, and so the child received it. Shortly afterward they moved away and we lost track of them. However, a rumor once reached us that the father, Mr. Gale, had died, but we never knew. When a lad of 15, or thereabout, I conceived the dream of which I spoke—that some day I would meet this girl and love her."

Suddenly aroused from his musing by the strokes of the distant bell, announcing the hour for retiring, Jack stepped out into the bright moonshine and was soon in his room.

The long days of summer were rapidly giving place to the lengthening nights of fall; September was within a few days of her annual departure. The college doors had been thrown open and already the students were arriving. Jack returned with the rest. As is always the case among the old students, there was great excitement over the new ones, both as to what sort of folks they were and how they were to classify. Of all the classes an accession to the junior class is perhaps the great boon. "Have you heard of any new juniors?" interrogated Jack of a classmate, shortly after his arrival. "Yes, of a possible two, one from the East, and one from somewhere here in the West, both girls, I understand." This proved true.

At the opening reception to the new students, there are always some whose reticence handicaps them so greatly that unless someone makes a special effort on their behalf, they fail to get this close touch with the social life of the college, and thereby lose a great deal of congeniality, which it takes long to recover. Such was one of these new juniors, Clara Hawkins by name. Jack took it upon himself to see that she should have a pleasant evening and make the acquaintance of all the old students. Finding her excellent company, and evidently one whose friendship was worth possessing, Jack took further occasion to interest her and to tell her about the college and its many laurels, together with the stories that cluster around numerous buildings and spots about the campus. When the laboratory work in the physiology class was allotted they chose to be partners. Even the repulsive dissection of cats and calves grew interesting and enjoyable to her, working with such an honest, sincere fellow as Jack.

When the warm days of spring began to fill the air with bees, and butterflies, and the beetles were emerging from their seclusion into the sunshine, the time had come for the study of insects. It is the one enviable privilege of juniors to roam through the fields and the "wash," and over the mountains in search of entomological specimens. It expedites matters considerably to go two by two, so that one may hold the sign to tote while the other chases the butterfly; this readily resolves it into a problem of a young man and a young woman.

Jack and Miss Hawkins were again thrown together in this way and thus spent many an afternoon. They had rested in the shade of nearly every tree that grows in the "wash"; again and again they had traversed the region of the San Jose Hills, near Pomona city; the cañons along the mountains were as familiar to them as the campers; Indian Hill, a low eminence about a mile north of the college grounds and shrouded in a charming Indian romance, was private property; they had even climbed half way to Old Bady's summit; but there was one place whither Jack had not yet ventured in her company—the old stone ruin.

As every year in college must, so this one also drew toward its close. The junior students were making the final additions to their collections of insects. It was evening and Jack and Miss Hawkins were meandering slowly home from a tramp up San Antonio Cañon. Taking a trail through the brush which Miss Hawkins had not traversed before, Jack was leading the way close by the ruin. Her eagerness to investigate it, when he casually remarked that it was a very dear spot to him, could not be suppressed. She begged him to tell her why it was so dear to him, and yet he had never mentioned it. "You see," said he, "this is the place where I always come when I'm lonely, but at no other time."

"Then you must be lonely today, or you would not have come to it," was the gentle rebuke.

"Pardon the confession, Miss Hawkins, but I am. If you will take a seat with me in yonder corner, where the moss is so green, I'll tell you all about it." He led her over the mass of broken wall and across to the stone seat. "First, I am lonely today because the year is so near an end, because the last butterflies that we shall catch together lie dead in your bottle, because the happy days of junior life are so nearly spent, because we must so soon be parted, perhaps never to meet again, if you persist in your intention of going over to England to live with your uncle. Clara—don't mind if I address you thus—I shall always be lonely after you go. There is a fond little dream that never fails to follow me when I seek this desolate ruin. Since I saw you I had hoped that you had come as a good fairy to make it real. Often times have I sat here in this shadow and dreamed that dream; before you came it was of an unknown someone such as you are, since you came it has been of you. Must I now, after these years of hope and love, let you go? Must I hereafter shrink from this spot, or if I do come to it, do so only to grieve and sorrow over the once happy past?"

"Jack, is this why you are lonely, is this why the ruin is so dear to you? Then you aren't lonely, for I'll not leave you, and the shattered old masonry is as dear to me as it is to you, and we shall sit here together and think of each other."

Jack broke forth in these words, "At last, at last, I have found my Opal." "How did you know my name was Opal, dear Jack?" "That was merely the name I had given you in my dreams before you really appeared."

"But when my uncle adopted me my real name was Opal—Opal Gale."

Jack's heart was too full to trust his thoughts to words,

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A MAY BASKET  
AND THE SURPRISE IT BROUGHT TO  
MISS MEHITABLE.

By a Special Contributor.

MIS MEHITABLE sat on her doorstep in the gathering dusk of a sweet April day. The delicious spring scents were everywhere. From the newly-turned earth which Miss Mehitable had been preparing for her sunny bed came the fresh, wholesome smell which carries with it sweet hints of spring and coming summer.

From the prim borders of daffodils which edged the front walk came yellow glances and a certain faint perfume, and from a neighboring bonfire there was wafted to her the pleasant pungent odor of burning leaves. Miss Mehitable was happy as she sat on her front steps. Her middle-aged face looked almost pretty as she rested from her labors to enjoy the dusky twilight. Her work in the pansy bed had brought a faint pink glow to her thin cheeks and moist little wisps of brown hair curled youthful around her face and her neck.

Miss Mehitable was an old maid—a dear, sunny-souled old body, whom everyone in the village liked. She it was who was sent for to dress for the first time the new young village babies, and to her sympathetic hands was intrusted the task of making the last toilet for the dead. This came to her in trouble, sure of her sympathy; this came to her with their little love affairs, smiling and blushing when everything ran smoothly, tearful and distressed when a lovers' quarrel had turned the whole world to sudden darkness. Miss Mehitable had a word for everybody—a smile, a handclasp, a steady pat for some disengaged shoulder, a tear for someone of others, and a heart full of love for the world.

Hitherto Miss Mehitable remained an old maid people used to tell. Proposals of marriage she had plenty. The minister had asked her to be a mother to his five small children, and she had gently declined. The doctor had offered her his good right hand and his manly heart, but, though she had told him so, their common-sense, matter-of-fact friendship had gone on the same as ever. Deacon Smith had made no move of his admiration for her, but, like the minister and the doctor, he had been dismissed so kindly that in shades of resentment toward her lingered in his heart. To be sure, these three suitors had later consoled themselves with others and had made excellent husbands and good fathers, but Miss Mehitable kept the sweet, even humor of her way, and appeared content with all things.

The maples were budding out in rosy glory. Robins called cheerily to one another among the half-bare branches, and young girls with straw hats swinging from their heads, and arms around each other's waists, sauntered slowly down the quiet village street. As they passed the little gate each and all called out a blithe greeting to the solitary figure on the steps, and Miss Mehitable responded in her bright way, as she always did. The girls drifted down the street, talking of their little pleasures. There was not much to enliven the dull little town, but what there was they made the most of. "Tomorrow's the first of May," said Lucy Fairbanks. "Let's hang Miss Mehitable a May basket!"

The other girls laughed. "Dear me, Lucy!" said Ruth Somers, "you speak as if that was nothing new. Haven't we hung a May basket on her front door for years and years?" Lucy laughed.

"No we have," she said, "ever since we were little girls. But let's make a lovely one, this year. Let's fill it with roses—that pretty, green, shaggy kind from Turf's woods—and trim it with flowers. Rob and the other boys will club together, I guess, and buy a box of candy, and we'll put that in."

The other girls agreed, and presently they went their ways homeward through the dusky, sweet-smelling woods, under the budding maples. The next evening Miss Mehitable took her customary walk down the street to the postoffice. She rarely received a letter and not often even a paper, but it was a pleasure with her to go down after the evening mail had come in, and, in Miss Mehitable's methodical life a habit was not easily departed from. So she pinned on her straw hat and threw over her slender shoulders a little fleecy coat. She did not remove her neat white apron. No one in the village saw aught amiss in appearing on street in home attire. Her neat, sprigged calico frock starched and ironed, and rustled pleasantly as she walked along. A tender smile clung round her

lips. It was just such a night as this—just such a sweet spring night—how long ago was it? Fifteen years—could it be fifteen years—that Harvey Barlow stood at her little gate and held her hand in farewell? How he had looked at her—bending his dark, handsome head to peer into her face with his fine black eyes! What had he meant by that look?

Miss Mehitable sighed a little as she stopped on the quiet street and looked up into the budding, pink-flushed maples. Little things came back to her so vividly tonight—tender, half-spoken words which he had let fall as he held her hand—timid words which had held no meaning for her then. She had not grown to love him until he was gone. Her girlish heart, unawakened, had seen in his deep gaze only a kind regret that their friendship must be interrupted by his going away. That was all, then—but now—

How the robins chirruped tonight—just as on that other May night fifteen years ago! How the scent from the budding maples brought it all back!

"We'll hang it on the doorknob, while she's gone down to the postoffice," whispered Lucy Fairbanks, as three girlish figures crept around the corner of the house.

They huddled, with whispers and suppressed giggles, in the shadow of the lilac bushes by the door. "Isn't it lovely?" said one of them. "Won't she enjoy that delicious candy? My, but the boys are good! I wish I could get as nice a May basket myself!"

The other girls tittered. "Just listen to her!" they cried. "She knows she always gets the prettiest one in town. Now, Ruth Somers, you little hypocrite, isn't that so?" They hung the pretty, flower-trimmed basket upon Miss Mehitable's old-fashioned doorknob and ran giggling down the path to the gate.

"We won't wait to watch her, girls. We know just what she'll say when she sees it—"Bless their kind little hearts!" or something like that—so let's hurry and hang the others."

Their light footsteps echoed down the quiet street, and the little old white house was left alone. But not for long. Presently a man's tall figure came up the street, paused irresolutely at the gate, and then turned in. He looked about him with appreciative eyes—up into the maples, down at Miss Mehitable's gay daffodils and around the prim front yard. He had the air of one long absent, newly returned.

He walked up the narrow, brick-paved path to the steps and paused there. His eyes fell at once upon the pretty May basket hanging from the doorknob. Should he sit down here on the steps and wait for her in the sweet spring twilight? He knew she had gone down to the postoffice, as of old, because he had seen her from the small hotel where he was stopping. An inquiry or two, casually put to a small boy, had revealed to him the few facts he wished to know. Yes, Miss Mehitable was still Miss Mehitable. "The minister, he wanted her, but she wasn't goin' to be a stepmother to his kids; the doctor tried to ketch her, but she wouldn't be ketched; Deacon Smith had popped the question to her, but it didn't do him no good." The stranger had given the small boy a quarter and sauntered up the street, a smile in his dark eyes, his gray-tinted head bent in happy musing.

Now, after a little thought, he drew from his pocket a notebook, rapidly wrote a few words upon a page, tore it out, and laid it in the May basket among the flowers. Then he went softly down the little walk and stood in the deep shade of the syringa bushes.

A light step sounded outside and Miss Mehitable turned in at her gate. She paused a moment to lean upon the gate post, and look up into the maples once more. Her face, touched gently by time, was the same as on that other May night, years and years ago. She was so near him that he could have touched her by putting out his hand. But he stood still and waited.

Presently she went up the walk in the tender, fading light, and paused on the doorsteps. She broke into a little laugh as she took the May basket from the knob. "Bless their dear hearts!" she said. "My, this is a heavy one! What's this—a box of candy, I do believe. Tied with pink ribbons—the dear young things know I love pink!"

A little white note fluttered to her feet and she stooped to pick it up. Then she adjusted her eyeglasses and sat down on the steps. After a moment's silence she rose tremblingly and put one hand to her head in an uncertain way. Then she read it again.

"Harvey!" she said aloud. "Oh, it can't be—it's just some joke of those children! It's—I—oh—" But Miss Mehitable could say no more. A tall, broad-shouldered figure had suddenly appeared before her—two hands had caught hers, and the pretty May basket lay on the steps at their feet.

"Hitty!" he cried, "Hitty, don't you know me? Am I welcome?"

Miss Mehitable looked up into his face with dreamy eyes. She tried to stand erect, to say some word; but suddenly all was darkness. For the first time in her commonplace life Miss Mehitable had fainted.

Before the month of May was gone there was a quiet

wedding in Miss Mehitable's old-fashioned house. The maples were in their full glory of green leafage. The lilacs were waving their purplish plumes beside the open door, and the red peonies were in gorgeous bloom in the front yard. Inside the prim little parlor the waxy pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus perfumed the air with their exquisite fragrance. And beside the tall, grave-faced, handsome man stood Miss Mehitable, her small, slender figure dressed in a shimmering silk of silver gray.

It was a very quiet, but very pretty wedding. The girls were there, happy and radiant. They had dressed the bride with loving hands. The minister was there and performed the ceremony in his most polished manner. His wife was there, and the five young people whom Miss Mehitable had gently declined to mother. The doctor was present, and his pretty, comfortable wife was there beside him. And Deacon Smith and Mrs. Smith were also guests at Miss Mehitable's wedding.

It was a pretty wedding, as I have said, and there were warm, loving hearts in plenty to wish the happy pair godspeed as they drove away down the tree-shaded street—drove away together into the first flush and joy of that new world which is the old—the world of happy wedded love.

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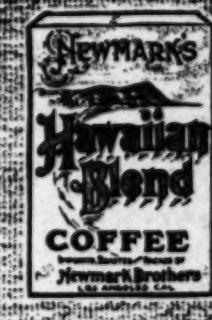
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